THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY AND ITS Esoteric Bogeydom

Desirable Design for Cover

(open to competition *sans* reward)

The Curtain of the (Neo-Theosophical) Mysteries,

painted to resemble the Cover of

"At the Feet of the Master,"

is being **rent in twain**

(from the bottom)

e Horny Hand, and

seated demurely within, on a box of green

with his most enigmatic GRIN and one eye

closed, our well-known and eminently

e friend,

the Cheshire Cat.

(With Apologies to Lewis Carroll)

BY

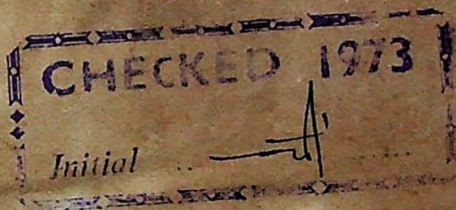
F. T. Brooks

पुस्तकालय

गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय, हरिद्वार

वर्ग संख्या ....   आगत संख्या 54300

पुस्तक विवरण की तिथि नीचे अंकित है। इस तिथि सहित ३० वें दिन यह पुस्तक पुस्तकालय में वापस आ जानी चाहिए। अन्यथा ५० पैसे प्रति दिन के हिसाब से विलम्ब दण्ड लगेगा।


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The Theosophical Society AND ITS Esoteric Bogeydom

PART I



A Study in the Sifting of Chaff from Grain

BY

F. T. BROOKS,

Late of the Theosophical Society and Mrs. Besant's Esoteric School.



"VYÂSÂSHRAMA" BOOKSHOP,
MYLAPORE, MADRAS, INDIA.
1914.

Madras
Printed by Thompson & Co.,
at the Minerva Press
33, Broadway.

TO THE CHEERING
OF ALL THEOSOPHISTS
WHOM
MRS. ANNIE BESANT'S
ABERRANT ★ STAR
HAS,
WILL O'THE WISP-LIKE,
LED
INTO A SORRY BOG,
AND
OF ALL NON-THEOSOPHISTS
WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN THEOSOPHISTS
BUT FOR
THE AWFUL MISHANDLING
OF A
MUCH-NEEDED INTERNATIONAL
MOVEMENT,
THIS LITTLE BOOK
(AND WHATEVER MAY FOLLOW)
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
WITHOUT THE LEAST APOLOGY.

THE

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

AND ITS

ESOTERIC BOGEYDOM.

PART I.



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FOREWORD.



Various unworthy motives are being charitably ascribed to the author of this book — among the (advance) followers of the Blessed (Irish) Lord Maitreya chosen by Mrs. Annie Besant to be His disciples when he descends upon the destined body of her Indian Ward (of Court) Alcyone — for the work of exposure which he has for some time been half-heartedly carrying on, and of which this little book is perhaps the whole-heartedest instalment which his means and inclination have as yet allowed.

Most innocent among these is a wee personal motive ascribed to him even by (otherwise) very good friends—namely, childish spite at not being identified as one of the starry galaxy of souls that have hovered, thro' whole chaplets of incarnations, round the predestined Alcyone, and have stood (or lain) in various familial and extra-familial relationships to one another and to him, as well as to still mightier Souls, for the last hundred thousand years and more, and confidently expect to go on doing so through whole epics (and idylls) of Human Evolution yet unhatched.

Apart from their patent ignorance of the curious fact that Mr. Leadbeater has thus chosen to ignore in 1910–14 one *whose past lives he made no mystery of*

seeing in 1898–1900[1] —which gives quite another and a more puzzling complexion to the case than what their honest infatuation imagines—such friends apparently fail to see how, by ascribing such a motive to the author for a slowly-formed and steadily growing determination to which he has sacrificed money, comfort and friendship, even unto the brink of ruin, they are demonstrating, in a quite striking fashion, the positively enormous power of the collective psychic and sentimental SPELL which Mrs. Besant has, with Mr. C. W. Leadbeater's magic assistance, been fastening upon the souls of practically all who count for anything in the Theosophical Society.

If the author be asked what his motive happens to be *according to him*, all he can answer is precisely this :

He has been slowly and painfully breaking through the meshes of an awful psychic SPELL[2], *and he wishes to share his experience with others because he does not happen to be a miser.*

That is all.

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1. See pp. 68-71, 96-98.

2. Finicky sciolists may substitute any term that does not obfuscate them : 'suggestion,' 'auto-suggestion' or what not. '*Spell*' is short and to the point. That others also are struggling to wake up the IIId Appendix, put in while going to press, will show. Greetings to all such, present and to come, no matter where.

Re darker aspects of the 'Spell,' see pp. 61-64, and *Appendix* xlv-xlvii.

The Starry Galaxy.

(*See 'Rents in the Veil of Time.'*)

A more complete list than hitherto published (or expected) of persons identified in the '*Lives of Alcyone*' and elsewhere.

NOTE.—Good folk whose identities are here disclosed for the first time are not expected to worry overmuch. If faithful believers, they ought in all conscience to bear witness with G. S. Arundale and other frank apostles of the Faith (whose names are voluntarily disclosed in "*Man, How, Whence and Whither.*") If antagonistic, let them take Mrs. Besant and Mrs. Leadbeater to task, and help to give them the rubbing (on Divinity's rough Threshold) they so richly deserve. If sceptic they can easily afford to laugh—and make others contagiously do so—at the whole queer conceit, (which will not make a single true Mahatma turn a hair.) If socially fussy they need surely not complain of being listed with such tip-top folk as Plato, Lao-Tze, Julius Cæsar, Sir William Crookes, the Teshu Lama, Justice Sir Subrahmania Iyer and ...The Tenth Earl of Dundonald—not to speak of a score of adepts and super-adepts (royal and otherwise) less known to the world at large. If complacently radical they will certainly be glad to rub shoulders with Charles Bradlaugh and female relations of the late John Bright. Truly not one of them need be 'a penny the worse' In short, the sooner this list is taken from the hands of the irresponsible followers

among whom it has been privately circulated by the Sacred Few, the sooner this wonderful poly-reincarnational coterie stands unmasked, the better for all concerned. None will be held responsible except Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, for it is patent that the late Mr. Charles Bradlaugh did not (save it be on the Astral Plane) *ask* to be put in—no more did the Teshu Lama, not to mention Plato, Lao Tze and Julius Cæsar. And it stands to reason that as many more as want to, can, whether living or 'dead,' claim shelter in the same unwilling category.

As for the author of this indiscretion, he does not declare these products of amazing clairvoyance to be false. No more does he declare them to be true. What he does emphatically declare is that such knowledge, *if true*, should NEVER have been used by its possessors for the purpose of concentrating social power in their hands as they have obviously tried to do. Such knowledge (with the privacy that screens it) becomes *forfeit* in such a case, and must wither or survive in the antiseptic glare of open day.

In short the author has no quarrel with any "BOGEY" whatsoever.

What he objects to is the "DOM."

Verb. Sap.

Persons Identified in the 'Lives of Alcyone.'

Achilles	...	Mrs. Van Hook.
Adrona	...	Upendranath Basu.
Aglaia	...	Countess Wachtmeister.
Alastor	...	Alexander Fullerton.
Alba	...	Mrs. Herbert Whyte (Ethel M. Mallett.)
Albireo	...	Mrs. W. H. Kirby.
Alcestis	...	Mrs. Sinnett.
Alcmene	...	Sitaram.
Alcyone	...	J. Krishnamurti.
Aldebaran	...	Dr. Weller Van Hook.
Aletheia	...	Johan Van Manen.
Altair	...	Herbert Whyte.
Amalthea	...	Mrs. Rowan Hamilton.
Andromeda	...	Aimee Blech.
Antares	...	G. Naraniah (Father of Krishnamurti.)
Apis	...	Miss Edith Ward.
Apollo	...	Robert Lutyens.
Aquarius	...	Miss Addie Tuttle.
Aquila	...	B. Shiva Rao.
Arcor	...	Miss. A. T. Willson.
Arcturus	...	Ralph Hunt.
Argus	...	Madame Blech.
Aries	...	Sir William Crookes.
Atalanta	...	Mlle. E. Blech (dead.)
ATHENA	...	THOS. VAUGHAN, "Philalethes" (now a Master.)
Auriga	...	Hilda Powell.
Aurora	...	Count Bubna-Licics.
Ausonia	...	Ida Varley.
Avelledo	...	Dr. A. A. Wells.

Beth ... Ctesse de Bryas.
Beatrix ... Miss Bright.
Beatus ... Bhagat Ram.
Bellatrix ... Miss Marjorie Tuttle.
Berenice ... Ctessa Fontone.
Betelgeuse ... Alma Kunz.
Boötes ... B. Ranga Reddy.
Boreas ... G. Venkata Subbu.
BRIHASPATI. The Master 'JESUS.'
Calliope ... Irving Cooper.
Calypso ... Ram Karan Nath.
Cancer ... Knothe.
Capella ... Mrs. S. Maud Sharpe.
Capricornus ... Bhagavan Das.
Castor ... A. P. Sinnett.
Centaurus ... Gretchen Boggiani.
Centurion ... General Morgan.
Cetus ... Gyanendra Nath Chakravarti.
Chameleon ... Faulding.
Chrysos ... Miss Christie.
Clio ... Mrs. I. Cooper Oakley.
Clarion ... Clara Holbrooke.
Colossus ... Mrs. Cholmeley.
Concordia ... Cecilia Varley.
Corona ... (Julius Cæsar).
Cygnus ... R. B. Clarke.
Dactyl ... Commandant D. A. Courmes.
Daleth ... B. Sanjiva Rao.
Deneb ... Lord Cochrane (Xth Earl Dundonald).
Dœdalus ... Prof. V P. Dalal.
Daphne ... Evelyn Lauder.
Demeter ... Maurice Prozor.
Diana ... J. N. Dandekar.
Diomeda ... K. R. Devshankar.
Dolphin ... Col. Lauder.
Dorado ... Sr. Don Jose Xifre.
Draco ... Mons. Charles Blech.
Egeria ... Howard McGuire.
Electra ... Barbara Lutyens.

Elsa	...	Elsa Prozor.
Eros	...	Mrs. H. T. Felix.
Eudoxia	...	Miss Louisa Shaw.
Euphrosyne	...	Lady Lutyens.
Fides	...	G. S. Arundale.
Flora	...	Mrs. Faulding.
Fomalhaut	...	Ernest Mariette.
Fons	...	Major Adam.
Formato	...	C. R. Harvey.
Fortuna	...	W. B. Fricke.
Gimel	...	(Mrs.) Padma Bai (Sanjiva Rao).
Gemini	...	Miss. E. Maud Green.
Glaucus	...	Krishna Lal.
Hebe	...	H. W. Hunt.
Hector	...	Mr. W. H. Kirby.
Helios	...	Mrs. Marie Russak.
Herakles	...	Mrs. Annie Besant.
Hesperia	...	Mrs. Dennis.
Hestia	...	Dr. Rocke.
Hygeia	...	G. Subbiah Chetty.
Irene	...	Alcyone's mother (dead).
Iphigeneia	...	Iqbal Narayan Gurtu.
Iris	...	Leslie A Smith.
Jason	...	J. R. Aria.
Judex	...	Yadunandan.
Juno	...	W. G. John.
JUPITER	...	The 'NILGIRI MASTER'—*guru* of Mahatama Morya.
Kudos	...	Jugal Kishore.
Leo	...	Don. Fabrizio Ruspoli.
Leto	...	McBean.
Libra	...	Miss Portz.
Lignus	...	Woodward,
Lily	...	Youngest Miss Blech.
Lobelia	...	Van Hinloopen Labberton.
Lomia	...	J. I. Wedgewood.
Lutetia	...	Charles Bradlaugh.
Lyra	...	(Lao Tze.)
Magnus	...	Jimmy Scott.
MAHAGURU.		The Lord BUDDHA.

MANU	...	Chiefly 'VAIVASVATA,' the Vth Race MANU.
Markab	...	Mrs. G. R. S. Mead.
MARS	...	Mahatma MORYA.
Mathematicus.		Rama Rao.
Melete	...	Mrs. Varley.
Melpomene	...	Mabel Collins (Mrs. K. Cook).
MERCURY	...	Mahatma KOOT-HOOMI.
Minerva	...	Mohini M. Chatterji.
Mira	...	Carl Holbrook.
Minorca	...	Miss Mina Kuntz.
Mizar	...	J. Nityananda.
Mona	...	Mrs. Piet Meulemans.
NEPTUNE	...	The Master HILARION.
Nestor	...	William T. Stead.
Nicosia	...	Col. Nicholson.
Nitocris	...	Miss Neff.
Norma	...	Donna Margherita Ruspoli.
Olympia	...	Damodar K. Mavalankar.
Ophiuchus	...	Mons. Ostermann.
Orpheus	...	Sir S. Subramania Iyer.
OSIRIS	...	The Master SERAPIS.
Pallas	...	(Plato).
Parthenope	...	A. P. Warrington.
Pegasus	...	Prof. Ottone Penzig.
Perseus	...	Gilbert Neville.
Philæ	...	John Cordes.
Phocea	...	W. Q. Judge.
Phœnix	...	Dr. Th. Pascal.
Pindar	...	Mrs. Bright.
Pisces	...	Miss Clara Codd.
Polaris	...	B. P. Wadia.
Pollux	...	Bertram Keightley.
Pomona	...	Mrs. Firth.
Priam	...	Capt. Powell.
Procyon	...	Dr. Rudolf Steiner.
Proserpine	...	P. (or S.) Radcliffe.
Proteus	...	The Teshu Lama.
Psyche	...	Phœbe Holbrook.
Rama	...	Rama Shankar.

Rector	...	D. B. Subba Rao.
Regulus	...	J. Shivaram (Alcyone's eldest brother.)
Rhea	...	Mrs. Scott Elliott.
Rigel	...	Fritz Kunz.
Sagittarius	...	Old Mrs. Young.
Sappho	...	A. Schwartz.
SATURN	...	The 'VENETIAN' Arch-Master.
Scorpio	...	X.Y.Z. (too awful !)
Scotus	...	David Graham Pole.
Selene	...	C. Jinarajadasa.
Sextans	...	Gilbert Graham.
Sirius	...	C. W. Leadbeater.
Sirona	...	Made de Steiger.
Siwa	...	T. Subba Rao.
Spica	...	Miss Fancesca Arundale.
Stella	...	S. T. Studd.
SURYA	...	The Lord MAITREYA *Bodhisattva*
Taurus	...	Dr. Jerome Anderson.
Telemachus	...	D. K. Telang.
Theodoros	...	Roosevelt (?).
Theseus	...	Alex. Dashwood.
Thetis	...	Miss Renda.
Thor	...	P. K. Telang.
Tiphys	...	Mr Hodgson Smith.
Tolosa	...	Scott Elliott's son.
(?)	...	N. K. Banerji.
Trapezium	...	G. R. S. Mead.
Trefoil	...	Dr. Trilokekar.
Ulysses	...	H. S. Olcott, now the Powell Baby
URANUS	...	Master DJWALKUL.
Ursa	...	Robert Dennis.
Vajra	...	H. P. Blavatsky.
Vega	...	Basil Hodgson Smith.
Velleda	...	Scott-Elliott.
VENUS	...	Master RAGOCZY "Count Saint Germain".
Vesta	...	Mrs. Holbrook.
Viola	...	Miss V. Hope.

VIRAJ	...	The "MAHA-CHOHAN" a 'High Official'.
Virgo	...	Ivy Anderson.
VULCAN	...	Sir Thomas More (now a MASTER).
Wenceslas	...	Count Strasido.
Xanthus	...	Mrs. Ames.
Zephyr	...	Mrs. Windust.
Zoe	...	Made de Manziarly.

The bewildered outsider who wonders what it all means must be referred to my second volume (in preparation) and to "*Rents in the Veil of Time*"—being the *Lives of Alcyone, Mizar, Orion and Erato*—which ran continuously in the *The Theosophist* (Adyar, Madras) from April 1910 to Nov. 1912. (The whole to be soon published, with many additions, in book form.) He must also be referred to "*Man, How, Whence and Whither*" (Theosophical Publishing House) in the Foreword of which will be found the first list containing about a score of living identities published *with consent* by Mrs. Besant.

Mrs. Besant is hardly to be congratulated upon such a meagre amount of social courage on the part of her pledged adherents. Her concluding statement that " A large number of our friends are just now in Hindu bodies, but we cannot expose them to the mockery and persecution they would be likely to suffer if we named them, so we have not asked their permission"—is no doubt a roomy umbrella for Mrs. Besant to take shelter under with her squeamish English and American friends. But it won't hold water *as a boat*. The only difference on this side of the murky waters (*kâla-pâni*) is that, instead of "not a penny," my victims will probably be "*not a pie* the worse." When sheep get bogged, the shepherd alone is to blame.

There have been many more identifications, since then, than even my list contains, and I trust its publication here will have the good effect of inducing *all* the remaining identities to volunteer wholeheartedly for publication ere "*Rents in the Veil of Time*" comes out in book form. This will make the book a hundred times more interesting than it could otherwise have been —for which I confidently expect, from many quarters, a silent, friendly little *thought* of thanks, with a renewed endorsement of the wise old saw :

"*'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good.*"

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY AND ITS ESOTERIC BOGEYDOM.

सत्यमेव जयते ।।[1]

Ordo ab Chao.

I.

THE MYSTERY OF THE T. S., AND MY SIN IN RELATION THERETO.

The Theosophical Society is well-known in India. It requires no introduction.

It is not only well-known : it is also *variously* known. Some, hearing it mentioned, join their hands devoutly with a little inclination of the head, as though to acknowledge a favour from On High ; others shrug their shoulders as though to dismiss an unaccountable phenomenon over which it were futile to waste more thought and speech. Some laugh contemptuously outright ; some point a significant finger to their forehead ; some wax impatient.

The protagonist does his level best to confound the scoffers, rally the wavering and confirm the faithful by pointing out the benefits conferred upon this land

(1) " Truth alone conquers," (*Mundakopanishad*)

by the Theosophical Society in general and by Mrs. Annie Besant in particular :—

Hindus roused to self-respect from abject cringing or senseless imitation.

A new impetus to Hindu Religion, intellectually and symbolically considered ; a check to Missionary encroachments ; an impulse to self-education and female education.

Buddhist education in Ceylon. (Col. Olcott's work)

Pariah education in Madras. (do.)

The Central Hindu College, and the enormous educational impulse that radiated from it. A healthy influence, both towards self-respect and loyalty, exercised over countless thousands of Hindu youths by Mrs. Annie Besant, whose every word, ten years ago, was heard and listened to with respect in every corner of this vast land,

etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.,............

Yet it is patent that, during the last ten years or so, a wave of mistrust, followed in many cases by stern antagonism, has been gradually gaining head and swamping the landmarks of gratitude in almost all directions.

The issues unfortunately soon became confused owing to the political situation. Circumstance forced

Mrs. Annie Besant into the position of a staunch supporter both of Imperial loyalty and Indian self-respect—a figurehead to rally round, a kind of mediator between East and West. It thus came to be implied (mainly by her) that disaffection towards her was due to extreme political prejudice, to her having courageously interfered with the spread of political disaffection among the youth of her College and of India. She did not hesitate to say publicly that her life had been threatened in consequence, nor did she, later, hesitate to ascribe to political animosity the greater part of the growing public disapproval which some papers in Madras and elsewhere become an outlet for.

Now it is scientifically certain that a contagious disease such as typhoid, cholera, malaria, etc., is due to infection of some sort. Had there not been infection from outside, the disease would never have been 'caught.' But it is quite as scientifically certain that many persons, exposed to the same infection, do *not* 'catch' it—that, besides the extraneous factor of infection there is an intrinsic, subjective factor of *predisposition*. In short, without predisposition, infection fails to get a hold. That is why, from the standpoint of individual safety, it is far more important not to be *predisposed* to infection—*i.e.*, to be really *sound*—than merely to spend one's time and care in 'dodging' occasions of infection.

Now the public mind, in India, has undoubtedly become largely infected with Theosophicophobia and Besantophobia[1]. Granted, that the infection may in some cases have partaken of political animus. What if it has ?

Just work out the above simile—which is more than a simile, as there is much clear-cut correspondence between physical diseases and mental ones—applied to the infection of Public Opinion with 'phobia.' It stands to reason that, if public opinion concerning Theosophy and Mrs Besant had been *sound*; if the intelligent leaders of the Indian public had had an all round *clear grasp* of the doings of Theosophists and of Mrs. Besant's spiritual aim and moral policy, and if these had been clearly recognisable as *good*, political animus would have simply wasted its time in trying to infect opinion. Public Opinion would have been immune. The infection would never have 'caught on.'

But it did.

Therefore I say Indian Public Opinion concerning the T. S. and Mrs. Annie Besant *was unsound long before this political microbe proliferated*. It was exceedingly predisposed to infection. People (meaning those who *do* try to understand and can influence the

1. The two ought really to be quite distinct, but have become confused owing to Mrs. Besant's overwhelming predominance as a 'spiritual' figure-head.

rest) had *not* a clear all-round grasp of Theosophy and its purpose, but, on the contrary, many unclarified doubts and secret apprehensions.

Secret apprehensions are by no means easy to define. Yet in this case *one* thing at least is clear about them all :

They all centred round the existence, within the Theosophical Society and, presumably, controlling it, of a Secret Society, variously called the Esoteric Section or the Eastern School of Theosophy, and alluded to under the initials E. S. and E.S.T. Of that Inner Organisation Mrs. Besant was the Head since the demise of Madame Blavatsky. In 1907 *Mrs. Besant became President of the whole Society besides.*

My T. S. friends invariably ask :

" Why should this make any one uneasy ?"

The question is not *why it should.* **The fact** is that *it does.* (You, my Brother, may take your 'why ?' with you into the world to come, and mayhap solve it there. I am concerned with the *fact* here and now.)

To give you only one instance.

In 1903-04, at Allahabad, I was intimately acquainted with the Brâhmo Missionary there, Babù Indu Bhushan Ray—one of the saintliest and friendliest men I have ever met. We quite openly co-operated together, holding, once a week, a joint meeting of

several Theosophists and several Brahmos, at which our Brahmo friends devoutly sang and prayed, and I read and commented, generally some book of Trine or James Allen, or a passage of Emerson. These meetings were a delight to me. They were suffused both with godliness and intellectual freedom.

Now it was certainly *more than a year after* I had known him intimately, that Indu Babu once called on me and spoke to me with great apparent embarrassment. He had, it seems, a very uncomfortable doubt to solve regarding my Society (the T. S.). I encouraged him to speak out frankly, but it is certain that, had I not been open-minded to a degree unusual among Theosophists—the degree which has landed me where I now stand—his question would never even have been clearly put. [Query : Would it have been any the less *there*, and would it have been nearer solution ?—It is this hidden lees of *unformulated questions* at the bottom of people's minds that constitutes unsoundness of opinion and predisposition to infection, either with blind faith or with blind animus.]

It was a question about the E. S., which he had heard of[1].

1. Its existence was of course publicly known all along. E. S. meetings were publicly advertised at Conventions. E. S. rooms were built and kept locked against all save the elect. It was known that portraits of the 'Masters' were kept there. The existence of the 'Shrine-Room' at Adyar was of course no secret, and Mrs. Besant strictly confined its use to E. S. members ; etc. ; etc.. ..

It seemed to him that one could never have quite frank and comfortable relations with a Society in which all was not quite clear and above-board; in which there was a mysterious unaccountable inner body whose tenets were a secret, and whose motives, policy and influence could not be gauged. It made the T. S. a *double-bottomed concern*, so to say. He had asked his cousin, who was an E. S. member at Lahore, and his cousin had shuffled and evaded, and said that his lips were sealed; in short, had sedulously contrived to strengthen my friend's misgivings.

I, as I *then* was, drew him out fully, smiling at his fears, *and then I sinned*. I sinned in ignorance, of course, as all sinners do. I sinned as all my friends in the E. S. are ready to sin to-day, being supposedly responsible for the enlightenment of the human race, but not even beginning to realize what responsibility to Truth *and to the Public* means.

I sinned in giving to Bâbû Indu Bhûshan Ray, as the *truth* about the E.S.T., *my own notion* of what the E. S. T. *ought to be*, or *might be*. I did not tell him what it *was*. That would have required a little clear-headed consideration of facts—a plant of which the E. S. atmosphere did not encourage the growth. What it *was* I did not even care to think, at the time.

[When I, some two years later, wrote a letter to Mrs. Besant on the basis of that notion

of mine, referring to my earlier spiritual experience[1], she curtly bade me return my papers and leave the E. S. T. That ought, one would think, to have been final ; but it was not[2].]

What did I tell that blameless Brahmo gentleman ?

Oh, simply that the E. S. T. was a natural and inevitable link between the more earnest members of the T. S., who were not content with adhering to principle (which is all that membership in the T. S. is supposed to require) but strove wholeheartedly and self-sacrificingly to put the principle into practice ; that there was no really separate teaching or aim or secret policy making the E. S. T. a dangerous inner rival or controlling demon to the T. S., and so justifying suspicion from outside ; that the E. S. T. was, to all its members, stated to be the 'Inner Heart' of the T. S., which should animate and inspire the whole body, and

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1. As to which see *The Making of the Better Man*, pp. 239-251.

2. She reinstated me of her own accord in 1907, probably because I supported her at the time of her election. Under what illusion I did that, I shall endeavour to explain further on, or in another volume. There I patiently remained, rather out of place with my independent public work, until Mrs. B. instituted the 'new-old' personal pledge ('old,' because it was once tried in the earlier days of Madame Blavatsky ; 'new,' because Madame Blavatsky meant it as a link between teacher and taught, whereas Mrs. B. makes it a link between leader and led). *Then* I left of my own accord, returning my papers on February 17th, 1912.

could therefore entertain no purpose apart from it; that some details of instruction *were* given to the E. S. T., and not to the body at large, merely because they were technical, or imperfectly elaborated as yet, and might cause confusion; or because they were of no interest except to those who practised meditation steadily; that such details, when useful, invariably came out subsequently in Mrs. Besant's books[1], and were therefore not intended to be kept permanently secret; finally, that no profounder teachings were ever given in the E. S. T. than could be had by all in a little book called *Light on the Path*, which was ascribed, in the E. S. T. itself, to the highest Spiritual Authorship, and regarded as instruction for disciples, but had nevertheless been published openly from the very outset, clearly showing that no mysterious withholdal of teaching was intended, etc., etc., etc., ...

In short, *I sent my friend home completely reassured.*

That was my sin.

And that was by no means the only instance of it. There were many others who doubted, who *were right to doubt*, *who should have gone on healthily doubting* both in the interests of the T. S. and in their own,

1. I refer mainly to the teaching about the permanent atom—the only interesting point which I learnt in the E. S. T. some years before seeing it published openly. It then came out, in somewhat obscure form, in Mrs. Besant's '*Study in Consciousness*.'

and whose doubts I conscientiously allayed—nay, whom I even led right into the clutches of the strange demon of esoteric glamour whom I now feel it my duty to exorcise as best I can.

To all of these I owe full reparation before I can absolve myself.

As a first instalment of reparation due I dedicate this book to them. I dedicate it also (jointly) to the Theosophical Society, in the broader mission of which I am a staunch believer, and which I would fain help to save from what I clearly *see* to be its doom.



II.

THE IDEAL CONSTITUTION OF THE T. S.

The Theosophical Society has a Motto and Three Objects to define it—nothing more.

A. Its motto is

सत्यान्नास्ति परो धर्मः ॥

satyât—than truth
na asti—there is not
parah—a deeper, more fundamental, higher
dharmah—duty, obligation, religion, virtue,

which is usually translated.

"There is no Religion higher than Truth,"

but really means :

"There is no deeper obligation than Truthfulness,"

or

"Truth is Duty Paramount,"

or

"No Virtue is more fundamental than Truth,"

for the simple reason that it is originally the first half of a Sanskrit line of verse of which the second half,

clearly determining an ethical sense, not a metaphysical one, runs thus :

नानृतात्पातकम्परम् ॥

na anrtât—nor than falsehood [is there]
pâtakam—a sin
param—deeper, more essential, more fundamental

meaning unquestionably

"Nor [is there] any deeper sin than falsehood,"

or

"Insincerity is vice paramount [1]."

The adoption of this motto by the Theosophical Society, with the consent of its members, implies the acceptation, by each and all of them, of a definite double moral dogma—a very momentous dogma indeed—namely :

"TRUTH IS THE PARAMOUNT VIRTUE OR DUTY ; INSINCERITY IS THE PARAMOUNT VICE,"

with the unavoidable corollary :

"Everyone who joins us pledges himself *ipso facto* to practise Truthfulness and shun insincerity, or......suffer."

1. These two Primary Dogmas form the chief ethical theme of my book, "*The Making of the Better Man.*"

Such the Motto of the Theosophical Society, adopted designedly or otherwise. All I propose, (if ever I get a hearing) is to *take it down* from where it *hangs* above the mantel-shelf or doorway, and make it a clearly formulated *condition for membership*. The League of the Helping Hand has already set the example that way.

B. The three objects of the Theosophical Society are :

I. To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

II. To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

III. To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

It is universally accepted in the Society, and impressed upon candidates for admission, that the First Object not merely precedes, but *primes* the other two, and that allegiance to it *alone* suffices to entitle one to membership. The reason for this is never clearly stated.

Here is the reason :

The First Object means dedication to the Solidary

Welfare of the Human Race[1]. It is clear that, without this dedication, the Second Object will only make the student a disputatious theologian, or a scholastic wrangler, or a conceited, rival-hating scientific theorist—in short, a nuisance to the Race rather than a help. Therefore the Second Object either implies the first, or runs counter to it. It is thus strictly subservient to the First Object. It might be reformulated:

> " To *serve* the Human Race by the *synthetic* study of Religion, Philosophy and Science and (I would expressly add) the cultivation of all ennobling forms of *Art.*"

Thus would the Second Object stand complete, as direct intellectual and emotional corollary to the First.

Now take the Third Object. It means self-training, systematised psychism, occultism, mysticism, *yoga*—in short all that conduces, no longer merely (as with the 2nd Object) to the culture of the man, but to the hatching out of the Superman. Now it is patent that, unless this 'superman' is, first *conceived*, then *fostered* through every fœtal stage, and finally *hatched*

1. See *The Making of the Better Man*—the first book really based on the Motto (Truth Paramount) and the Prime Object (Human Solidarity) of the Theosophical Society, and written, queer to say, by one who finds himself practically pushed out of his due share of responsibility and work in the Society owing to his undivided loyalty to these impersonal ideals, for the promotion of which the Society is declared to exist.

out as a SUPER-SERVANT of the Common Good, he will hatch out as a quite uncommon Nuisance to the Race—a very redoubtable Super-Devil, in short (the Black Magician my E. S. brethren so ominously whisper of). Therefore the Third Object either implies the First *from the very outset* (essential, this, as distinguished from the Second Object) or goes quite diametrically against it. It might be re-formulated.

> "To *serve* the Human Race by (not merely investigating, but) carefully training and developing in oneself, and stimulating as far as healthily possible in others—in harmony with the corresponding aspects of Universal Nature—the growth of all Serviceable Powers[1] still latent in the normal man."

Thus would the Third Object stand complete, as direct Spiritual, Mystic, *Yogic* corollary to the First.

[*N. B.*—Here I can at best *indicate*. The Motto, First Object and Second Object are dealt with in my *Making of the Better Man*. The Third Object will be *(D. V.)* specially dealt with in further volumes. One chapter of the *Making*

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1. The 'Righteous Powers of the Mysteries (*upanishatsu dharmâh*)' which the Great Ancients taught the student to long for after surrender to the Universal Self. See *The Making of the Better Man*, p. 316—318.

of the Better Man (Book I, pp. 239—254) has reference to it.]

Now it is patent that the First Object [ultimately carrying the other two along with it—for you cannot sensibly dedicate yourself to SERVICE once for all without undertaking to *train* yourself therefor, first as man (2nd. Ob.), but ultimately as Superman (3rd Ob.)] implies another clear-cut and tremendous Dogma—as clear-cut and tremendous as the previous Dogma of Truth Paramount—namely :

> THAT THE HUMAN RACE IS A SINGLE SOLIDARY ORGANISM, OR BROTHERHOOD : RACES, CREEDS, CASTES, SEXES ARE 'LIMBS OF EACH OTHER' (*Sâdi*) 'YE ARE THE BODY OF CHRIST, AND SEVERALLY MEMBERS THEREOF' (*Paul*). YE ARE YOUR BROTHERS' KEEPERS.

Now my Theosophic brethren are wont to repeat, in season and out of season, that

" THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY HAS NO DOGMAS."

I am, on the contrary, willing to state my reputation for sanity on the emphatic statement that—

> *The T. S. as at present constituted has* TWO MOMENTOUS PRACTICAL DOGMAS :
>
> I. THE DOGMA OF TRUTH PARAMOUNT.
>
> II. THE DOGMA OF SOLIDARITY.

and that those professed members of the T. S. who do not earnestly strive to live up to these two *implicitly*

accepted dogmas are *twice accursed* in having joined—for they have adopted a *Motto* which curses them to be true or......suffer ; and they have signed allegiance to a Prime Object which curses them to work for Racial Solidarity or.........suffer[1].

These two great Moral Dogmas (Truth and Service) I would like—an ever I get a hearing—to see explicitly impressed on all candidates for membership in the T. S., and solemnly recited[2] as well as subscribed by them as a strict condition of full membership.



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1. Compare the pledge of the League of the Helping Hand : '*I will be true through all my life.* 1 will hate all that is mean and love all that is good. I will strive with all my strength to *make the world happy and kind.* I will fight with all my soul against all that is cruel. I will try as earnestly as I can *to be friendly with all people* ; and especially I will never be disloyal to any comrade in the Leauge of the Helping Hand. "

(Here there is ne Bogeydom).

None need wonder that I, brooding over the essential aims ot the T. S., as here set forth, and seeing them set aside for phantoms, should have taken up the L. H. H. at first sight, and *made it my own.* All are welcome to do likewise (it costs nothing—or next to nothing).

2. Not before a personal *guru* in secret conclave, but before witnesses, *both* Theosophists *and* non-Thoesophists, *at an open meeting.*

2

III.
THE MATERIAL CONSTITUTION OF THE T. S.

Now this Theosophical Society, defined by and blessed (or cursed) with the truly *inspired* Motto and Objects just outlined, has somehow given itself, up to this time, a typically *democratic* organisation consisting of :—

(*a*) MEMBERS, grouped into

(*b*) LODGES (managing their own affairs) grouped into

(*c*) NATIONAL SECTIONS, whose *elected* heads (General Secretaries) form the bulk of the

(*d*) GENERAL COUNCIL, or GOVERNING BODY, merely *presided* over by the

(*e*) PRESIDENT OF THE T. S., elected for 7 years by a 2/3 majority vote of the *whole membership*, after *nomination* by the General Council.

N.B.—The President has no power to *veto* a decision of the General Council—nothing beyond the usual casting vote. Rule 48 gives the Council full power to alter the Rules—therefore power to remove the President from office in case he (or she) were to persist in going against the wishes of the majority.

(For full particulars, I refer you to the *Memorandum of Association*, published in every Annual Report of the T. S.)



IV.
WERE YOU AWARE OF IT ?

Such is the Constitution, both ideal and material, of the Theosophical Society.

By Ideal Constitution I mean what a member of the Society should consistently agree to—what gives him his right to be there.

By Material Constitution I mean the temporary Rules devised by the actual members of the Society up to date for the management of its affairs.

I do not think this has ever been set clearly before the public. How could one expect that, when the very members do not trouble to form a clear idea of it for themselves?

It *is* worth a little attention on the part of the intelligent public. A sufficient number of public-spirited men and women—realising the immense value of such an International Organisation for the spread of right Knowledge and right Ideals and the systematic Contagion of Race-Service (educational and otherwise)—have only to join the T. S., and use their constitutional rights as members, in order to control the Movement on right lines, and neutralize and ultimately excrete all morbid, disintegrative tendencies.

Why not ?



V.

THE FAILURE OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY UP-TO-DATE.

Why has not this Society drawn together into one vast, free Sodality all the best-enlightened, most liberal *good* men and women on Earth?

They all know that 'UNION IS STRENGTH.'

Why has the Theosophical Society failed to become their BOND OF UNION?

*　　*　　*　　*　　*

Because it has never been quite straightforwardly and open-handedly managed.

Because its leaders put their trust in Astral Bogeys[1] instead of in the Spirit of Organic Humanity, now labouring for expression everywhere.

Because they repeatedly sacrificed Truth Paramount to whatever *policy* they thought best calculated to keep themselves and their Astral Bogeys paramount.

Because they continually endeavoured to manage, and succeeded *to an appalling extent* in managing the Society, not through its clearly formulated Principles and constitutional Rules, and through naturally-stimulated loyalty *to these*, but through their own

1. My use of the term is fully explained further on.

personal influence over superstitious adherents, and through morbidly-stimulated 'loyalty' to themselves and to their private Bogeys.

Because their 'loyal' followers, while glibly repeating, as a matter of course, all sorts of brave platitudes about Brotherhood, Unity, Tolerance and what not, sedulously extolled the personalities of their teachers (whims and fads included, and magnified) above Simple Truth and Common Good—thereby frustrating the essential purposes of the Society.

[Of course those Holy Words—Unity, Brotherhood, Tolerance and what not—*are* platitudes when not consistently striven for in pratice ; as the veriest Son of God seen psychically (*i.e.*, *objectively* in *vision*) *is* an Astral Bogey (यक्षम्) no more no less—doubly so when the superstitious *awe* of His having appeared to so-and-so takes precedence of the Simple Truth and Common Good *on Earth*, which every true Son of God, on any 'plane' whatever, stands for. Understand that I use the term 'Astral Bogey' with full deliberation, intending it to *include all* that the most exalted esotericist conceives as *a* Master, *the* Master of Masters, the 'Supreme Director of Evolution of this (or any other) Globe'—nay, even God Himself, seen *outwardly*. This is not a new-fangled impertinence of mine. It is a plain English translation of the Sanskrit term

यक्षम् (*yaksham*) which the *Kena Upanishad* uses, with scientific deliberation, to denote an objective manifestation of the Supreme.]

The Theosophical Society, then—spite of all increase of membership[1]—has hitherto failed to accomplish its great Unitive Purpose—

Because, in short, *superstition*, obscure and tortuous, has usurped the place of simple, candid **Truth**; And because sentimental attachment, personal, separative, has usurped the place of organic, freely-loving, open-handed **Service**.

* * * * *

Do not say that these appalling imputations are *not true*.

The Theosophical Society has been given well-nigh forty years to gather into its fold all the best friends of Man in all countries, and all the lesser folk who would fain have had a bond with them.

If these imputations were not to a large extent true, it would have right royally succeeded.

1 Though I frankly do not see that a whole world membership of 25,000—after 40 years of steady work and an *enormous* outlay of mental energy, which a whole liberary of books and magazines bears witness to—is a result worth beasting of. Had the T. S. been sensibly managed from the start, its membership should by now run into hundreds of thousands, if not millions.

But it has failed—failed all along—failed in bold conspicuous landmarks and failed in vast, dull submerged areas.

Some of its prominent landmarks of failure are :—

Failure, at its birth in New York, to assimilate and help to leaven with true Spirit the forces of Spiritualism[1].

Failure, on landing in India, to assimilate and liberalize the living impulse of the Arya Samâj[2].

Failure, likewise, to assimilate, leaven and liberalize the Brāhmo Samāj.

Failure, in England, to freely assimilate Anna Kingsford and her Mystic Christian Movement.

Failure, in France, to assimilate the pure tradition of Martinism, and the French Spiritist and Occutist Movement.

Failure to assimilate Frederic W. H. Myers and all earnest Psychical Researchers. Failure to assimilate

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1. A truly God-inspired spiritualistic production—*The Healing of the Nations* (2 Vol.) by Charles Linton—published in 1857 and now exceedingly rare, the only accessible copy of which is in the hands of Dr. W. A. English at Adyar, shows the materials there were for Theosophy to bring to the front and fecundate. That book, full of the most *amazing* Wisdom, is *waiting still*, while we worship our *own* pet Bogeys. I covet that book, and have requested Dr. English to bequeathe it to me in his will. I undertake to publish it as soon as I am in a position to do so.

2. Again the Bogeys, and alliance with Hindu Superstition. Nothing else stood in the way.

mediums of truly Theosophic calibre such as Stainton Moses, Madame d'Esperance, etc.

Failure to assimilate Swami Vivekananda and the Neo-Vedantic movement in India and elsewhere[1].

Failure to assimilate Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Dresser, Trine, James Allen and the whole of the New-Thought Movement in America and England[2].

Failure to assimilate the great mystic poets and writers : Tennyson, Whitman, Carpenter, Mæterlinck and others[3].

Failure to assimilate its own spirited workers—witness the American Secession, in 1895-6, over matters of pure and simple personal leadership in Bogeydom (sins being sinned and accusations flung as merest

1. Poor Col. Olcott deliberately threw away, for lack of a little far-sightedness, the golden opportunity of helping Swami Vivekananda to Chicago. He even encouraged Theosophists to obstruct the Swami's work in America. What sort of 'Service of the Masters' was that ? Service of *Bogeys*, assuredly. Alas, alas !

2. This failure hangs partly on the previous one—wholly as regards Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who owes her awakening to Vivekananda. As for Dresser, I had some earnest talks with him personally. He *was* a typical Theosophist, but would have nothing to say to the T. S. on account of the E. S. Bogey behind it and what (of course) leaked out concerning it. I was myself largely instrumental in first circulating Trine's and James Allen's books in India. Why did the T. S. cut me off from these my brothers ??

3. I am just now engaged in shewing up the Theosophic significance of Tennyson in a book entitled "*Alfred, Lord Tennyson, a Modern Sage.*"

fuel to *that* fire) ; witness again further secessions : of Mr. G. R. S. Mead and many others in 1907–8–9, again centering round Bogeydom—Bogeydom exalted at Col. Olcott's death-bed, Bogeydom triumphant in Mr. Leadbeater's return to influence and Mrs. Besant's double control[1] ordained from......Bogeyland ; witness again the recent excision of Dr. Steiner and his thousands in Germany : the pretext being their frank intolerance of Mrs. Besant's neo-adventist propaganda and its... ..esoteric methods. ("*Their* bigotry," you say? Perhaps it is, in part at least; but are you quite sure the management of the T. S. from...... Bogeyland has nothing to do with it ?......and what of the choice between straightforward bigotry and double-bottomed...' tolerance' ?) Witness at last my own atomic self more and more driven during the last three years—driven, of course, by now frenzied, roaring, rampant (however otherwise protesting) Bogeydom[2]—to find scope for free Theosophic endeavour *outside* the ' Theosophical' Society.

* * * *

As for dull submerged areas, let me mention only two, confining myself to India :—

Failure (owing to quite recklessly one-sided *sentimental* Hindu Associations) to impress Indian Moha-

1. *Sci.*, of the T. S. and the E. S. T.

2. Note in passing Mrs. Besant's pretty threat in the *Herald of the Star*, July 1912, p. 86. And see further.

medans, and sweep clear a platform of understanding between their more enlightened students of Religion and life, and equally progressive Hindus.

Failure to tackle the Caste Evil in right earnest over the length and breadth of India—nay, rank desertion of the few public-spirited Indians who did so. [Col. Olcott's local Pariah Schools may be put down as a small compensation for that failure. They were his own personal attempt, and he got no co-operation from the bulk of the Hindu Theosophists enrolled by Mrs. Besant. Why ??......—I have heard Justice Sir Sankaran Nair say, with more earnestness than I can put in print, that if Mrs. Besant had not turned everybody's head elsewhere with her oratory and her esoteric enrolment, Col. Olcott would, ere he died, have had the whole face of the land dotted with Pariah Schools. The network of village-schools started by him in Ceylon shows what he might have done in India where the material is, in certain senses, better, the people having on the whole more stamina.]

I make bold to say that there is scarcely one of the public-spirited men of India whom Mrs. Besant has contrived to alienate, regarding them as '*enemies of Theosophy !*' (because they, forsooth, do not bolt down her every message from Bogeyland unchewed),

who is not a rank Theosophist at heart [1]—nay, often a better Theosophist *in practice* than those who bear a name they do not justify, and fall (morally) flat under a standard they are not fit to bear.



1. I have in mind men of the type of the Hon. M. G. K. Gokhale, Justice Sir Sankaran Nair and Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya. Such men would be among the practical leaders of the T. S. to-day but for the......Astral Bogeys. For the first two I can certainly vouch, having talked it over with them 'without blinkers.'

VI.

THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF THE FAILURE.

" Seek not thy *Guru* (Master) in those *Mâyâvic* (glamour-ridden) realms. "
(*H. P. B.*), *The Voice of the Silence.*

At the back of this whole gigantic and continuous series of failures, on the part of the Theosophical Society, to accomplish its purpose—failures as grievous as the standing failure of Christianity to convert the world to Christ[1]—there must be some equally gigantic and continuous mistake.

At the back of this Mountain of Failure lies—yes, *lies* (for he is a most deceptive customer) the Esoteric Bogey.

That mistake was, so to say, congenital (or co-genital, सहज) with theT. S. It originates with the substitution of ' Astral Bogey ' Masters (grafted on to H. P. B's quite unhaloed pre-theosophic spooks) and of the accepted leadership of those who were able to

1. At the back of *that* failure of nineteen centuries lies at bottom the *same* mistake—namely the substitution, as object, aim and means of salvation, of Jesus Christ the *separate historic person* (the Historic Bogey, one might rightly call him, for many were frightened in his name, and many hurt and slain) for Eternal Christ, the Living Unity of the Race (and ultimately of the Cosmos) to Whom that historic Person came to bear witness, and for Whom He lived and died. In short, the Churches promoted *separateness* in the name of ' Christ ' (Unity).

see them, and of the credulous hangers-on of these—the substitution of this whole priesthood of astral glamour, in short, for *the* Master of Racial and Cosmic Unity latent in nearly all of us, patent as yet, alas, in very few: the One Master safe to proclaim, safe to invoke, safe to make vows to, safe to follow dauntlessly through life and death. This is the One True Master of whom every *genuine* outside Master—Bogey or no Bogey—is a purified impersonal embodiment and exemplar.

[But *suppose* an actual Astral Bogey *does* come to you (these things happen, you know, or *seem* to happen——as I *seem* to be writing this book) and gives you, say, a little Book, like *Light on the Path*, or a bit of personal advice such as Col. Olcott claims to have thus received. What to do ?...Throw an inkpot at him, as good old Luther did at a bogey-vision of Jesus Christ himself ?—Quite unnecessary, I should say; and wasteful of good furniture, besides ink.

What I suggest is simply this : First say, " Thank you very much, Sir Bogey, I am highly obliged to you. " To which he will answer, *if* he is the right sort of Bogey I am acquainted with (for I have seen Bogeys too, as any cat or dog has,) with a gentle " Pray don't mention it "—or perhaps merely with a silent smile which means very much the same thing and more : a smile that wraps you up in Mother-

Space, Rœntgens itself clean through your ribs, loosens a nasty catch there and makes you feel a child again. Anyhow politeness won't do anybody any harm, and may be distinctly good *for you.*

Next, read the Book carefully and, if you find it distinctly *good*, do your level best to live up to what it teaches, and publish it[1] that others may share the benefit ; or, if it is advice, *chew* the advice well before you swallow it, and *show its value in your life.* In either case, be sure you judge the Bogey by the Book or the advice, not the book or the advice by the bogey. Say : *Good* (if you are *sure* of it) Book ;... *Good* (if you have tested it) Advice ;... ∴ *Good* Bogey, Mahātmā (Great Souled) Bogey, Christlike Bogey, Saintly Bogey, etc." Do *not* say, as you value your Salvation : " Bogey of this or that Great Master, Rutilant Bogey, Splendid Bogey ; . . . . . ∴ Divinely inspired Book ; ∴ celestial advice which I dare not but follow implicity." I can assure you that the difference between these two methods is *the* difference between sanity and lunacy. " By their fruits shall ye know them." " For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders ; insomuch

1. As M. C. did *Light on the Path*—avoiding all undue fuss such as surrounded the issue of a later book, *At the Feet of the Master.*

that, if possible, *they shall deceive the very elect.*" (*Matt.* xxiv, 24.)

As for the topical occurrence of the Bogey's visit, you may mention it or not, as *you* prefer. It is of course something to talk of—like having hobnobbed with a Duke, or been patted on the back by someone Big, or having trodden on a Royal Toe as happened to me in my youth, when I suddenly stepped back from a Dresden shop-window into which I had been looking, and the King of Saxony, on one of his informal strolls, came up unseasonably behind.

Well, well ! we've all of us been middle-class folk, either in this life or before, and I suppose middle-class folk cannot but develop into middle-class . . . . . prying Sub-Mahātmās, with an irresistible itch for soul-embalming gossip ot the Bogeyland *Peerage.*

If your Bogey has not particularly requested you to advertise his Person—a thing no really enlightened Bogey, to my knowledge, has ever done—rest assured that there is not the least ingratitude involved in keeping 'mum.' What every decent Bogey wants is that you should benefit yourself and others, not advertise *him. You may straighway take this for granted in every case.* If it ruffles your Bogey in the least, know him for something far different from the 'Master' he claims to be (or whom *your vanity requires him*

to be). I recommend this to you *as a test* in case you happen to see Bogeys, as I have done, and would keep sweet and sane through it all.

The only alternative to discreet silence is : *if you speak at all*, *speak* (or write) *quite openly*, as Mabel Collins did when she described the writing of *The Idyll of the White Lotus* and *Light on the Path* in Mr. A. P. Sinnett's (now defunct) Magazine, *Broad Views* ; or as Col. Olcott did in bearing witness to *his* visitation in "*Old Diary Leaves.*"

If you, too gossipy to 'keep mum' and too shy to speak out, begin to confide your secret whisperingly to a privileged circle of chosen intimates—chosen because they happen to humour you, or flatter you—*you are done for*. You have begotten a collective Esoteric Bogeydom in the creative Mind-Realm which the whole Race shares ; and that Bogeydom will stand between you and the Gates of Wisdom until you shatter it, restoring the free circulation in which it acted as a clot. The sooner you yourself betray the secrets of the sect to all and sundry, the greater the chances of your sparing another the odious task of doing so. Be charitable and quash the bugsome thing yourself, for it is not a pleasant job.]

This brings us to the next great phase of the T. S. blunder.



VII.

THE FOUNDATION OF ESOTERIC BOGEYDOM.

The primary mistake just dealt with (of hearkening to the Bogey's Voice from Bogeyland instead of the Master-Voice from the Kingdom within)—due to the movement happening to start and spread (for various reasons[1]) at the hands of phenomena-hunting psychic experimentalists, not Truth-loving, Life-fostering

1. One of them being that the true Practical Mystic always seeks to save all that pertains to Life; rejecting only (and that no further than the nearest manure-pit) disintegrative husks. Now the current of psychic tendency *is* part and parcel of the Life of Humanity. It must be developed, not atrophied. But it is dangerous *when divorced* from genuine Mysticism. Hence *true Mysticism* deliberately seeks to *use* Psychism as a vehicle and a productive womb, in order to make a steady link with it, and redeem and transmute psychic impulse into Organic, Mystic Will. That is why the mystic seed of *Light on the Path* was planted in a psychic mushroom-bed. The same will be done again and again with unwearying patience, spite of failure after failure.

That pathetic Entity, the Theosophical '*Mahātmā*'—pathetic because of the well-nigh universal rejection of a priceless offer, freely made—is again a sacrificial hybrid of this sort: the wedding of a something to be sought with a something to be rejected —a test of विवेक *viveka* (discrimination) by the way; but more than that also—an attempt to evolve order out of chaos in the rank jungle at the back of our (still *very* incipient) physical garde Alas, that so many deliberately deified the psychic husk and lost the mystic grain! But never mind: there is always 'a next time.'

Practical *Mystics*—was clinched by the formation of the E. S. T., or Privileged Inner Section. This was originally started by Madame Blavatsky at the insistent request of a number of members who clamoured for such instructions from her as might lead to regular psychic training, and the forcing open in them of such psychic senses as she herself was credited with.

The 'occult' tradition with which her visions involved her required privacy for all such instructions —the reason given being that the instructions might be abused by unscrupulous people. I don't pretend to judge this. The bulk of *her* 'private' instructions to ordinary E. S. T. members found its way into print (barring a couple of coloured plates) in the 3rd Volume of the *Secret Doctrine*, published after her death under the authority of Mrs. Annie Besant, her successor. Had the world become more scrupulous in the space of five years ?? I myself believe that privacy[1] was largely a *means of focussing attention*, and that Mrs. A. B. consciously or sub-consciously wanted attention focussed on *her* instructions rather than her predecessor's. So she dutifully circulated her predecessor's instructions with her

1. Save where risky advice (given to very few) touching concentration on the 'centres' or *chakrams* of the body—risky because most people's idea of concentration implies muscular contraction and vascular *congestion* leading up to *spasm*. (See *The Making of the Better Man*, pp. 289-291.)

own, but took the wind out of *their* sails by publishing them to the outside world besides.

[What a comment, by the way, on the moral calibre of the average 'esotericist,' who values instruction more, and ponders it with livelier zest, *if he knows his neighbours are deprived of it ! Je crois que beaucoup d'entre nous doivent avoir été...le chien du jardinier en mainte incarnation passée*[1].]

However this may be, a private Inner Circle[2], in several shades and grades, did gather round Madame Blavatsky in her latter days ; and the Colonel, when he saw hundreds applying to join it and insisting upon being 'taken in' and provided with some sort of 'esoteric' label and 'private instructions'—the Colonel, I say, scented danger (I have this from him *direct*) and never would have anything to do with it personally, though she communicated documents to him as courtesy due to the President-Founder from the Corresponding Secretary of the T. S. (that was her official title) and *Guru* of the E. S. *He* considered the

1. That is for my French friends : "I think many of us must have been......the 'gardener's dog' in more than one past incarnation."—It refers to a well-known French idiom : the 'gardener's dog,' has more food than he can eat, but sedulously keeps other dogs from touching it. He wouldn't value it if they did

2. I use the term here in a general sense. In those days it was reserved for the very few who were privileged to receive *oral* instructions and make psychic experiments. It formed, as it were, the inner nucleus or IIIrd Degree of the E. S. T.

E. S. *as her own private affair entirely*, and fairly jumped when it was referred to, in Mr. Besant's days, as the 'Heart of the T. S.'

He *was* narrow in some ways (good old man !) —witness the Vivekananda incident—but shrewd enough to conceive *his* Masters as spiritually and ethically concerned with the world in general and its welfare, as his Society *should* be ; and he would not admit that either connection with the former, or the management of the latter, should ever become vested in a clique[1]

But the mischief was done. A 'select circle' had been formed (under pretext of 'occult' instruction)—an informal Freemasonry *most convenient* for the seeking, concoction and whispered *colportage* of private esoteric happenings—dreams, visions, astral traffics and adventures, and what not[2] ; and it was impos-

1. Herein lies the crucial difference between Col. Olcott and Mrs. Besant. Mrs. Annie Besant is firmly convinced that the Masters (the Wardens of all valid Wisdom, mind you) are to be reached *through her*, and that the T. S.—and, through it, as much as possible of the world at large—is to be managed by a clique of devotees *sworn to her*. Col. Olcott's was a somewhat narrow brain with a good-fellow's open hand. Mrs. Besant's is a World-Empire-compassing distended cranium, with an esoteric 'mailed fist' in the background. She herself testified, in her *Autobiography*, to Madame Blavatsky having diagnosed her as 'pride incarnate,' or 'proud as Lucifer,' or words to that effect. Things *have* developed, since.

2. I do not deny that there *may* have been truth in these. I am not a disbeliever in psychic *fact*. But, *man being what he is*

sible to prevent those admitted to this E. S. T. from imagining themselves a step nearer to the 'Masters,' nearer to the Goal of Existence—in short, *a step higher in the Cosmos* than *mere* members at large. These were in their turn inevitably considered nearer to the 'Heart of things' than outer Philistines who did not profess belief in '*karma*, reincarnation and polymorphous subtle bodies.'

Thus was the 'occult' hierarchical idea grafted on to the unfortunate T. S. at the very centre. And it 'caught on,' and grew, and grew.

[Mrs. Besant makes much of the fact that the *personal* pledge reinstated by her in 1911-12 (owing to which I finally quitted the E. S. T.) was exacted by Madame Blavatsky in those early days.

To this there are at least two answers—the second illustrating the first :

I. Madame Blavatsky was *not* Mrs. Besant.

II. Madame Blavatsky *dropped* the personal pledge when numbers grew beyond her power to personally check and follow her 'chicks.' It was a small intimate affair, like a medium's private seance. Mrs. Besant reinstates the self-

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to-day, it is patent that such an esoteric circle, while it is possibly, to the occasional earnest seeker, a fairly rich goldfield, is *certainly* a liar's paradise to boot. However rich the claim, lies are to truth in it as sand is to nuggets in a Californian dry river-bed.

same pledge to bind self-blinkered thousands to do her will in the world. It is a big *official* affair, like a Court Levee (*privacy* making it either an absurdity or—if efficient—a danger.) Madame Blavatsky wanted it (or was supposed to) to instruct, communicate and help. Mrs. Besant patently wants it to *help her* in controlling and directing the destinies of Mankind. It becomes truly a *political* affair, interfering with education [1], interfering with the press, interfering with justice, interfering (by and by) with Government. It becomes (to the extent that it succeeds on its present *secret* basis) an overweeningly ambitious politico-mysic secret sect with far-reaching ramifications, which might well invite a cautions government's attention.

But *this* strikes me as probably the straightest answer of all: I put it in the direct form, addressed to Her Guruship in person:

III. " Madame Blavatsky's *dropping* the pledge after giving it a test might be good reason for *your dropping it likewise* after a further test 'to make quite sure.' But to say that Madame Blavatsky's *having used* the pledge (and dropped it as, presumably, undesirable) is a pretext for your *taking it up* deliberately to suit yourself,

1. The 'Theosophical' Educational Trust, already controlling considerable funds and a number of institutions, and seeking to control more, has its membership limited to members of the Esoteric Section, personally pledged to Mrs. Besant.

is like pleading as an excuse for deliberate drunkenness after years of sober living that *your father* (since teetotaller) *was a drunkard in his youth.*"

* * * * *

The pledge taken by Mr. G. Narayaniah to Madame Blavatsky in 1891 runs thus :

" 1. I pledge myself to endeavour to make Theosophy a living power in my life.

2. I pledge myself to support before the world the Theosophical movement and those of its leaders and members *in whom I have full confidence*, and in particular to obey, without cavil or delay, the orders given THROUGH the Head of the Esoteric Section in all that concerns my Theosophical duties and Esoteric work, *so far as my pledge to my Higher Self and my conscience sanction.*

3. I pledge myself never to listen, without protest, to any evil thing spoken falsely, or yet unproven, of a brother Theosophist, and to abstain from condemning others.

4. I pledge myself to do all in my power by study or otherwise to fit myself to help and teach others.

5. I pledge myself to give what support I can to the movement in time, money and work.

6. I pledge myself to preserve secrecy as re-

gards the signs and pass-words of the Section and all confidential documents.

7. To all of which I pledge my most solemn and sacred word of honour. So help me my Higher Self."

Quoted from *Mrs. Besant and the Alcyone Case*, Appendix, p. viii.

I shall comment upon this as occasion arises further on. The word 'THROUGH' (emphasized by me) is momentous in relation to much that follows. Note the conditioning clauses (italicized by me.) As far as I am aware they do not occur in Mrs. Besant's pledge. But I cannot say for certain, as I do not possess a copy of it now. I neither committed it to memory nor kept a copy for my use.]



Mrs. BESANT'S 'NEW-OLD' PLEDGE.

[Additional Note—while going to Press—
March 1914.]

Here is, after all, thanks to the kindness of Mr. G. Narayaniah, the "new-old (?)" pledge which Mrs. Besant claims to have merely "re-instated"—the pledge which made me leave the E.S.T. Compare clause 2 of Madame Blavatsky's pledge, above, and ask yourself which be the more amazing—Mrs. Besant's reputation for candour, or the blind credulity of those (High Court Judges et *tutti quanti* included) who still support it.

Amongst other points of divergence, *the conditioning clauses have been* **clean left out**, and "orders *of*" has been substituted for "orders given *through*" (have the Mahatmas been thus casually *dropped*?) Note also the use of the words 'Society' and 'Movement.' In short, Mrs. Besant's E. S. pledge is an essentially original creation, which has scarcely anything in common with its Blavatskyan predecessor, save the attribute of being an Esoteric personal pledge at all.

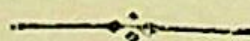
Mrs. Besant's pledge first appeared in the private Bulletin, "*The Link*," for August 1911, p. 43. It was naturally referred to in the Madras lawsuits of 1913, and published in "*The Hindu*" and elsewhere.

PLEDGE :

"*I pledge myself to support before the world the "Theosophical Society, and in particular to obey, without "cavil or delay, the orders of the Head of the Esoteric "Section in all that concerns my relation with the "Theosophical Movement; to work with her, on the "lines she shall lay down, in preparation for the "Coming of the World-Teacher; and to give what "support I can to the Society in time, money and "work.*"



Further Comments may be left to the reader until such time as our survey reaches the midsummer days of the Alcyone Cult.



VIII.

FROM H. P. B. TO. A. B.

"The Duchess is dead—long live the Queen of Hearts!"

It did not grow very fast in the days of Madame Blavatsky. She was too unconventional (there *is* a 'saving grace' in Bohemianism) and had flashes of commonsense amounting almost to genius, as when she, with a flourish of her dainty hand, gravely introduced her oped-mouthed adoring pupils to the merest calling stranger as "My Theosophical Geese!" or when she objected to herself or another being made into "a little tin god on wheels;" or when, an ethereal aspirant requesting of her a suggestion as to meditation—whether to concentrate on Higher Manas, or Buddhi, or the Solar Logos—she jammed a matchbox down on the table before the expectant questioner, exclaiming: "*There, concentrate upon that!*" Her Bogeys—which in Mrs. Besant's hands are evolving into very terrible Jehovahs—she was wont to call "the Boys."

In short, whether adventuress, or minor prophetess, or both, she *was* a grand old freak of Nature. She herself (or was it her......Bogey ?) suggested that she must have originally landed in this system on the tail of a comet. She railed and she thundered, made friends and quarrelled, and was forthwith ready to

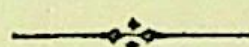
make friends again, with the worst as with the best. None who knew *could* seriously *hate* her, even when they most forcibly opposed. I remember a strenuous 'occult' rival, in Paris, telling me with a sigh of *heartfelt affection* how she had once winked across the table at him, at an esoteric dinner, sweeping the room with a queer little gesture, suggesting that he and she (sworn foes) were the only two 'knowing ones' in that room. The rest were "les gogos"—the gullibles. I hold no brief for her, but I, not having met her in the flesh, nevertheless *feel* her as a breezy, gusty, quarrelsome, genial, cantankerous, tolerant, captious, chivalrous and withal unscrupulous boon-companion of the highways of Life—a lovable Adventuress, by no means of the baser sort, whom the joint squalls of the Coulomb exposure and the S. P. R. Report[1] drove into harbour as a revered teacher of 'occultism' and a searcher and sifter of souls at No. 19, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, London, N. W. I can see her, in her palmy days, gulling gullibles to the top of their bent, and winking at Olcott across the table; and I also see myself liking her, and liked by her, and somehow pulling on with her, for all that we might differ as the poles in outer temperament

1. I am not writing a History of the T. S., but merely introducing a few glimpses of my own experience within it. So I must refer you elsewhere for details of these periodic squalls. I am dealing with the root-cause of them all : Bogeydom in conjunction with the radical vice of Man, *insincerity*. As to this, read *The Making of the Better Man*.

and inner training. I am not speaking quite at random. Were my surmise not to some extent true, I do not think she could have kept with her as pupil and secretary for years a man like Mr. G. R. S. Mead.[1]

The graft of Bogeydom thus held its own, but not without a healthy check or two while the Grand Old Lady's phenomenally patched-up bag of flesh (with hands and eyes to marvel at) still held her.

But then came Mrs. Annie Besant; and with her, the Judge crisis over, the secessionist Branches duly amputated (or self-amputated [2]), the E.S.T., in 1896 and the following years, entered upon a career of unacknowledged transformation impossible to follow or describe.



1. Who left the Society in 1908 in protest against Mrs. Besant's management, and has since then been editing a valuable quarterly entitled '*The Quest.*'

2. I again repeat that I am not writing a History of the T. S. For the circumstances of Madame Blavatsky's death, Mr. W. Q. Judge's and Mrs. Besant's joint successorship in the E. S. T. and the crisis which sent Mr. Judge off at a tangent with nearly all the Branches in America and many elsewhere—I refer you to other sources of information.

IX.
ENTER, THE WEE ATOM.

In 1896 I was at Liége, Belgium, where I became a member, and was soon made Chief Delegate for Belgium, of the Martinist Order (a French Mystico-Magic Society—another fascinating patchwork of Mystic Light and human shade). The friend who introduced me to this order generously mentioned the Theosophical Society as a *rival* body much objected to by our chiefs, but which might nevertheless (who could tell ?) also hold valuable inspiration. On the 17th of November 1896 (by a curious coincidence the 21st Anniversary of the Society—its 'coming of age'—whereof I knew nothing) I wrote to Mr. G. R. S. Mead, then General Secretary in London, applying straightway for membership. I did not beat about the bush. My diploma is dated 19th November 1896.

That was all for the time being. I did not meet a single Theosophist, nor trouble any with correspondence, until I joined Dr. Nyssens in Brussels, in the early part of 1898. He and several other recently admitted Theosophists there (including the present General Secretary Jean Delville[1]) were, like myself, Martinists.

1. He has just resigned his secretaryship (July 1913) and been succeeded by another of my old friends of those days, Gaston Polak.

I joined with Dr. Nyssens in inviting Mr. J. Chandra[1] to Brussels where he delivered, in April-May 1898, a series of lectures in English, with running interpretation in French by myself, which were a great success, and definitely established Theosophy on Belgian soil. It was there, just after those lectures, in May, that my own inner life suddenly blossomed out under the influence of a little book called *Light on the Path*, resulting in a number of experiences of what seemed very much like 'Cosmic Consciousness,' the most valuable climax of which I have already attempted to describe in *The Making of the Better Man*, (pp. 239 sqq., 1st Ed.).

[*Note*—It is interesting to note that Mr. Chandra, my most intimate friend of the time, whose able lecturing work I did my very best to help, had not the least inkling of my personal experiences referred to above, although the fact of my throwing myself into such objective work for life was merely the outer reflex of those subjective experiences. The simple reason for my reticence was that he (very kindly) patronized me. I did not resent the patronizing—it was so kind and gentle, and well-intentioned. I liked him very much in spite of it, and liked our joint work still better. But the fact is that anything of the sort (a *mental attitude* involving *assumption* of any kind) sets up in the genuine mystic's

1. An Indian lecturer whose name I have purposely altered.

mind an automatic defence—an instinctive, spontaneous secrecy which is absolutely inviolable because it clean obliterates all sign *of there being any secret* to conceal. Read the Chapter on 'Protective Instincts' in Mary Everest Boole's most valuable book: "*The Forging of Passion into Power.*"

This is the only real Secrecy and Seal of the only *real* Mysteries. All organised, *formal* secrecy (Masonic, 'esoteric' or otherwise) based on personal pledges, is mere 'bunkum.' It may be enforced as a makeshift owing to *external* circumstances—as with Masonry and Mystic Sects during the centuries of persecution. But Real Mysteries do not *require* such artifice *for themselves*—quite the reverse. Formal secrecy largely helps to create *sham* mysteries which mask the *true*, and confuse all the issues. It is such *sham*, formal 'mysteries' that Mrs. Besant now threatens to reinstate, on a bigger scale than ever, in days when formal secrecy is becoming quite superfluous and therefore *wholly objectionable.*

Against this I, who happen to know something of the *real* Mysteries, feel strongly moved to sound a note of warning. The Spiritual Liberties of Man are being threatened from a new direction.

N.B.—This is not a new notion, born of my breaking with the E. S. T. I have been gently

warning all I could reach for the last four years. See *Gospel of Life*, pp. 217-219, written in 1909, and the big foot-notes on pp. 46-47, 52-54 of *Sannyasa* (1911). Also *Ibid*. 89-92.

Mrs. Besant and myself might conceivably agree on theoretical questions of Principle. Where we acutely differ is in the matter of her setting herself up, on the basis of mere psychic visions, as *the* Herald and Gatekeeper, to the modern world, of *the* Mysteries. The *real* Mysteries have only one Gate *for you*, friend Reader: *it opens inside your own heart, and your own will is its only Gate-keeper*. Mrs. Besant, in proclaiming herself *the* Messenger, Agent, Gatekeeper and what not, and her associates so-and-so and so-and-so, Fellow-Initiates with her, and in getting a host of sentimental fanatics to believe her implicitly and take vows of obedience to her, is setting up, in the name of the Holy Mysteries of At-One-ment, a *new priesthood of separateness* of the most dangerous sort. "Hands off!" I say. The *Real* Mysteries manage their own business with the Souls of men, and require no 'official' agents to drum the faithful in. To the extent that Mrs. Besant *stimulates* (in the earnest and ready) the right spirit that leads man *through his own life* to Life Eternal—to that extent she does good. To the extent that she fosters, in the unprepared, the spirit of sacerdotal officialism, hierarchism, cliquism and what not—a thing which her later

moves openly tend to do—to that extent she does harm—a harm which may well grow past calculation if not checked in time.]

After a visit to Paris and more joint lectures there in June 1898, I went with Mr. Chandra to the London Convention.

There, in July, *I joined the E.S.T.* as a probationer, being promoted to the 1st Degree in 1899.

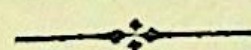
Let me emphatically assert, *whatever may be officially stated to the contrary* by Mrs. Annie Besant[1], that every promising member of the T.S. was, throughout my period, pointedly *advised* to join the E. S. T. as being the natural *next step* after joining the T. S. I was simply *told*, by my closest friend of the time, to "apply to A. B." for admission, since I had been over a year in the T. S. and was entitled to admission in the E. S. T. unless Mrs. B. personally objected[2].

1. In such organisations as this, 'official' statements have exactly the same value as in contemporary politics.

2. Every member of the T. S. having either ability or money was thus 'casually' *urged* to apply. I well remember the terror of a not very learned but extremely respectable and well-to-do elderly London spinster, Miss S., when she was told, *by way of inducement*, that Mr. G. (an Indian) would come to her in his astral body at night !

I tell you the T. S. *was and is simply nothing* to those who claim to manage it—a mere *antechamber* to the E. S. T., or rather something like the outside verandah where people are kept waiting for admission to the *bara Saheb*. And woe to him who scorns to soften the *chaprassie* (the lackey who takes in people's cards and calls them in.........when it pleases *him*!)

I was made to regard the taking of this momentous step[1] as the only natural thing to do. So I did it without a second thought, and was duly enrolled—Mrs. Besant's occult perception (she was supposed to see clean *through* everybody) revealing apparently no objection, and being patently[2] blind to the momentous fact of independent spiritual training which made the discipline of her 'probationary degrees,' the merest mummery for me. I (good little boy) took it all in without a murmur, thinking she was merely putting me to a test, and that she would give me all the better opportunity for doing my life-work by and by. Well, she *has* given me opportunity after all, but not quite in the way I then expected.



1. Of joining an autocratically managed body which was supposed to be the 'Inner Heart' of that democratically managed body, the T. S., and systematically sucked up all its best members, so that they really worked, *not for the T. S. and its objects* (to do so made *me* a rebel) but *for the E. S. and its chiefs.*

Somehow nobody saw any inconsistency in this, save, perhaps Col. Olcott, who was not thonght much of in consequence. Esotericists dubbed him " the *sthula-sharira*——the crass, materia body—of the T. S."—they being presumably its collective Astra . . Bogey——I was going to say 'its Mr. Hyde.'

2. I speak from my *present* standpoint. It was not at all patent to me at the time. There is a phase of illusion, very hard to overcome, which consists in ascribing vicariously to others one's own knowledge, pure aims and high intentions (such as they are). This is a phase which makes pure saints the tools and mainstay of corrupt churches. The E. S. T. sedulously fosters this, and thus becomes a sacerdotal tool literally inviting ambitious chiefs to use it for their own aggrandisement here and hereafter.

X.

A MYSTIC PARADISE......ON PAPER.

On paper, it was a most innocuous affair. One was given a number of pamphlets to study, under promise to keep them private, in a separate locked box, and to return them when called for, or (through suitable provision) at death. Higher degree members were also given reproductions of the 'Masters'' portraits[1]. But I never came to that.... until it was too late. Reports of oral instructions by Mrs. Besant were also circulated. Later, a private quarterly entitled '*The Link*[2]' made its appearance.

The pamphlets contained mainly instructions—excellent in their way—for the training of Esoteric cha-

1. In those days only 'M' and 'K.H.' Mrs. Besant has since issued a whole Pantheon of them, in colours, including the (coming) Lord Maitreya Himself, as He *now* is. This I have never seen, but have been told by an English officer who has, that it vaguely resembles Mr. Leadbeater. In order to confirm our faith once for all, Mr. Besant, in her last presidential oration, has publicly declared him.... Irish ! (1913 Convention Report, p. 9.) That means that the coming Avatara, when in full working order, will be...an Irish ghost obsessing a Madrasi Brahmin.

2. Some extracts from which may be found in *Mrs. Besant and the Alcyone Case* (Messrs. Goodwin & Co, Mylapore Madras. Rs.2) also in the Rev. Thompson's pamphlet "*The Theosophy of Mrs. Besant*," obtainable from Vyasashrama, Mylapore, Madras, 2 annas.

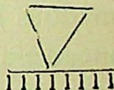
racter : daily meditation on various virtues, purification of life, thought and speech-control, dedication to the Service of the Masters, conceived as embodied symbols of the wholeness of the Race[1]. They contained also excellent instructions for deeper subjec-

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1. The peculiarity of these *invert* organisations is that the further in you go, the further *out* (of genuine Spirituality) you are landed.

Theosophical Society (mere antichamber !)	*aim* :	Universal Brotherhood. Dedication to the Service of Integral Humanity Itself.
E. S. T. (Outer Degrees)	*aim* :	Cult of Impersonal Ideal Masters embodying Consciousness of Integral Humanity. Dedication to their Service.
E. S. T. (Inner Circle)	*aim* :	Personal intercourse with separate individual apparitional Bogeys reflecting all the whims of a spoilt child (the *promoted* ' esotericist is seldom anything else.)

Is not this truly a pyramid *standing*......on its head, therefore literally ' invert.' (Mrs. B. conceives the T. S. as *standing on* the E. S. and her Bogeys. I conceive the E. S. as *vampirizing* the T. S. from on High. This puts our difference pretty clearly!)



Even Col. Olcott, when thinking of his Bogeys *personally*, was occasionally trapped. He himself narrates an amusing anecdote, somewhere in *Old Diary Leaves* :

Mahatma ' M's' portrait in the Shrine, which had been fitted with a brand new cord, was found prostrate on the floor, the cord clean cut. *Nobody had been there.* Clearly the Master must be angry (!) with his *chela* and had taken this means of showing it. The poor Colonel passed several anxious days examining himself.......*Then* it dawned on him that it was......the squirrels! The dear little playful, squeaking beasties have since been banned by wire-netted doors and windows.

tive meditation and for intellectual study, various books being prescribed, amongst others *Light on the Path* and the *Gita* and Upanishads. Thousands of Westerners have thus been familiarized, by detailed daily meditation, with those masterpieces of Ancient Eastern Wisdom—a distinct service to the Race.

What bothered *me* was that one was supposed to keep a daily record of one's practice, and to report monthly to one's 'Warden'—a more 'advanced' member under whom one was placed for correspondence and counsel. I hated this 'accounting' business, as I like to put each day frankly behind me and face the next with a clean sheet. Also I didn't know what to report, as Mrs. Besant's 'meditation' implied the remembering and using of certain formulas, or *mantras*—all very excellent. But while I thought of the mantras I couldn't meditate ; the moment I started meditating I clean forgot the mantras. So I had either to meditate and report 'no' because my meditation was not according to Mrs. Besant's rule, or keep myself conscientiously from meditation for the appointed half-hour in order to remember certain (very inspiring) mantras at stated intervals, and *then* report 'yes' —which was a patent lie.

It must be stated to its credit that the meditation (in my degree) was still of an impersonal nature. Anyone might adapt it to the traditions of his own religion, or adapt those traditions to it. The main

thing was to (formally) meditate on one's own 'Higher Self' and on the Cosmic Self, using *Upanishadic mantras*, or English adaptations thereof. One might invoke the help of any Religious or 'occult' *Guru* one felt attracted to, even quite outside special T. S. traditions.

Later, probably in 1904, a still better arrangement was devised in the form of a number of distinct 'Disciplines' among which the candidate might choose to suit himself. One of these, the "Philosophic," fitted me so thoroughly that I at once applied to join it. The essential characteristic, here, was that no set practice of any kind was imposed, and *no reporting*. One was merely expected to go on doing one's best, and *willing* hard, and to show the result in work for the good of the world. Was Mrs. Besant, for once, inspired by a genuine *Wise* Bogey ?

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There is mighty little to criticise in all this......on paper.



XI.

BUT A GROWING ESOTERIC...... HELL, IN FACT.

But the intellectual and sentimental[1] atmosphere of this esoteric antechamber[2] to Mrs. Besant's real mysteries!......*That* one imbibed as a matter of course, like devotion in a church, while deliberately forgiving all that might *seem* amiss, and even discreetly *abstaining from all scrutiny, as part of one's training in the Spiritual Life.* (Friend Reader, mark this well: it means paralysis for the best and a free hand for the ......less than best[3].)

To give a few examples out of my own experience:

One was advised to report any unusual psychological happenings to one's Warden. So I thought it my duty to briefly mention the previous experience of Cosmic Consciousness, or something very much like it, which I have done my best to describe on pp, 239-254 of the *Making of the Better Man* (1st Ed.). This was an item of such moment to me personally.

1. I had first written simply 'personal' in the place of these two adjectives.

2. We have now left the T. S. and its objects in outer......... darkness in the front verandah.

3. See last para (since added) of my Note on p. 49—above.

that my whole life was being willy-nilly transformed under its compelling sway. I naively believed, at the time, that such experiences must be quite common in the Inner Degrees, that Mrs. Besant enjoyed them constantly and that the Warden whom she had appointed over me must stand at least a step or two ahead of me in real spiritual perception. Hence I wrote succinctly of my experience, as to a person who must know all about it, and could read between the lines. My Warden herself (a dignified lady with charming Queen Alexandra manners), and even the E. S. and the T. S., were merest *myths* to me, compared with *that* all-controlling Reality. Well, I was blandly informed in reply that "our lower mind often plays us tricks like that : the best is not to mind"—or words to that effect[1]. Well, my experience stood me in good stead at this juncture. It helped me 'not to mind'...my Warden's reply. I just went on, keeping silence as to my other vital experiences, and not referring to that one (save orally, on one or two occasions, when it 'fell quite flat') until my letter of 1905 to Mrs. Besant, referred to on page 6, above.

1. I may, at this distance, have mixed up my warden and her correspondence (long since destroyed) with a conversation I had with her sister, also a member of the Innermost Circle. Both occurred. The point is that Tennyson fared better with Tyndall the sceptic than I with these people who were supposed to exist for the very promotion of spiritual experience.

Hence it may be clearly inferred that the E. S. current, while encouraging traffic in *psychic* visions and astral adventures with the...Bogeys [1], by no means fostered the expression and contagion of genuine spiritual Realisation. Then why impose meditation on the Higher Self and the Cosmic Self, if success on those lines is not to be thought of or spoken of ?

* * * * * *

Edward Carpenter—a focus of Cosmic Consciousness if ever there was one—describes a visit to Adyar in his valuable book, '*From Adam's Peak to Elephanta.*' He was duly shown the 'Portraits' in the 'Shrine-Room' (Mrs. Besant would have shut him out as a Philistine—but those were earlier democratic days), was treated to some chit-chat about phenomena by Mr. Keightley and *sent away with a poorer impression*

1. Some of these astral adventures were published in Mr. Leadbeater's book, *Invisible Helpers*, and in a section of the *Theosophical Review*, called "In the Twilight,"—since revived in the Adyar *Theosophist.*

My Warden, by the way, was herself one of those 'Invisible Helpers'. It is she, I believe, who relates an astral adventure in which she tried (in her dream) to save an English caravan lost in a desert. There was water at some distance, but she vainly tried to move the men and women to turn that way (she was of course invisible to them, and acting by suggestion). Finally, when she was going to give it up in despair; she succeeded in impressing ......a camel. The good beast (a more 'impressible' pupil than myself, I fear) headed for the water at once and the caravan (at least in her dream) was saved.

THEOSOPHIST ends with the issue of

of Theosophy than he had created for himself. This sort of thing is like offering lollipops to a soldier on the battlefield.

I once met a member of the E. S. T. who said she knew Edward Carpenter well. I questioned her eagerly about him (he is one of my best helpers—through his books). She said she had once hoped to find in him an 'advanced' soul. But she had asked him whether he saw the 'Masters' astrally. On his confessing that he didn't, she classed *him* as hardly worth further notice !

* * * * * *

I came to discover in 1902 or 3, at Benares, *why* I was never 'promoted' to higher degrees. It was Pandit Bhavani Shankar [1] who opened my eyes. He once benignantly stooped from Esoteric Heights to question me about my progress......"Whether I meditated on the Masters ?"—"Yes, I did."——"Whether I felt specially drawn to *one* or *other* of *the two* Masters ('M' and 'K. H.') ?"—"Why should I be drawn to one *more than* the other ?" I replied, "I regard them as embodiments of complementary qualities—'M' is, so to say, an impersonation of Will, and 'K. H.' of Wisdom—— and my aim is precisely to include and reconcile such pairs of opposites." He didn't even listen, still less try to understand ;

1. One of the leading Indian lecturers of the T. S.——since 'disaffected', like so many others.

but gently sighed and shrugged his shoulders, saying that so long as I didn't *choose between* the two, there was no chance of further progress for me.

I was then in the 1st degree. When Mrs. Besant, reinstating me of her own accord, in 1907, after expelling me in 1905, made me free of the IId Degree, she had made that degree in turn the merest antechamber (to...bathos) by creating a *further choice between* the 'Mystic' Path and the 'Occult.' Neither of them, as defined by her, would suit my case. Her 'Mystics' were devotional 'fools,' yielding themselves to 'moods' without control; and her 'Occultists' ......complaisant followers of herself and Mr. Leadbeater[1].

So there I lay on the shelf till the 'new-old' pledge turned up, when I scrambled down as best I could, and left.

* * * * * *

1. It turned out in the end that there was nothing but *personality* at the back of all these transmogrifications of the E. S. T. Even the 'Philosophic' Discipline, which so rejoiced *me*, was nothing but a personal concession to Mr. G. R. S. Mead, and was forthwith cancelled when he went out. The 'Mystic' Path was to accommodate Babu Upendranath Basu and others. Finally the 'Occult' was to gather the sheep of her own choice. And that wonderful woman made everyone believe that she was carrying out her Master's orders, step by step ! I suppose *He* knew me too well to order accommodation for me in *her* 'Pension.' I really have some very delightful things to say about my own intercourse with .....Bogeys. But *they must wait*. They will be all the better for waiting.

To return to those earlier Halcyon days of confident illusion. I published in Brussels, about the end of 1898, a book in French—*La Philosophie Esotèrique de l' Inde*—on the basis of the lectures given by my friend J. Chandra earlier in the year. It forms to this day the most popular Introduction to Theosophy in French, has had five or six editions and has been translated into several European languages[1]. Mrs. Cook ('Mabel Collins'), the (exoteric) author of *Light on the Path*[2], wrote me a charming letter, saying how much she liked the book. I do not now remember whether I replied and got a second letter from her. I believe I did. One thing is certain: I mentioned that correspondence to my gracious Warden, who wrote a horrified letter by return post, requesting me to drop Mrs. Cook without further parley, as she was under dangerous influences and might lead me straight to Black Magic !!! I (good little boy !) dropped Mrs Cook without a word, and have never written to or heard from her to this day[3].

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1. I forgot to mention that I was responsible in addition, during those years, for the French translation of Mrs. Besant's most popular works : *The Ancient Wisdom* (*La Sagesse Antique*), *Man and his Bodies*, and the greater part of '*In the Outer Court*' (*Vers le Temple*).

2. See page 47, above.

3. But read *The Making of the Better Man*, pp. 239-251, and try to understand what *Light on the Path* did for me and what a debt of gratitude for 'Mabel Collins' lies treasured in my Secret Chamber. I have clearly referred to it in one of my previous books, *The Mind-Aspect of Salvation*, p. 70.

But what a responsibility for my good Warden to assume !

I need hardly tell the intelligent reader that Mrs. Cook's only (esoteric) sin was that she had for a long time had 'occult' experience of her own and did not see the need of placing herself hierarchically under Mrs. Annie Besant as I had thoughtlessly done in joining the E. S. T. One of the most dangerous traits of Esoteric Bogeydom is that it automatically lends itself to quite uncontrollable private libelling of this sort. One does not *see* these things (if one happens to be the person most concerned) but one hears of them from time to time, and one is silently but efficiently *boycotted*. Nobody ever accosts one frankly, asking one to explain matters and clear oneself. No. Clause 3 of the old Pledge (p.39, above) applies to the 'leaders' only, and those whom they wish to whitewash. It obviously does not apply to those whom the 'leaders' themselves would fain be rid of. Bogeydom and frankness simply *cannot* go hand in hand any more than whispering and shouting can. *This book* in particular cannot but be regarded as directly suggested by the grim 'Brethren of the Shadow.' *I have broken with Mrs. Annie Besant. That is enough to dub me a devil or a devil's tool*[1].

1. That Mrs. Besant herself is largely responsible for this mental attitude, is clear from her practically naked threat of divine vengeance, (in the *Herald of the Star*, 1912., p. 86), upon all who

Such the working of Bogeydom in 'Theosophic' minds—minds that have signed allegiance to Universal Brotherhood and conceive themselves to be

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are bold enough to *actively* differ from her. They are *enemies of God Himself* (why not 'of God *Herself*,' while she is about it?) and must in all justice reap destruction. When the leader 'carries on' like that, what can you expect of followers who have invested their very salvation in her? I am afraid they will be getting much tall advertisement and mighty poor dividends (of salvation) for some time to come. Their leader, when the glamour-spectacles are off, strikes one just now as a fair sample of the 'company-promoter,' prematurely transferred from the Stock-Exchange to...Bogeydom. As I see the successive bubbles launched, big and small (Central Hindu College, Order of Service, Sons and Daughters of India, Co-Masonry, Benares Group, Order of the Star in the East, Theosophical Education Trust, Knights of the Round Table, Rosicrucian Order, Pledged Stalwarts of the Service Group, Servants of the Star, etc., etc.,..) I fancy myself reading H. G. Wells's '*Tono-Bungay*' transposed. (Later) "Where the life of the Masters is freely sent to one pledged to their service, even a woman's body in its sixty-seventh year can bear strains which would wreck that of a strong man. It is this with which the enemies of the T. S. have not reckoned; they are dashing themselves against the rock of the Will of the Hierarchy, not against one feeble woman. '*Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken, and on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.*' The grinding process has begun in Madras." (Mrs. Annie Besant's Editorial in *The Theosophist*, February 1914.) No sign of improvement!

All this is rank aberration. No Spiritual Hierarchy in the Universe can have its Will thus commandeered for the destruction of those who have, for lack of blinkers, lost faith in Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater. It is clearly Mrs. Besant herself who has run her psychic head into......something hard, and shattered the powerful albeit ever sentiment-clouded intellect which once was hers. That Mrs. Besant has behind her a powerful

safely (under Mrs. Besant's ægis) crossing the Outer Court of the Temple of All Cosmic Wisdom ! *Which way* are they *being led* across ???......



psychic Battery consisting of the loyalty of devoted thousands manipulated by Mr. Leadbeater and his supporters, is plain enough. To drag the Masters into this egregious mess of half-suppressed scandal and wholesomely irreverent litigation, is—if the Masters be conceived to exist at all—*rank blasphemy*.

XII.

THE SHEPHERD......OF BOYS AND BOGEYLAND.

In 1899 I met Mr. Leadbeater several times on the Continent[1], and interpreted in public for him as I had previously done for Mr. J. Chandra. In June 1900 I spent a quiet month in his little house at Ealing, just outside London. For this I was thankful, as I was practically homeless, and still extremely weak—saved from the general breakdown which had, two or three years before, threatened my very life, but by no means recovered yet. So you must not blame me for my ultra-quiet ways and easy resignation.

Mr. Leadbeater's chief traits were Clairvoyance, and fondness for boys and tapioca-pudding. I have none but good memories of my acquaintance with him at that time. I can certify that I personally neither saw nor heard anything that I could then diagnose as 'immoral.' Mr. Leadbeater was certainly far more human than diabolical. I saw him cry like a baby when a telegram came, announcing the success at Cambridge of his elder pupil (Mr. Jinarajadasa, of Ceylon) whose room I occupied. Mr. Jinarajadasa

1. My first meeting with him occurred in 1898 at Avenue Road, London. It is referred to further on (XVI.)

was *certainly* an ascetic, with the most uncomfortable pallet in the world for bed.

I remember there was a '*bête noire*' lurking in the marginal marches of that friendly little kingdom. It was one Dr. A. A. Wells (a *quondam* Catholic Father as Mr. Leadbeater was a Protestant clergyman) who occupied a portion of the house and was supposed to be always prying—when he wasn't scribbling. He scribbled rather well, by the way.[1]

Mr. Leadbeater did have a taste for somewhat uncanny literature—there was a corner for that in his library. He gave me some to read—Bram Stoker's *Dracula* for instance, and queer things by an author called Machen, I believe. I am not quite sure of the name at this distance, but there were some creepy stories about 'the Great God Pan' to which Mr. L. drew my attention. I did not quite understand the bearing of his hints in those days. Still less did I understand a curious remark of his——fraught with much personal feeling——about the importance of sexual purity in connection with the rousing of occult forces in the body, and the irresistible ('save by a very Archangel') consequences of imprudence in that direction. I think I am beginning to understand, and I am profoundly grateful to Mr. L. for his gentlemanly

1. Most readable articles by him are scattered through many volumes of the *Theosophical Review* (London). He was for a time General Secretary of the British Section, T. S.

tolerance of my (then) reticent ways, and for refraining from forcing upon me (which I believe it would have then cost very little trouble to do) a line of development which would have hindered rather then helped my life-work.

There will be friendship when the clouds have cleared away. Meanwhile, to quote a too-little-known letter of Mrs. Besant's: "A man may fall, but even his fall is turned to his advantage. Leadbeater has fallen. Judge has fallen. I shall probably fall too. But I will not render Leadbeater's Karma more difficult by calling black white and white black. And *I request all those who love me not to fail in calling black black and white white if I fall.*" Mr. Leadbeater also communicated to me the papers of some American community which he confessed to having intercepted, they being addressed to a certain lady. I (the outside I of those days) quite approved, feeling that they would have been of no earthly use to *her*. All these things somehow acted as re-agents and did me good in the end—served as fuel, so to say : handy, if somewhat peaty. And remember that 'these things' I speak of are not the books, or the sentiments or the suggestions, but my *own response to these*. Remember also that suggestion works by contraries as well as by analogies, so that an incipient undesirable response sometimes rouses (if it be latent there) a most desirable one, which does much more than merely counteract it. My

experience with anger, described in *The Making of the Better Man*, (1st Ed, pp. 239 and following) may be noted in this connection. But those were certainly not books I would commend for general consumption to the world of to-day. No more would Mr Leadbeater, I suppose.

Mr Leadbeater occasionally dropped a hint concerning my past lives. I showed him the portrait of someone (a child) whom I was much interested in, and was doing my best to help. He told me that I had once ruined that person's life in a past incarnation, hence my present solicitude, prompted by my Higher Self intent on reparation. He also said that I had been much in Egypt, hence was in close touch with the Master 'K. H.,' and so on. [1]

Mr. Leadbeater's boy-companion of the time, Basil Hodgson-Smith, was very friendly and suggested to me that I might ask my host for further information —seeming to imply that Mr. Leadbeater knew a great deal more, and had told him a thing or two, and

1. Let me here put on record that a year before, in 1899, at a dinner in Brussels, Mr Leadbeater suddenly, in the middle of a conversation, flung at me the remark that I would soon go to India and see things for myself there. I had then not the faintest idea of going, and no means of going had I wanted to. In short it seemed preposterous. Mr. Leadbeater never referred to it again. A year later, *I was sent to India at the instance of his bitterest enemy*, actuated largely by the benevolent intent of rescuing me from Mr. L's influence.

would gladly tell me more were I to ask him. It seems to me *now* that I had better have taken the hint. But, as I have told you, I was *very* much a quietist in those days. I was always harking back to my deeper, time-annihilating experience of two years before. I was going through that phase of yet *undigested* spiritual ecstasy, which makes the Indian Mystic parry all questions as to his name, age, birthplace and so on with a solemn flourish of the 'sword of Wisdom' "No time,......no place,......no name, ...no form," he murmurs introspectively, with half-closed eyelids and apologetic hands—apologising, as it were, for being there at all to answer. It *is* grand to 'live in the Eternal;' but there is such a thing as overdoing it. The Eternal *is* the Background—Space, Atmosphere and what not—and must not be lost sight of. But it must not invade the whole front of the stage, or the stage will presently be...a blank. Besides, *Light on the Path* tells us to '*live* in the Eternal.' I was pretty near *dying* in it at that time. So I replied that Mr. Leadbeater must know his business well enough to tell me of his own accord if it could be of any use to me to know. Besides, he could take hints from my 'Higher Self.' Why should my lower self ask questions ? So I refrained.

Note.—This is here put on record with a definite object. In 1910, when hundreds of people were being identified in past lives in connection

with the famous 'Lives of Alcyone,' I wrote to Mrs. Besant, as others did, enquiring whether she and Mr. L. had found me out among the rest, and, if so, under what name I was to recognize myself in those fascinating prehistoric Records. She replied : "*So far we have not recognized you.* There must be a number more of our people round, but folk are not usually recognisable so far back unless found in later lives first." She orally confirmed this when I next visited Adyar. When I mentioned my previous intercourse with Mr. L. and his admissions *then*, she told me I had better speak to *him*. But he sedulously avoided me, even when she assured me that he was willing (at her request) to give me an interview. If that was an illusion on my part, Mr. L. has only to say so. There is still time to straighten matters out. You, friend Reader, may jump at any conclusion you like as to the genuineness or otherwise of Mr. L.'s vision. I am an obstinate beggar. I cannot put down even the most trashy novel *unfinished*. Now the novel of my past lives, in Mr. L.'s '*Akâshic Records*' is by no means a trashy one, judged by the hints (I have not mentioned them all as yet) which Mr. L. and his little friend Basil dropped. And *he* (conjoined with my anæmia of those days) *has left it all unfinished !* This must not be. I record here a grim resolve that I shall take whatever steps I can

to ascertain clearly where I *now* stand in Mr. L.'s (and Mrs. B.'s) 'Akashic Record,' before I have done with those two mighty (and also somewhat flighty) seers. I shall buttonhole them with friendly but undeniable persistency on the very 'threshold of Divinity :' and *they shall not enter in* (without me) until they have first 'looked up' at least 77 lives of mine to Alcyone's 30. I bet you a genuine bronze Buddha to a Brummagem tin Arhat that my past lives will be more stimulating than those of Erato, to say the least ; and *I shall write them up myself for publication.* That will be my first—and perhaps only—novel, and I shall make it a success. I promise to preface it with a (specially magnetised) license on blue paper to sincere unbelievers, solemnly certifying that *they shall in no wise be 'fighting God'* if their throats (like the whale's) happen to be too narrow for any save very tiny fish.

XIII.

THE RIFT IN THE ESOTERIC LUTE.

It was about this time that I first began to realise that all was not exactly plain sailing on the lofty 'Tibetan' plateau within the E. S. T. and beyond. 'Disciples,' 'Arhats' and what not seemed all to be at loggerheads with one another. The air was thick with whispered libels as an old barn with flitting bats at night, while the gullibles in the Outer Court and beyond were all aglow with admiration, devoutly reading new revelations of 'ever Ancient Wisdom' and meditating Esoteric Instructions apparently fresh-ladled by their Teacher from the Master's Heart as little pies from a steaming baker's oven.

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An isolated hint, which I took small account of at the time because it stood alone (and I, as already observed, was too ecstatically drowsy to put two and two together, and to require consistency in this outer realm of petty fact[1]) had been given me a year before. I remember approaching Mrs. Annie Besant, at the London Headquarters, with a query regarding certain

1. My loyalty to petty fact dates entirely from my joining the *League of the Helping Hand.* Its baby-pledge did for me in the world of the body what *Light on the Path* had done for me, thirteen years before, in the world of the Soul—gave me my bearings, so to say.

instructions about the atom, and the generation of the 'Planes.' There seemed to me to be some discrepancy between her description in one E. S. T. pamphlet, and Mr. Leadbeater's in another. My question was after all so plausible, that a joint article by Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater, embodying an elaborate answer to it, appeared in the *Theosophist* ten years later, under the title "*On Revelations*[1]."

Now when I approached Mrs Besant at *that* time, putting my question very humbly and deferentially, she answered somewhat curtly, as I thought: "I have put down just what my Master showed me. You may take it or leave it as you like." "But," I somewhat timidly insisted, "Mr. Leadbeater... ....." "Oh," she literally *snapped* out, "if Mr. Leadbeater has anything else to say, *it must be an assumption!*" To these last five words I can bear witness in a Court of Law, as well as to the general sense of the rest. Those words startled me, and remained indelibly imbedded. Of course I could say nothing further. I drew the usual discreet veil and went my way.

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I remember also a lengthy conversation, probably in 1899, with Mr. Bertram Keightley[2], on a bench

1. *The Theosophist*, June 1909, pp. 355–358.

2. He happened to accompany Mrs. Besant on a visit, and we two went out for a walk together.

somewhere near the outskirts of Brussels. No sooner did I chance to mention Mr. Leadbeater, than he (Mr. K.) started off on a long explanatory cruise, the gist of which was: that Mr. Leadbeater was persistently pursuing, in spite of many friendly warnings, a very risky path of psychical development. It meant, in the forced unfolding and constant use of the astral and lower mental senses, a tremendous emphasizing of the 'personality' at the expense of the real Higher Self; and might ultimately lead to the most dire results, the least of which was an almost indefinite retardation of the day of real Liberation. In short, far from being 'on the threshold of Divinity'—or anywhere near it for lives and lives to come—Mr. Leadbeater was, according to this fellow-celestial of his, a typical embodiment of the misguided Occultist spoken of in *Light on the Path*. "The pure artist," says that remarkable book, vouched for as an Adept and Super-Adept production by Mr. Leadbeater himself[1] "who works for the love of his work, is sometimes more firmly planted on the right road than the Occultist who fancies he has removed his interest from self, but who has in reality only enlarged the limits of experience and desire, and transferred his interest to the things which concern his larger span of life."

I do not know whether Mr. Leadbeater, in quiet moments, has ever thought of this as possibly appli-

1. See his Introduction to the sixpenny Adyar Edition.

cable to himself. All I can say is that Mr. Keightley's words failed to impress me at the time—save with a slight taste of sour grapes. I was undeniably prejudiced in Mr. Leadbeater's favour, and prejudice not only 'dies hard,' but wriggles considerably ere giving up the ghost.



XIV.

THE MOMENTOUS MAN BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Now a year later, in June or July 1900, at the time of my stay with Mr. Leadbeater, I came to learn the following momentous fact :

Besides her 'Bogey' Master (Mahatma 'M,') inherited from Madame Blavatsky, and who instructed her in visions and 'on the Astral Plane,' Mrs. Besant was at that time, to an indeterminate and wholly incalculable extent, under the influence of a certain very modernised Hindu gentleman, very much 'on the physical plane' ——a highly respected Government official, eminent in his department, since honoured with a title, whom we shall, if you like, call Mr. Gupta (the name means 'secret' or 'hidden' and will do as well as any other). My intimate friend Mr. J. Chandra was in process of becoming that gentleman's son-in-law, so I got my information red hot from that (to me) hitherto unsuspected esoteric focus.

This much I may safely put on record :

Mr. Gupta, so said the faithful of those days, was by no means an ordinary man. He could scarcely even be called an ordinary deity. The tricksy 'threshold of Divinity' (where Mrs. Besant has since then safely ensconced herself as well as her

ever-rejuvenated friend Leadbeater with whom she henceforth 'stands or falls') had seen that Great One's luminous heels flash past it long ago, and had vainly reared itself to make him stumble. Clean over had this Man of Marvels leapt, right into the flaming Heart of the Solar Logos,—as some demented flying fish soaring high up above the seething waves of life, past the astonished passengers and crew and captain vainly striving to intercept, and vanishing clean down the funnel into the roaring furnace of the great Cosmic Ship below. Forgive me—I can't help waxing lyrical when I have such Esoteric Flights to record. My fountain-pen begins to twist and twirl and writhe and flourish in imitation of the Bengali script, and it taxes all my nerve to rein it back into such sober English scrawl as my Madrasi clerk may be able to decipher and typewrite.

Soberly put, Mr. Gupta was nothing less than a very high Master *in the flesh*, who could afford to snap his esoteric fingers at such flimsy Astral spooks as 'Morya' and 'Koothoomi,' and bid them mind their (astral) business and leave the E. S. T. and the Earth in general for himself and his disciples to pull the strings of from *behind* the 'mystery'-screening curtain *before* which Mrs. Besant, as a Pythoness of old, spouted forth oracles to the open-mouthed below.

Among the disciples of Mr. Gupta, Babu Upendranath Basu, then General Secretary of the Indian

Section (or Joint Secretary with Mr. Bertram Keightley) was assuredly not less than an *Arhat*—that is, he stood on that very 'threshold of Divinity' whence Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater have since contrived to elbow forth all rivals. I was gravely informed by my protecting friend and Theosophic *cicerone* Chandra that the co-genital 'Bogey'-Masters of the T. S.—'Morya' and 'Koot-Hoomi'—would be busy for a while with cosmic matters[1] and had practically 'made

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1. As happened once before to Master 'K.' when he made over his Anglo-Indian correspondence-class to his somewhat reluctant confrere 'M'—a most interesting episode in Mr. Sinnett's *Occult World*, which I shall do justice to elsewhere.

I may as well state here, to remove misgivings, that my friend Chandra's public work and character underwent a process of degeneration amounting almost to an eclipse when he (following Mrs. Besant's own cue) transferred his allegiance from Mrs. Besant's intangible Mahatma Morya to *his* own more mahâtmic and distinctly ponderable father-in-law. In Brussels and Paris he was a typical Hindu ascetic, and used to carry Mahatma M.'s portrait about with him as a mascot (specially magnetised by Mrs. B.) and concentrate his mind upon it in the carriage, on his way to the lecture. After which his lecture was invariably a treat. Three or four years later, at Allahabad, I found him stout and quarrelsome, eating meat, reading trashy novels in bed at night, dressing like an Anglo-Indian and kicking bewildered coolies on the Railway-platform—in short, thoroughly demoralised; and a lecture he gave on the 'Sages of India' practically came to this: that there *are* sages who have attained union with God, but they are not (as some misguided people think) hidden away in inacessible Tibet. They live among us in flesh and blood but *are not recognised as such* except by those to whom they make themselves known.—Which, plainly put, meant: "I have got a full-blown

over 'the E. S. T. (its members were never officially informed of this) and, through it, the T. S., to Mr. Gupta's charge—so that one might just as well (if not better), for the nonce, meditate on *him* as on them. I did so, but it made no difference, as I invariably lost the man in the Idea.

Mrs. Besant was then practically 'in the charge of' this psycho-mystic group of Benares. She was on the whole a promising pupil and might be expected to reach the same high altitudes in time *if she behaved well*[1]. But there were dangers.

The chief danger was PSYCHISM, incarnate in a very sinister character who was (guess it !) none other than

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Mahatma at home, and can jolly well snap my fingers at everyone else's tin gods." Rumour reports that my friend is on the up grade again, doing steady scholarly work in Kashmir, and free from extreme allegiances. Let me hope so. His case illustrates the rockety, unstable nature of Bogeydom-fostered progress. I trust he is quit of it once for all. I shall always remember his crawling under the tea-table to worship Mrs. Besant's feet (to her manifest annoyance, for he always threatened to upset the upper cosmos with his back) and mildly remonstrating with me for my inability to do likewise. When the wind veered, a couple of years later, he was the first to inform me that Mrs. Besant had taken a wrong turn, was under the influence of the 'Dark Powers,' and so on, and so forth.

1. The moment she ceased, a few years later, to consult Mr. G. at every move, it was sedulously whispered about that she had fallen under the spell of Black Magicians, and was *no longer* (?) to be trusted.

my hospitable, tapioca-pudding-dispensing[1] friend, C. W. Leadbeater.

Mr. Gupta had, it seems, issued 'in the name of the Masters' a solemn private warning to Mr. Leadbeater and other psychics in the T. S., informing them that a period of irresistible astral glamour was approaching, and that those who did not wish to be irretrievably deceived and led astray had better take time by the forelock and start cancelling the working of their psychic senses at once. Mr. Leadbeater was said to have high-nosedly scorned this warning, saying that his own 'Master' could very well tell *him* what to do. He was thus regarded as being 'in a very bad way'—having spurned a favour from On High.

For outer circles, Mr. Gupta embodied his advice in an article entitled '*Spirituality and Psychism*,' to which the highest importance was of course attached by intimates. I was shown the original M.S.S. copy, and offered the honour of transcribing it for the press myself—which I somehow declined to do, as I

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1. Mrs. G., I understand, was wont to break *her* fast with a budget of half-a-dozen bleeding cutlets in the early morning. She was of course 'on the threshold of divinity.' I forgot to mention that Mr. G. worshipped a *Guru*, second to none in the Universe, about which fact Mr. Sinnett makes a sober remark somewhere—probably in *Esoteric Buddhism* where he has added some later notes. This *Guru* was a Bengali *Tântrik* whom Mr. G. had discovered. Mrs Besant of course *took all this in with piously folded hands, and piloted her ship accordingly.*

probably felt 'seedy' at the time. That article has since had a wide circulation, being for a considerable period issued, with his diploma, to every new member joining the T. S. in India.



XV.

THE MOMENTOUS MAN WAFTS THE WEE ATOM TO INDIA.

I was next informed in joyful whispers, by my irrepressible friend the imminent son-in-law, that Mr. Gupta, the Hidden Great One, deigned even to take interest in my atomic self, seeing that I was in patent danger through my connection with Mr. Leadbeater. I was led to understand that it was partly this (the Divine-Humane Desire to save a wee atom from Mr. Leadbeater's grim psychic clutches) which induced Mr. Gupta, having first asked me whether I would be willing, to send through my own self a gracious epistolary hint to Mrs. Besant, suggesting that I might as well be sent out to India.

I found Mrs. Besant at Mrs. Bright's, where she was staying, and gave her Mr. Gupta's letter. "Would you be willing to go to India?" she enquired.—"I do not mind," was my reply.—"Have you any responsibilities at home—people who may *need* you, and so forth?"—"As far as my own people are concerned," I replied, "I am quite free. Also I have no prospects of my own, here or there. There is only a certain person whom I am interested in, and am, after

a fashion, instructing, whose life Mr. Leadbeater says I ruined in a past [1] ....."

Whereupon poor Mrs. Besant lost her temper altogether, and accused Mr. Leadbeater of all sorts of impertinent, unjustifiable and even mischievous interference with people's careers for the sake of *mere children*, etc., etc.......

" Never mind," I said quietly, " I am willing to go anyhow if you can arrange."

And she did [2]. Mr. Gupta's word was then her law.

Poor great, *great* Person ! She little foresaw that she herself would be sacrificing the whole Theosophical Society and its career to ' mere children ' ten years later.



1 It goes without saying that this did not affect the case at all, as I had taken up this service of my own accord before I ever mentioned it to Mr. L.—See p. 68, above.

2 At the expense of some well-to-do French Theosophists, who were only too glad to oblige her. I reached Bombay on the 17th December 1900, Benares on the 19th.

XVI

THE MUCH-ABUSED SHEPHERD AGAIN.

A point or two before leaving this period of Mr. Leadbeater's hospitality.

I knew nothing at the time of the invidious accusations which were already then being sedulously circulated against him in the inner circles of Bogeydom. It was only at the end of my stay with him at Ealing, and during the days I spent in town just after—having to vacate the room I occupied for Mr. Jinarajadasa, back from Cambridge—that my friend Chandra began to drop dark hints about 'evil influences[1]'—nothing more.

I 'smelt a rat,' so to say, as I could see nothing particularly satanic about my bland, tapioca-pudding-

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1 Mr. B. Keightley's conversation, mentioned on p. 74, above, had left no impression on me. I regarded him as simply jealous of Mr. L.'s psychic development. It was only in 1906 that I definitely heard about the wrong advice which Mr. L. had unquestionably given to some boys in America. I still voted for his readmission to the Society as a matter of principle, never dreaming that Mrs. Besant would, within a year or two, make him a *conspicuous figure* in her *popular* 'New World-*Religion*,' as the chief tutor of her future Saviour's Vehicle! I still gave her credit for some knowledge of ordinary humanity and for a little sense of responsibility to the public. What may be good-humouredly minimised as the freak of an isolated student of weird things is shockingly out of place as the opinion (on a most *vital* matter) of a popular *religious leader*, regarded by the faithful as standing 'on the threshold of Divinity.'

dispensing host. So I tried, on the next occasion, to 'draw *him* out'—to see what *he* would have to say of those who so sedulously libelled him. But all I could obtain from him on mentioning Mr. Gupta was a little shrug of the shoulders with a mild exclamation, "Oh, good old Mr. Gupta !......" *and a resolute turning of the conversation.*

Mr. Leadbeater certainly had queer ideas on some points, as I have learnt since then—ideas of which I thoroughly disapprove ; and he may or may not (psychics are always unaccountable, as we shall see) have sunk to occasional—or shall I say 'marginal'—'immorality,' which unfits him *in toto* for the popular religious role which Mrs. Besant has since let him (or *led* him to) assume. [This latter step forms, so to say, an *explosive climax* of psychic inconsistency, and while personally sympathising, in their smarting sensibilities, with the aberrant T. S. leaders *necessarily* attacked in consequence, I must *whole-heartedly approve of the attacks* and do my best to help them by exposing the root of all the mischief : the Esoteric incubus planted and fostered by blind leaders *in the very heart of the T. S.*]

Remove this, and burn it when excised, and legislate so that psychic revelationism and executive responsibility shall not again be wedded ; and you will find that things will quickly settle down and that

the T.S. will have plenty of useful work to do, *and be heartily welcomed by the public.* In short, *let eccentrics be eccentric*[1], (while welcome to the T.S. as ever) and no sane man of the world will bother about them. But *put your eccentrics at the centre*; make *eccentrics the hub* of a movement claiming to meddle with Public Work, Education and what not, and you logically *smash the whole machine.* That is what Mrs. Besant has done by bringing her Bogeys to the front, by proclaiming them *publicly* as the 3rd Section of the Society, by declaring that *she* would stand or fall with her amazingly eccentric colleague Leadbeater, finally by planting the fantastic 'J. K. Cult' as a wellspring of devotional power at the very heart of the E. S., itself stoutly proclaimed as the 'heart of the T. S.' A movement so managed can no more fulfil the beneficent *public* purpose of the Theosophical Society in the intellectually-evolving world of to-day, than a cartload of fireworks, suddenly ignited, can light up a factory for steady night-work.

Evil is matter in the wrong place—nothing more. Mrs. Besant and Mr Leadbeater are in the wrong place *at the helm* of the T.S. So long as I see them (or others of the same ilk, visible or invisible) *in that place*, I *must* find fault.

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1 *I.e.*, 'outside the *centre*.'

But (to return to our much-abused Shepherd, and 'give every devil his due') it certainly will not be said of him that he was prone to speak ill of others, even under provocation—and this, though he is by no means a particularly patient man when his idiosyncrasies are obfuscated. This trait (it was no pose, mind you, but a natural disposition) impressed me profoundly at the time, as I heard nothing but the gentlest and often most respectful speech from him concerning several (Mrs. Besant included) who spoke most bitterly against him when they got a chance. This gave me for many years *a distinct bias in favour of Mr. Leadbeater*, and a corresponding doubt (clinched by the fantastically high claims made on his behalf) concerning Mr. Gupta. I was inclined to credit that gentleman with a sort of double personality[1], possibly very exalted on the 'inner heights,' but with a dangerous uncontrolled satellite very much at large outside.

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I suppose I must touch upon that 'nasty' Sex question—or rather that nasty question *about* sex—

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1 A much more common thing than is supposed, probably inevitable when the mixed-up crystallised elements in human nature are set loose by psychic effort, and sift themselves and fight for mastery. This is after all merely another way of defining the invariable inconsistency of the psychic. It probably lasts till Mastery is reached. One might even define the latter as its ending. But see further, Chapter XXI.

since it has been made public property in the papers and in a certain recent book[1], and minds are apt to fly off at a tangent into......hell, the moment they even glance the edge of that extraordinary tornado of loose and disconnected thought. I have said that I thoroughly disagree with Mr. L's peculiar ideas on the subject. For two bits as bad as any, take the shuffling, apologetic paragraph at the bottom of *Appendix* p. XXIV[2], and the damaging postscript added, as an afterthought, to his letter to Mr. Fullerton[3], *Ibid.*, p. XXXVII, where he deliberately associates the option of self-wastage with a 'certain stage' of occult development, requiring 'complete sexual purity (*!*)' i. e., the avoidance of all *dual* intercourse, both natural and unnatural. This, on the face of it, was not written by a rational man, but by a wriggling elemental.

To be fair, let us admit that (as Mr L. quite truly says) the world has by no means solved the momen-

1 See *Mrs Besant and the Alcyone Case*, by Veritas. Goodwin & Co, Mylapore, Madras. Rs. 2-0-0. Foreign, 3 s. The book is obviously a party production, therefore not to be blindly trusted. But the documents published in it, and not easily available elsewhere, make it extremely valuable to the enquirer. Those documents are obviously genuine, having been filed in the Courts.

2. *Mrs. Besant and the Alcyone Case*, 1st Edition.

3 It is terrible to have to state that poor Mr Fullerton subsequently went 'psychopathically' mad, and was (and is still, as far as I am aware) confined in an asylum.

(Later) Mr. Fullerton *died* in the asylum.

tous question raised (of what to do with the surplus of Sex-Power which Bounteous Nature supplies us with). I have myself been quietly working all these years (with a plentiful harvest of chastening failure) at the establishment of a *modus vivendi* between my own self and the Sex-Power in my body, on lines radically different from those suggested by Mr L.; and I hope to be able to evolve some sort of useful publishable result in time. *The one starting-point* is to have for the Sex-Power in our own and other bodies a feeling of hearty, cheerful, friendly, wholesome *reverence*[1], regarding it, not in the grey monkish light which Mr. Leadbeater would fain suggest in his apologies, but as a positive Divine Blessing (*the* Blessing of Blessings as far as this physical world is concerned) turned into a temporary seeming curse by man's crass ignorance and consequent misuse. To drill *this* into the *mind* of the child (no need to meddle with its body) means putting a trump card up its sleeve before the game begins.

Secondly, Mr. Leadbeater's contention [2] (or implicit approval of St. Paul's contention) that the celibate condition is an ideal condition for man —reflects, to my mind, an *unripe*, unbalanced

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1 Remember that we have to do with *life*, and do not want such 'reverence' as will freeze it. Hence my string of precautionary adjectives.

2 All this refers to Mr. Leadbeater's letters. *Mrs. Besant and the Alcyone Case*, Appendix.

stage of spiritual development, and forms an unhealthy *teaching* to boot—an unhealthy, race-emasculating ideal to put before the people's minds. I am myself a celibate for lack of proper circumstance and a fit mate. But, both in the interests of the Race and for the progress of the individual towards Sex-mastery (the two go hand in hand) I consider a well-assorted union far preferable to celibacy.

Thirdly, I do not think the wholesale transmutation of Sex-Power (barring the little that systematic Reproduction claims as an investment) into brain, muscle and healthy emotions, need be such an impossible task for the normal decent man, say of fifty years hence, as Mr. Leadbeater seems to imply. Our present-day muddle of course makes it *seem* well-nigh impossible ; but we are (gradually) unmuddling the muddle, are we not ? And we shall unmuddle it mighty fast when we really learn *how to tackle the child.* Oh, the beggardom of all these millions of children wondering, questioning, groping, waiting for the right *suggestion* (*not* interference) and tumbling, one after another, into our common anti-sexual, vicious morass for lack of it !

The thing is to get a healthy *movement of opinion* started, involving among adults *repentance* (or *revulsion*) on a sufficiently large scale ; and, by means of this, to raise the Idea of Sex-Containment in the minds of as many children as possible. *It is precisely that*

Paramount Idea (of the Divine Value of Creative Power, hence the utter *need* for its retention unto *pure creative uses*, subjective and objective) which Mr. Leadbeater's suggestion undermines in his pupil's mind. Hence my whole-hearted condemnation of it and my approval of public condemnation, however unenlightened. To confirm wastage as a routine may be ultimately even worse than having Sex run riot as a high fever. It is like turning a disease from an acute into a chronic stage for comfort's sake. A doctor bent on *curing* would do his best to bring on the acute phase again. The fact of its being so obviously objectionable makes it, at bottom, a *lesser danger*. Anyhow, speaking for myself and as the result of many years of struggle, I had rather lapse a hundred times *knowing I have done wrong*, and picking myself up and scrambling on anyhow through *shame* and ever-renewed *hope*, than to reduce the count to ten by systematic, plausible, well-regulated[1], *delibe-*

1. Mr. Leadbeater's shufflings about 'the intervals' on page xxiv of the Appendix referred to (*Mrs. B. and the Alcyone Case*) have smashed up his own defence on this point. Besides, as I go on to say, it would be no defence. It is the *acceptation* that matters, not the intervals. The *mental acceptation* of wastage is a sin against God's creative Power *in us rational beings*. Rebellion against that *mental* sin (no matter what form the wastage takes) is the first step on the path of *embodied* Wholeness. Thus have I learnt at my own cost.

Nature may waste as much as she pleases in irrational Kingdoms. One she has begotten Reason, it is the business of Reason to make Sex-Power rational in any rational race of beings.

rate waste, *and approve of myself for having done so.* That would be, so to say, dubbing the Sex-Essence an *excretion* of the body, to be regularly cast away, instead of its most valuable *secretion*. There is degradation in the very thought. The sin of the soul lies not in the mere irrational act of the body (the World-Mother can as well forgive her children a million times as ten) but in the *mental approval* of that act which any method *regulating* wastage must imply. Wastage of a good and holy thing is obviously *irrational*. It may well (under our *barbarous* conditions) be forgiven *ad infinitum* in the *past*. Let it not be condoned, even once, in the future.

The Moral of it all is that the psychic, having his mind fixed on other concrete worlds, is all the more likely to blunder in his dealings with this one.

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As for Mr Leadbeater's psychic powers, let me state my position frankly. I do admit the possibility of overcoming bodily limitations by mind to an almost indefinite extent. I do believe that quite a number of people to-day (myself included) have had frequent glimpses of subtler realms of objectivity (what the modern Theosophist calls 'Higher Planes'.) I instinctively believe (cannot say that I ever 'accept-

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The power by which rational beings reproduce themselves has no business to work irrationally *in them*, whatever it may do elsewhere.

ed' or was 'converted to' this) with Tennyson and other estimable folk, that I have lived through an indefinite (and occasionally lively) past, and shall live through an indefinite future; and I do not see why a competent mind which can afford to focus itself upon the Cosmic Memory of concrete things[1] (which I find no more difficult to believe in than photography) should not be able to recover endless strings of past association, and re-write History from vision.

BUT—a very big 'but' indeed—I also believe that, the more we recede from *this* world of impertinent, obtrusive objectivity, the more we are *at the mercy of our minds*, seeing just as true as we *are* true, just as false as we *are* false, just as broad as we *are* broad, just as deep as we *are* deep. Which means that the one guarantee of accurate perception on those higher planes is *utter* IMPERSONALITY, such as the full-fledged Master alone has ever compassed.

Therefore, Mr. Leadbeater being by no means impersonal (and Mrs. Besant, as far as my knowledge of her goes, still less so) I, finding it a more plausible hypothesis, with my knowledge of them both, to admit that they *do* see (rather than the contrary hypothesis, which you are quite at liberty to prefer, that they are *merely* humbugs), feel it my duty to myself and to them—my Duty to Truth, in fact—*to*

1 What Mr Leadbeater calls the 'Akashic Records.'

take their accounts with a large grain of salt, content if there be in them (as in a novel) aught of beauty or inspiration to life, and hardly even caring (so long as I cannot personally verify) whether they be actually *true* or otherwise.

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Such is my attitude towards psychics, whether in the Society or outside. Such is my attitude to any inkling of psychic vision I may have had myself. Since I can tolerate it in myself to myself, I need not think it unfair or harsh to others. Nay, I believe that, if this attitude were to become more general, psychics would cease to be a danger to the T. S. (and to the world thro' it and other organisations) and might be steadily and efficiently encouraged to see better and see more.

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Now Mr. Leadbeater (quite apart from other affairs) was certainly a psychic *gentleman* in those days. He, during my stay with him, behaved quite unexceptionably as regards that major department of his remakable cosmos. He never worried me to do anything. He never tried to pull, or drive, or urge, or corner me. He neither flattered, nor depreciated, nor patronised. It was a relief, in my tired state, to pass from my dear friend Chandra's somewhat exalted company, to his. He never made me feel that he

was prying into my affairs, or clairvoyantly and pitifully dissecting me——an impression which others, such as Mr. G. and his chief disciple, no doubt with the best intentions, painfully produced. In short he could (in those days), psychically speaking, *live and let live*. If you admit that he did see at all, he was indeed a master of his art--a master in the *use* of it, I mean. He might possibly see fancies, or fancies mixed with fact, but whatever he saw he saw *well*—soberly, with as little fuss and meddling as possible.

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I jot down here a few more recollections of Mr. Leadbeater's apparent impressions with regard to myself. These may be added to the previous set[1], and filed on record for the same reasons. I would give a good deal to bring him back to the simple unmeddling seership of those days—or to bring *it* forward into the days that lie ahead. I see his visit to America and all that followed as a sort of inflamed 'appendix,' or evolutionary blind alley, and would like to hitch his future on to all that went before[2].

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1 Page 68, above.

2 Mr. L's visit to America seems to have proved as fatal for him as Mrs. Besant's coming to India was for her. And I remember having a clear presentiment of it in his case, as several people, such as Madame Jehihovsky (H. P. B's sister) and perhaps also 'Jasper Niemand,' have put on record in the case of Mrs. Besant

He seemed, curiously enough, to think that I could see things as he did *if I wanted to.* Only I somehow never did 'want' it seriously. This apathy on my part left him mildly (but very kindly) puzzled. *He didn't quite seem to understand what I was doing with my will*[1].

I once tried to speak of my deeper experience[2]. "But *that* would be.........something like the Consciousness of the Logos ." he said, genuinely perplexed, seeming to imply that there might be confusion on my part—a trick of the "etheric brain," perhaps. So the matter was dropped. But some remarks of his, later on, were tantamount to an admission that (as *he* put it) I probably did pass into very deep states of Consciousness during sleep—too deep to connect with the life of the physical brain and make an impression on waking (I had observed, while in conversation with him, that I never had a single dream during that particular period: my sleep was *blank*). He said that I seemed to be 'functioning along the atomic line.' (Theosophic students will probably understand what he may have meant by this). He also once let fall a curious question implying that I must (according to him) have known all these things (meaning

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1 I have tried to explain the sort of thing I used my *will* for in *The Making of the Better Man*, pp. 239-256, 1st Ed. I really had none to spare for psychism. Mr. L. saw this quite clearly, but as clearly groped about for an explanation.

2 See previous footnote.

Theosophy in general, in a very remote past—in earlier ages, in fact. He asked me whether the mode of exposition of the nature of the Cosmos which was gradually evolving itself in the Society fitted in with my own intuitions. He seemed satisfied when I commended it on the whole, and observed: "That shows that things haven't much altered for a very long, long time," or words to that effect. Some of these things will make you smile, as they do me [1]; but I add them here as helping to show that there are (if you admit genuineness in such experiences at all) ways of integral development which the psychic obviously fails to comprehend[2] in spite of all his 'higher plane' perceptions. Also to emphasize my excusable puzzlement at Mr. Leadbeater's studied avoidance of me (or my easily removable delusion as to the same) since the beginning of the Krishnamûrti

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1. I am by no means blind to the obvious suggestion of Mr. L. having (possibly) been fishing for some sort of 'esoteric' response in me—some willingness to profess myself some mighty Thing or other (in connection with *his* scheme of things) and help to carry on some priestly game or other. This uncanny suggestion comes out more clearly still (in connection with Mr. L.'s bitterest rivals) in Chapter XIX, below. I simply *do not know*, and refuse to 'judge.' To ask for my 'opinion' is useless: I have *none*. Whatever the intention in either case (if there was one), it was a failure. Mabel Collins' curious production, '*The Idyll of the White Lotus*,' is worth pondering in this connection.

2. "The very Gods know not his path," say the *Upanishads* of the integral Mystic.

affair.[1] There were already minor[2] inconsistencies even in those early days, I well remember. For at times, though rarely, he seemed to clean forget what he had said the day before, and how he had behaved. I caught myself wondering whether, on one or two occasions, another person, far more intimate with me, knowing me well from of old, had not occupied his body for a few moments to speak to me directly. For at such times he gave me *of his own accord* detailed information of the highest value to me, bearing upon my deepest unformulated intellectual puzzles as to the ultimate structure of things—the relation of 'matter' to 'space,' and so on—which he seemed at other times quite unaware of having done. This happened the first time we ever met—at Avenue Road in 1898. It was impossible to be more friendly and intimate—to make one more utterly *at home* in every sense. Yet, the next day, I found him a perfect stranger.

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One must ascribe these traits in psychic natures either to grave inconsistencies in *character*, or to unavoidable (in their case) inconsistencies in *consciousness*. The consciousness within the psychic's brain is constantly fluctuating, and *psychism* itself

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1. See page 70, above. For these later developments of Bogeydom, see Appendix and Part II.

3. Mr. Leadbeater was ever a marvel of consistency, when compared with Mrs. Besant.

vividly *objectifies* that fluctuation[1], so that the psychic may, at short intervals of time, speak and act in several inconsistent ways. An enemy prefers to take the former view, and to condemn a man all the more for his failings *because* he seems (or *pretends*, as enmity would put it) at other times to be vastly above them. Some of my friends, who are—and have a right to be[2]—sincerely scandalized by Mrs. Besant's and Mr. Leadbeater's latter-day proceedings, strenuously take the former view, while I would fain commend the latter, implying tolerance, and an easy way to open-minded interest and sympathy, with the *sine quâ non* proviso *that the psychic be carefully saved from the terrible fate* (to others) *of meddling with affairs, and the equally terrible recoil* (upon himself) *of finding himself* (or herself) *'persecuted' for no fault that he* (or she) *is aware of.* Here is the test of *dangerous* psychic inconsistency *in consciousness* : the inability to admit that one may have said or done anything amiss. It is to my mind a clear matter of irresponsibility, not guilt. That is where I differ from Dr.

1. Which, in the non-psychic method of development which I would preferably commend, remains subjective and need not affect the outer life to any considerable extent.

2. Mrs. Besant's total failure, on many recent occasions, to admit this right to sincere dissent, should be enough to open all save hypnotised eyes to the patent fact that she is not *the* special messenger of any *real* Christ of Universal Peace and Love. The first concern of such a one would be *to make allowances for the other side.*

Nanjunda Rao and others as widely as I do from Mrs. Besant herself. They say she is a 'liar,' and heinously guilty. I say that being (as I believe) genuinely *psychic*, her mind works inconsistently. She is irresponsible, not guilty. All I suggest is that the T. S., if it would settle down to its real work in earnest, do gently and steadfastly......give her some other function than that of President, divesting her of all financial *control* ; and do solemnly and emphatically, in its revised Articles of Constitution, declare itself altogether independent of any private school of pupils (such as anyone and everyone who *can* is of course at liberty to organize on his or her own responsibility)—membership and office and lectureship in the T. S. having nothing whatever[1] to do with such private student-groups, nor they with it.

Let me make haste to add that, although all psychics seem doomed to a certain measure of inconsistency at our present stage of racial evolution, there are some who show signs of rising above their inconsistency. *The first step is to acknowledge it*, and make allowances. Madame Blavatsky was blatantly inconsistent. Col. Olcott, in his '*Old Diary Leaves,*' makes no secret of it. But *she knew it*. She admitted it to herself and others, and made allowances, leaving the

1. Either postively or negatively. Mr. Bhagavan Das' suggestion that members of such groups should be formally barred from *office* in the T. S. seems to me unworkable in practice.

management of affairs to the Colonel who was *not* psychic. You would not have got *her* to accept the Presidentship under any circumstances. That is where the quasi-hopelessness of Mrs. Besant's case comes in. There is not the least harm in her being psychic, and seeing and hearing effulgent 'Bogeys' and imperious 'Master's Voices' to her heart's content. But that she, *as such*, should claim (be it in the name of 'God Omnipotent' Himself) to manage the Theosophical Society and to guide and mould the destinies of the World through it, is *fatal*, both to the Society *and to her*. It would be fatal to the World if she succeeded in her measureless ambition. But she will not succeed. Her inconsistency will mercifully make her fail *in* the Society, or it will make the Society fail *with her*. The dice are in the hands of the Gods.

And *all this is the sorry fruit of Bogeydom*. Without this fateful E. S. T. to deify them and meddle with the Movement in their name, our psychic friends might have gone on safely 'seeing' and giving us more and more interesting accounts of what they saw. Verily a 'nonentity[1]' were better than a psychic *at the helm*.

* * * * *

1. "There are plenty of nonentities among you, whom you can choose," says Mrs. Besant in a most remarkable speech at the

To return to that most remarkable man, C. W. Leadbeater, I never saw him again until 1906, in Bengal, just before he went to face, before a committee in London, invidious accusations—the fruit of

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1912 Convention (published as Supplement with the February 1913 *Theosophist*. See pp. 30-31).

And then she goes on to add, with amazing ingenuity, that "a nonentity in one country is not likely to be known over the other countries" and therefore cannot secure the 2/3 majority vote for the Presidentship.

Now I personally believe that there are, here and there, broad-minded, independent would-be international workers in the T. S. (even in its present plight) who are by no means 'nonentities.' But it would require a large-minded, tolerant President to first recognize them, then draw them out on *their* respective lines, help to organise their publications and tours, and popularize *them* in different countries, so that there might be several, of various types, to choose from for the succession. How far Mrs. Besant has *sincerely* striven to do this, and how far she has succeeded, is not for me to judge. Her own statement seems to go against her. It seems to me that a 'nonentity' of the type of D. N. Dunlop, editor of the *Path* and organiser of the International Summer Schools in England, might have done at least as well. The consummate social tact displayed by him in bringing together, harmonising and 'drawing out' workers on quite different (and sometimes even discrepant) lines—testified to by those who attended the Summer Schools—points him out as one whom an ideal President might well help to make popular in the T. S. for future uses. But this *cannot be*. Mrs. Besant has said publicly, in a speech at Bombay, that the T. S., while open to all who accept Universal Brotherhood, *must* be *managed for the Masters* (as *she* sees them) *by their chosen disciples*. The fragments quoted a few pages further emphatically confirm this.

Now Mr. Dunlop has his doubts (very gentle and sympathetic doubts, compatible with the fullest appreciation of good *work*) as

his fatal American tours—and to make a temporary pretence of resigning[1]. On that occasion I saw him for a few hours only, and had no occasion for intimate talk.

After that, the deluge.

*   *   *   *   *

Did Mr. G.'s warning [2] come true, I wonder ?

*   *   *   *   *

Or can it be that Mr. Leadbeater has, during the last four years, embarked with Mrs. Besant upon a truly colossal career of religious imposture, while I stand vowed to fight for simple *Truth* ?

That would mean a parting of the ways indeed !

But I still *hope* the former hypothesis (of their being genuine *psychics* under an overpowering glamour) is true. I shall not abandon it without a test

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to the invariable genuineness of Mrs. Besant's *psychic* 'Master's Voice.' He would prefer to see the T. S. *managed for Humanity by and through any who happen to love Humanity. Et voilā pourquoi votre fille est muette*—that is why, barring Mrs. Besant and those who agree with her *in toto*, or have become real 'nonentities' by taking a personal pledge to her, there are none left except mildly 'protestant' nonentities, unheeded in their corners, and as likely to be elected by a 2/3 majority in the T. S. as I am to be elected Pope by the Roman College of Cardinals.

1. See Mr. L.'s most interesting letters in "*Mrs. Besant and the Alcyone Case*," Appendix.

(2) See page 80, above

which Mr. Leadbeater can easily accede to.[1] He has only to give me an account of certain things (real or illusory—no matter) which happened to me in a certain place well-known to him at a certain time in this very life—things which cannot but be of interest to such as he, of which I have spoken to no one on Earth as yet, and which I shall not publish until later on. If he thus proves to me the continued genuineness of his psychic faculty, I shall stand up for him *in that capacity* (*i. e.*, as an appreciative believer in his gift, *not* as a blind adherent) whatever the world may say. If I cannot satisfy myself that his psychic faculty (while not to be blindly trusted—less than ever when engaged in foisting a new formal revelation upon the world) is at least still *genuine*, as I fully believe it used to be, I shall have to admit regretfully the scientific possiblity of what some of my friends here seem bent on proving—namely, that Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater are two of the most amazing impostors which our race has yet produced.

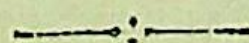
सत्यमेव जयते ॥

"Truth alone conquers,"

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(1) Even if he refuses to accede, I shall not abandon it. He may have personal reasons for refusing, or a whim that way. I cannot make truth depend on my being personally humoured. Yet my being humoured in this would certainly *make it easier for me to uphold the genuineness* of Mr. L.'s psychic gifts. Hence the proposed test.

says the *Upanishad.* In this I put my fullest trust. [But I must confess that the latter hypothesis strikes me as plausible only for such folk as draw their information from a few hastily-perused speeches and from ephemeral newspaper reports. For those who, like myself, have had sustained personal acquaintance with people like Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant, living in their intimacy for days and days at a time (as I did at least with Mr. Leadbeater) and conscientiously studying all they have written, besides, it is a very, *very* difficult hypothesis to adopt with open eyes (and a sound memory). The obvious choice for such lies between taking these wonderful people at their own valuation, and following them blindly to victory (over *what* ???...) as semi-divine appointed agents of a wholly divine Hierarchy of Cosmic Rulers behind the veil—or taking them 'with a large grain of salt,' as my continued observations have led me to do. To *this* hypothesis (of genuine psychic gift and irresponsibility *combined*) I propose to cling until dislodged by irrefutably-convincing evidence.]



XVII.

LET US REFLECT.

But let me not anticipate.

We have seen that Mrs. Annie Besant,—truly irresponsible autocrat of the Esoteric 'Heart' of the (professedly) democratic Theosophical Society—the High-Priestess inviolate, supposed to take orders from none save the Celestial King-Adept, Mahätmä Morya—was, in 1899-1900, and had already been for some time, entirely under the thumb of a certain portly and portentous Indian gentleman, regarded by his circle of disciples and by a swiftly growing section of the E.S.T. as a very Master *in the flesh*—visible, tangible, ponderable, accessible, not ensconced far past reach in inaccessible Tibet. She had, it seems, allowed herself to be hypnotised and put into a trance by this arch-venerable Mr. Gupta.[1]

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1. An interesting landmark of this period consists of a little book entitled "*The Doctrine of the Heart*," being fragments of letters of instruction received by Mrs. Annie Besant from Mr. Gupta and his fellow-celestials, and edited, with gateful acknowledgment and humble thanks, by her. It was issued in the same series as *The Voice of the Silence* by H. P. Blavatsky, and was commended to Esotericists for meditation. The book is worth reading, as it compares very favourably indeed with such a vaunted latter-day production as "*At the Feet of the Master.*" It is of course very different in style and tone, not being avowedly intended for a child in years.

Remember that practically all earnest members of the T.S. were automatically drawn into the E.S.T., and were learning to look up to Mrs. Besant (until the whispered news of Mr. G.'s Mahatmic status reached them) as their *guru*. In India, especially, this word conveys a (nowadays totally non-mystic) notion of utter personal self-surrender—of the giving up of all initiative in thought and act. While Mrs Besant blandly reiterated utter-wise platitudes about 'reserving judgment and not accepting anything until one saw it to be true,' and so on, the wardens of her Indian E.S. groups had but one watch-word: "What Mrs. Besant says must be taken for granted as true and good, whether we understand it or not. Let us accept it anyhow: time enough to understand it later. To question the *guru's* word is sin." This sort of sentiment, being endemic in India, *gives all such movements in this country a very different significance from what they may well have elsewhere*. I am quite prepared to grant that the amount of good incidentally done (in the midst of all this muddle [1] to *European* and other 'white race' members of the T.S. and E.S.T. and O.S.E., is proportionately far greater than in India. Here we are at the very centre of the mischief—Mrs. Besant herself has made

1. This world of ours is so constituted that precious gold lurks in the foulest dross, while a dangerous film of beautiful, subtly-perverting, shimmering dross must be sifted from the veriest gold.

it so by centering her operations at Benares and Adyar—and we must adjust our judicial spectacles accordingly.

* * * * *

Do you clearly realise the situation ?

Here is a *legally recognised*[1] *democratic* body (the Memorandum of Association is surely equivalent to a sworn affidavit : *if the Society is not really what it has been declared to be, the Memorandum of Association amounts to moral perjury.*)[2]

[Note.—*On the Memorandum of Association and Mrs. Besant's latest developments.*

Of course all formal *legal* issues can be evaded under subordinate clause (d) added to the original 'objects' in the *Memorandum.*[3] This may be made to include all such things as E. S. autocracy (making T.S. democracy a . . . . booby-trap), the official preaching of the Lord

1. Not yet at the time I write of. But I am deliberately anticipating. Please read on.

2. I *must* break off abruptly here to introduce some recent data illustrating what the process of secret psychic enslavement which I am now describing, abuts to. Efficiency requires my swinging thus from the tracing of causes in the past to the pointing out of effects in the present. The interrupted sentence resumes after the *Note* which gives it *point.*

3. The Memorandum of Association, Rules, etc . . will be found in an Appendix at the end of the book. It is reprinted every year in the General Report of the T. S.

Maitreya's Advent (making the T. S. a sect), etc., etc., ... all duly *considered* (by Mrs. Annie Besant) as "incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them ;" but it remains to be seen whether the Council in which real authority is vested will forever go on being esoterically 'fed' by Mrs. Besant, and supporting her without a thought of its responsibility to the Society *and to the world*. Art. 5 begins with the notable words : "The income and property of the Society, whencesoever derived, shall be applied solely towards the promotion of the objects of the Society as set forth in this Memorandum of Association . . . . . . "

However legal issues may be evaded, Mrs. Besant has certainly placed the Theosophical Society in a *morally false* position. (Her predecessor never claimed to exercise authority as she does, and never publicly compromised his Bogey-Masters as Mrs. Besant has recently dared to do with hers.)

The Theosophical Society is truly, so long as Mrs. Annie Besant rules it, a *double-bottomed booby-trap*—one thing to the Public and the Law, another and a quite different thing to its leader and those who acknowledge her as such. Thank God she cannot quite control her speech, and occasionally lets the autocratic cat out of her esoteric bag !

PUBLIC AND LEGAL ASPECT, *avowedly false*[1] to the Esotericist :	ESOTERIC ASPECT, *secretly false* to the Public and the law :
A democratic organisation with definite objects, managed by a General Council and President elected by Sections, Lodges and Members.	An autocratic Hierarchy controlled from its very foundation by Bogey-Mahatmas Morya and Koot-Hoomi through their visible representative disciples, (now) Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater, whose main object at present is to prepare the World for the coming of the Lord Maitreya—a still higher member of the same Hierarchy—in the body of the boy J. Krishnamurti.
Funds and property controlled accordingly.	*Funds and property controlled accordingly.*

Data : Re-read Chapters II-IV, above, and add the following :

I. "Brethren : You are given a great opportunity, which, rightly utilised, may carry you far...
....

"Therefore stand up, O children of Manu, followers of our great Warrior Master, the Rajput Chief of the Morya clan[2],

1. See Extract II following.

2. Surely a novel way of addressing an *unsectarian* body of workers for the cause of Universal Brotherhood ! Are *all* Theosophists aware of being thus harangued *ex-cathedra* by their President in her most official utterance of the year ? (B.)

resolute to defend our righteous cause.... ....Ours in India is the glorious privilege of standing by our Masters our true Leaders, in the day of reproach and imputed dishonour[1]. I congratulate you, I congratulate myself, that we are found worthy to defend Their cause."

(Mrs Annie Besant's *Presidential Speech*, 1912 Convention)

II. "You must remember that H. P. B. was sent to found the Society by her Master Morya. The Head of the *outer* Society was H. S. Olcott, another disciple of that same Master, and it was *by the Masters, through* these two disciples, that the Society came to birth and the Colonel was appointed *by Them* President for life...

"In order to [rescue the Society from perishing] in 1888, Colonel Olcott, made the E. S. a definite part of the Society[2] by an Executive Order, and recognised H. P. B. as its Head ; she published the statement

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1 Anyone reading this must infer that the Masters of Wisdom have been personally slandered in the Press and sued in the Law Courts. (B.)

2. Mr. Van Manen, in his exuberant defence of Mrs. Besant's Theosophy against the Bishop of Madras, describes the E. S. as "*a body of personal students, having no official connection with the T. S.*" (!) What a wonderful Chameleon this E. S. is !

that the E. S. was intended for the salvation of the Theosophical Society, and to carry out the purpose for which the Theosophical Society was originally formed.

"So far, then, as that is concerned, clearly *this E. S. conception is older than the more democratic arrangement* that we now have; and if there is to be any separation, *it is rather the outer membership that should leave the name [and property (?)] to the inner*, than the inner that should go away and leave the Society to the outer.

(Mrs. Annie Besant at the same Convention. Italics and brackets mine.)

III. "...............the O. S. E. differs from the T. S.

"The Theosophical Society, *as is well known to many of our members*, is composed of Three Sections: the First Section are the Masters; the Second Section is composed of an Inner Circle of students; the *Third Section is the general body, resting on the broad basis of the 'Three Objects.'* Thus the Society also is a Hierarchy; but the Third Section (*which stands for the whole Theosophical Society to the world at large*), probably because the society was founded, and has to do its work, in democratic times, is worked on democra-

tic lines. Thus the members of the Society elect the President; the members of each of its National Societies elect their General Secretary; the members of every Lodge elect the president of that Lodge.

"Instead, in the Order of the Star in the East, founded almost on the eve of the Advent of the Supreme Teacher, when it may well be that the urgent need of preparing the way for Him *sweeps away the advisability of too much accommodation to democratic views*—the hierarchical principle is faithfully reflected in the filling of offices. The Head names the chief officers in each country; if subordinate officers are needed in a country, its first officer—the National Representative—names them......................................

. . . . .

"Thus with respect to the Organisation of the Order we have no voice, *we cannot tamper with it.* And there is *no reason whatever why we should wish to be able to interfere*.."

(Donna Margherita Ruspoli on *The Constitution of the Order of the Star in the East. Herald of the Star*, 1912, pp. 96-98. Italics mine.

. . . . . .

8

As I stand pledged to Simple Truth and Mrs. Besant to the......Lord Maitreya, *all this* DOES *constitute a morally false position*. So long as it lasts, every honest citizen is entitled to consider members of the Theosophical Society as something *less* than straightforward, honest, rational folk ; even as something less than frankly superstitious Bigots. Their having for Motto " There is no *dharma* higher than Truth" and claiming that this double-bottomed business, with all the evasion and shuffling it implies, is *the* Gateway to the Path of Cosmic Wisdom and Holiness, marks them as either soft-headed devotional noodles or downright objectionable (or pitiable) hypocrites.

The Path of Wisdom and Holiness has but *one* Gateway, and that is TRUTH——Truth, not on the ' Nirvanic Plane,' but in the very mind and heart of whoso seeks to enter :—

सत्येन लभ्यस्तपसा ह्येष आत्मा
सम्यग्ज्ञानेन ब्रह्मचर्येण नित्यम् ॥
अन्तः शरीरे ज्योतिर्मयो हि शुभ्रो
यं पश्यन्ति यतयः क्षीणदोषाः ॥ ५ ॥

By TRUTH and righteous life that SELF is mastered,

By knowledge true and Sex-Force aye turned *Godwards*.

Within their body, Light-formed—yea, effulgent,
The self-controlled, once cleans'd of sin, see HIM.

सत्यमेव जयते नानृतं
सत्येन पन्था विततो देवयानः ।
येनाक्रमन्त्यृषयो ह्याप्तकामा
यत्र तत्सत्यस्य परमं निधानम् ॥ ६ ॥

Truth only leads to Victory— not falsehood;
'T is *Truth* unfolds the Path of Radiant Going;
On which the Seers pass—their longings sated—
To where that utmost Lode of TRUTH abides.

बृहच्च तद्दिव्यमचिन्त्यरूपं
सूक्ष्माच्च तत्सूक्ष्मतरं विभाति ।
दूरात्सुदूरे तदिहान्तिके च
पश्यत्स्विहैव निहितं गुहायाम् ॥ ७ ॥

Vast, radiant—yea, of form that baffles thinking;
Than subtlest Ether subtler, it irradiates.
Far past all distance . . . *here*, of all things *nearest*,
In them that see—*within their own hearts hid.*

(*Mundaka Upanishad* III, ii, 5-7--Author's Translation)

Has the Lord Maitreya's awe-inspiring Bogey come to change all this for ever, and usher in a reign of personal caprice and spiritual trust-monopoly instead of Cosmic Law ?

The Children's *League of the Helping Hand*, with its simple, straightforward *impersonal* pledge, " I will be *true* thro' all my life . ..." *and no esoteric reservations, and no claim to monopoly either*, forms a truer gateway to that Ancient Ageless Path than all the pompous 'Mysteries' which Mrs. Besant threatens to restore, no matter in whose name.

Devotion, steadfastness, gentleness lead straight to...Bathos unless their kinks be *straightened* out in passing through the needle-eyed strait Gate of TRUTH.]

* * * * *

To resume[1] :

Here is, I say, a(soon to be) legally recognised *democratic* body, the best members of which are all being systematically winnowed into an *autocratic* Esoteric Section *controlled* by an unchallengeable High-Priestess who is *supposed* to be continually overshadowed and instructed by a certain divine Mahâtmâ Morya and others) from the Tibetan back of beyond—the

1. While giving my reminiscences of thirteen years ago, I have from time to time to readjust the prospect to the fantastic developments of the last three years. Hence these (apparent) digressions.

while she is all along (say from 1895 to 1902) secretly under the thumb of a portly Indian gentleman very much at large, who snaps his fingers at Tibetan Adepts, blasphemously declares that Damodar never went to them but perished in the snow like the fool he was [1], and is privately believed, on the authority of all under his influence (Mrs. Besant included) to be nothing less than a *Jivanmukta* (Living Emancipate) —a very Master in the flesh [2].

What a queer business !

Nay, not only Mr G. himself, but his wife, his daughter, his son—all are declared by my friend (his son-in-law) to be souls undergoing their last imprisonment in garbs of flesh, which "will never return to Earth again except as Avataras (!)"—These are his very words.

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1. This I heard personally from him. See the story of Damodar's mysterious exit in Col. Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves*. Mrs. Besant, in 1908, was openly announcing the return of Damodar.

2. All this is changed, as we shall see. Yet, given a temperament such as Mrs. Besant's, must it not be 'ever the same thing,' under other names, in other forms ? We have now a (much altered) Mr. Leadbeater in the seat of power on the right hand of the High Priestess, with young Krishnamurti held tenderly between his knees, while the Masters M. and K. have become mere acolytes to the momentous 'Lord Maitreya,' who waits in his garden on the southern slopes of Himalaya' (—no longer in Tibet!) for young Krishnamurti's body to be ripe for His occupation and the world ready for His coming.

What shall we have another ten years hence ?

XVIII.

THE DIVINE HOUSEHOLD AT BENARES, AND THE (THEN) CAVE OF BETHLEHEM.

On December 17th, 1900, I landed at Bombay, and proceeded at once to the very focus of the (then) Esoteric Tornado—to Mrs. Annie Besant's little house at Benares. It is called *Shânti Kunja*, the 'Grove of Peace,' and stands next door to the 'Abode of Wisdom' where dwelt the Hidden Great One—a shrine so potent that some in Europe, having never been there, saw it in their dreams. I shall, whatever happens, remain thankful for the hospitality then vouchsafed to my weary head and heart and limbs. There *was* Peace there, for who could reach it. But my private experiences of those four months are sacred to . . . . another book than this. (I go on *sifting*, as I pass my recollections in review, deliberately 'dumping' here the psychic rubbish which that record *must be rid of*.)

After the Convention which came on a few days later, I remained there till April 1901 to recuperate, my health being still very weak, and much shaken by a 33 days' journey in a third-rate coal-ship where I could not even have a bath.

One or two incidents of this period :

Mr. Gupta's little girl, aged about three, was firmly believed to be, *in succession to her elder brother*, recently dead[1] at the age of 12 or so, the earthly tenement of that great eccentric soul H. P. Blavatsky. I had learnt this in a curious accidental way in Brussels, a year or so before. Col. Olcott and Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, travelling on their respective orbits, happened to meet there, and I went about with them.

Scene : A Brussels tram-car. Col. O. and Mr. L. are on the seat just behind me.

The Colonel (in a stage-whisper audible thirty feet away) :

" I say, Leadbeater, what *is* this Annie tells me, that '*She*' has been and gone and reincarnated in *that* house at Benares. I don't believe *her* such a fool as to go and be born of a Brahmin. *Do you* ?"

Mr. Leadbeater's answer, if he made one, was inaudible—for which I was sincerely thankful. As for the Colonel's question, it bombarded me quite unawares. Had I been forewarned and provided with a gunner's ear-flaps, I might possibly have saved myself this bit of involuntary eavesdropping.

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1. i. e., he must have died about the time when she was born. She was quite possibly only two at the time now referred to (January 1901).

Provided with this clue, I easily got the whole story out of my friend Chandra, and reached Benares knowing full well with what a galaxy of Mighty Souls I was surrounded. I still have with me a portrait of the little girl, taken about that time, with a square face in full view, staring straight at you with big eyes '*á la Blavatsky,*' and holding in her hands before her, well-exposed, the portrait of the previous tenement—her elder brother. She *was* a queer little girl, undoubtedly. When Col. Olcott first met her (I was present) she straightway grabbed his cigar . . .——in sign of *recognition* (so they said.) But the poor Colonel vainly waited for a certain *password* (what flimsy means is Bogeydom reduced to !) and went his way in doubt.

With what glee my good friend Chandra made her practise her dear little tricks ! When shown a portrait of H. P. Blavatsky, she would turn her little face aside with a fine show of pious horror, lisping in her childish Bengali : "That is a witch ! "

And with what fervour Mrs Besant spoke of the wee girl being found all by herself in empty rooms, conversing gravely with . . . . *one knew not Whom !*

[The great eccentric soul flitted elsewhere, it seems, when Mr. Gupta fell into (esoteric) disgrace a few years later. She seems to have flitted from inn to inn in a general North-Westerly direction. It seemed difficult

to fix upon anyone able to play the parental part consistently to that cometary phenomenon. She has finally, as far as my information goes, been left prudently alone in the body of an already grown-up young Brahmin 'in a Himalayan Valley'——seen in his astral body by Mrs. Annie Besant, but not met physically as yet. There were expectations in 1908, concurrently with the Damodar rumours. But these seem to have evaporated, or have quite lost themselves in the rutilant glare of the Krishnamurti affair (a masterly diversion !)—the discovery and training of the future body of the Lord Maitreya Himself ! One has a hazy impression of H. P. B. detained *ad infinitum* in his 'Himalayan valley' by a prolonged course of Sanskrit studies. I heard a rumour (the merest rumour, this) at Adyar to the effect that Mr. Leadbeater, once questioned, had dismissed the whole subject with a shrug, observing that they need no more be concerned with H. P. B. than 'he' cared to be concerned with them. Can it be that H. P. B. reincarnate takes no interest in the celestial J. K. Cult ?? Shall the scourge of a new Dayanand burst forth some day from that Himalayan Valley, and crumple Theosophic superstitions as his mighty predecessor crumpled Hindu ones ?

Who knows[1] ?]

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1. Let me here note that the good Colonel himself has since been fathered upon Captain Powell of Bombay—a faithful among

[(While going to press). The very latest rumour is that H. P. B. is now in California ! One wonders whether H. P. B. reincarnate might not be . . . . . . the *irrepressible extremist* Har Dayal ! ? ! ?]

* * * * *

But let us return to our Esoteric hotbed of 1901, at Benares, the (then) home of H. P. B. reincarnate.

A baby-brother was born to her just at Christmas (1900), when 'a crucial conjunction of planets' took place (as usual). Good Mrs. Besant *was* in a flutter ! It was with my own physical ears that I heard her speak—with a wealth of hidden meaning, in a quiet circle of friends—of a prophecy declaring that a Saviour of the world would be born that Christmas . . . . and more about the 'crucial conjunction of planets.' I caught the speaker's eye, and shot a single, potent, "Where?" at her. "In Benares," she blurted out, and seemed rather concerned, the next moment, about having been surprised into 'giving out' so much.

* * * * *



the faithful—the same who shut me out from lecturing on the T. S. platform in that town after duly calling with a commission to examine me—*not* on the fundamentals of Theosophy, but on whether I might not be willing to conceal from the public my dissent from Mrs. Annie Besant and her new campaign.

XIX.

MY SOULFUL INTERVIEW WITH THE MOMENTOUS MAN.

I HOVER ON THE VERGE OF........... ADEPTSHIP!

I had of course been patronisingly informed ere my departure, by my good friend Chandra, that I should consider myself highly privileged to live in such high-souled surroundings (with what unction be announced that Upendra Babu, the General Secretary, was nothing less than a full-blown Arhat!) and that he would arrange for his celestial father-in-law himself (*he* being now duly married) to give me a number of interviews and, perhaps, take me definitely under his sheltering wing. It seems I was considered docile, tractable and what not (Blessed neurasthenia, these are *thy* tricks!) My good friend repeatedly informed me that what I required was strict *guidance*—that I could never progress unless I found some-one to whom I could entirely surrender myself, and who would *tell me what to do* at every turn.

One morning, at Benares, when things had settled down after the turmoil of Convention, my friend actually came to lead me into the Holy Presence.

Now I had up to then taken it all in like a lamb, with my own mental reservations in the background. But when it came to a risk of being hypnotised (I willingly gave Mr. Gupta credit for unusual power on that line) I was not going to take it ' lying down.' So I figuratively ' girt my loins' on the way (it was not far) and entered the Presence, not in fear and trembling, but in a quite goodhumouredly exalted Cosmic Mood[1].

My friend left me there and withdrew. Mr. Gupta shook hands and bade me be seated at the table by his side. He was just beginning to speak in his peculiar high-pitched voice when I, caring little in my *then* mood) about what he might say, but highly interested in what he might possibly *be*, suddenly fixed my mind, intent with all my *will*, upon the Real Soul at the back of my interlocutor who in

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1. A series of very interesting experiences, which I reserve for a further volume, took place during my stay in Mrs. Besant's house at Benares, in January, February and March 1901. These seem to have affected my physical and psychic constitution profoundy, ushering in a rapid (albeit painful) process of renewal, and fitting me for my future work. Mrs. Besant and Mr. Gupta had nothing whatever to do with these experiences, which continued day and night, occasionally in their very presence ; and I ascertained from Mrs. Besant's conversation (unwittingly confirming my own psychic impression) that she knew absolutely nothing about them.

Enough, for the time being, if this helps you to see how unaccountable in its action and variable in its scope psychic perception (my own as anybody else's) is.

that mood seemed to me the merest *mask*. It takes long to say inadequately ; but it all happened in a flash.

The outside result was peculiar : he just began a sentence : " Oh, Mr. Brooks, we have often........." then stopped short and seemed to pass into a sort of trance. *Next moment* he roused himself, shook hands and let me go *without another word*. I went my way.

*   *   *   *

Rather queer, this, for one who was a most extraordinary combination of the smooth-spoken official—a man of the world to his finger-tips—with a pronounced ecstatic psycho-mystic. I verily do believe Mrs. Annie Besant to be at bottom the veriest 'nonentity' compared with him. That is why I voted for *her* when the 1907 election came. I want a sociable 'nonentity' to fill a post like that—I *do*[1]. I did not foresee that *she* would, in three years' time, blossom into the Sole Accredited Ambassadress and Advance Canvassing Agent of the Lord Who is to come, entrusted with the power to select and appoint

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1. I call on Mr. D N. Dunlop—of the Blavatsky Institute and the (English) *Path* and the International Summer Schools—to stand for the Presidentship next. He need not sneeze at the term 'nonentity.' *He* can interpret it to denote self-effacement. But how on Earth shall I get the General Council to propose him ???????..................(has anyone anything to suggest ?)

a band of (His ?) disciples to greet and serve Him when He takes possession of the living tenement prepared for Him *by her*.

*   *   *   *

Now comes the fun :

Mr. Gupta never sent for me again ; but later on, the same day (I believe), my friend the son-in-law made a (to me) excruciatingly funny remark. " Do you know," he whispered, in the intimate, awesome and protecting tone he used always to assume with me, " do you know what strange things are happening around us, while we are blind and do not see ?" "Yes," I said, "What is it ?"—" Would you believe, " he went on, almost too awed to speak, " My father-in-law tells me that a *Master* visited the house this morning while I was there; and I saw nothing ! "——" Well, " I suggested, " it must have been a Master in his Astral Body. You are not permanently clairvoyant. "——" No, " he replied excitedly, " that is the strangest part of it. Mr Gupta assures me that a Master *actually came in his physical body while I was there.* I must have been under a glamour not to see him. " " *Perhaps* you were—who knows ?" was all I could add. And I went to have a good laugh in my bath-room.

One day, possibly a month later, just as I was leaving Mrs. Besant's room, nearing the door, Mr.

Gupta, who was there, some twenty feet away, with Babu Upendranath (the Arhat), exclaimed to the latter in a loud stage-whisper, looking intently towards me (I happened to glance round just then) :—

"Guru Nanak ![1]"

Whether he saw that saintly soul beaming upon me from the skies, or saw in my all unwitting self the founder of Sikhism reincarnate, or merely took this means to give me (indirectly) a clue for the part I was desired to play in the Mahatmic game, the previous clue (through the unsuspecting son-in-law) having conspicuously failed—neither you nor I shall ever know, Friend Reader, for I quietly opened the door and . . . . went my way.

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Here is the only further incident of the same class that I am aware of. It happened to me two years ago at Adyar, after the 1910 Convention. Two eccentric ladies who insisted upon having their own communications with the unseen world, unsanctioned by Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, took it into their heads to hit upon and circulate among the residents, *without my knowledge*, the momentous discovery that I was (of all people) the Master Jesus (!)—*they* being

1. This bit is specially dedicated to my Sikh friends—Sirdars U. S. and J. S. They may have their own comments to make, which may or may not be 'fit for publication.'

respectively the blessed apostles John and Paul. (I was subsequently told that one of these ladies even threatened to blossom into . . . the Lord Maitreya Himself—but *this*, I believe, was merely gossip). Now the good ladies probably meant well, but this was most unfortunate, as I was already not in favour with Mrs. Besant's followers who, though perhaps not so thoroughly hypnotised as they have since become, were nevertheless very anxiously devoted to their leader's 'Plan' and regarded me as a sort of unaccountable 'dark horse.'

I was kept in blank ignorance of this until the thing had gone the rounds for days, and everybody was assured that I was secretly plotting to lead a counter-movement of sorts, passing myself off as the Master Jesus ! . . . . *Then* somebody (I owe *him* a debt for that good turn, and he may call for it whenever he likes) casually opened my eyes. A most awkward predicament, surely. What I did was to go at once to the most public place available, and deliberately *swear like a trooper* in the presence of a number of Mrs. Besant's loyal followers, male and female, assuring them with all the emphasis of a London 'bus driver that I personally neither knew nor cared who or what I had been in my past incarnations (they might put me down for the 'Scorpio' of the *Lives* if they liked) and that the . . . . . let me *here* say 'blank fabrication' that had

been circulated about my claiming to be the Master Jesus was . . . . . . well, a blank, blank, blank fabrication which any fool who cared to might believe if he liked. Anyhow I did my level best to assure them, I hope with some measure of success, that I did *not* intened to maintain that reverential, devotional and dignified impersonation.

Then I went to the two good ladies who had planted that hardy esoteric annual in the soil of my destiny, and cheerily addressed them as 'Cousin John' and 'Aunt Paul.' I am afraid it made them most unhappy. I was not a Comrade of the League of the Helping Hand *at that time.* Let it be put down to their credit that they—as I subsequently assured myself—bore me no grudge. Perhaps they still hold their revelation fast in secret and think I am pretending ignorance in pursuit of some mysterious occult 'plan.' If so, that plan is clean beyond *me* as it is beyond them. For I can assure them—and you, Friend Reader, to boot—that I haven't even the little finger of the shadow of the ghost of a concrete memory of past lives. The valuable psychic experiences referred to (and reserved for another volume) are concerned entirely with *this* life, and its relation to the Order of Things *here and now.*

* * * * *

Say, Friend Reader, is not all this *lunatic* business? Say, friends of the E. S. T.—do you grudge me my refusal[1] to take a pledge of unconditional obedience to Mrs. Annie Besant when my experience and work are in no wise derived from, or inspired by her, and when I am honestly convinced that she is at best an extraordinarily gifted intellectual, social and oratorical *medium*, mentally and physically amenable, to an ever-indeterminate extent, to the influence of the next strong man she whims to give her friendship to ?

Surely for such a one (genius or no genius) to claim autocratic control by Divine Right over a body which is publicly and legally *supposed* to freely elect its own President and Council—proves that she, or they (or *both*) are at best half-witted on that point.

I personally prefer to put the burden of responsibility on *them*. *They* have deliberately chosen to shut their eyes and *be led* ; to curl up their (psychological) legs and *be carried*. They talk of " entering the Path, " but want to comfortably dispense with its very *first* condition (proclaimed by themselves !)—to wit, *vivêka*, ' discrimination, careful ascertainment—in short, conscientious TRUTHFULNESS. ' What can they expect but to find themselves

1. Apart from my objecting to it on principle.

led into a bog, and too crippled by their own deliberate abdication to scramble out of it ?

*   *   *   *   *

Poor Theosophical Society !



XX

THE WIND VEERS IN BOGEYDOM.

To return to our immutable (by Right Divine) Kaiserin Wilhelm of Bogeydom and (by and by) of the Theosophical Society and the sublunar world in general —ever inspired, so the gullibles believe, from the— depths of Tibet by her Royal Master 'Morya' of (late) Blavatskyan fame.

Two or three years later[1], possibly in connection with a certain vexatious esoteric social inbroglio in Calcutta, involving, as I understand, not Mr. Gupta himself but some of the 'Great Ones' who were near to him, and resulting in the sudden withdrawal and reversion to worldly dissipation (as on the whole more honest) of a very promising and enthusiastic Bengali *convert* (to what ?)—a man of great wealth and position—Mrs. Besant's faith in Mr. Gupta's Mahatmaship was somehow shaken.

Why ? . . . .—Echo answers 'why' ? [2]

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1. I cannot give the exact date, as I was not personally concerned in this, and only discovered it as will be related.

2. Col. Olcott confided to me (in 1904) that he had received from Mr. G. a letter conveying instructions (*a la* Judge) from the Masters to the effect that Mr. G. was to be the next President, Colonel Olcott being possibly (of this I am not *sure*) advised to

I believe it must have been in 1903—possibly the early part of 1904— before he flitted over to America and . . . . vanished from the Theosophical stage—that I had a serious conversation with Mr. Sakharam Ganesh Pandit, one of the most gifted Indian Theosophical lecturers. In the course of that conversation I happened to touch upon the 'Gupta' Mahatmic craze and the systematically fostered private rumours (of 'evil influence' and what not) against Mr. Leadbeater.

Mr. S. G. Pandit was at that time an intimate pupil of Mrs. Besant's, going to her for meditation and counsel every morning. He said he did not believe either notion to be in force just then, at least *as far as Mrs. Besant was concerned*. I was much interested to hear this and, to make quite sure, we agreed that he should put Mrs. Besant two questions (as on his

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retire in his (Mr. G.'s) favour. Mrs. Besant, so the Colonel told me, *borrowed* that letter from him when he showed it, and destroyed it.

This, and the fact that Mrs. Besant, when asked to take up the case against Mr. Judge, refused to do so *until* she heard (clairaudienty) her Master's *voice* telling her that 'Judge was wrong'—these incidents, clearly demonstrating irresponsibility, were given to me, amongst others, by Col. Olcott in support of his *emphatic* asseveration—

'THAT HE WOULD NEVER, AS HE LIVED, LET THAT WOMAN BECOME PRESIDENT OF THE T. S.'

own behalf[1]) next morning, and communicate the result to me.

The two questions were :

(1) "Some people believe Mr. Gupta to be a 'Master' in the flesh. Is that, to your knowledge, a fact ?"

(2) "Some people say Mr. Leadbeater is a dangerous fraud, and that his 'visions' and resultant books are *altogether* misleading. Is that, to your knowledge, a fact ?"

To which the answers were, in substance :

(1) " Certainly not. He is nothing of the sort."

(2) " Mr. Leadbeater is the most remarkable *psychic* in the T. S. He sees and goes into the next

1. I seldom approached her personally, as any assumption on my part of independent experience or knowledge of T. S. affairs, to which I had (hierarchically speaking) no right, ruffled her and drew out the most unpleasant edge of her nature. She was not (and did not put me) at *ease* unless I shammed the humble, submissive *and ignorant* little boy—a part I did not *like* to play, as it involved hypocrisy. I *did* occasionally play it, though, and willingly confess it, having duly repented. I was not then a Comrade of the League of the Helping Hand, and had not learnt *to strive for* TRUTH *in little things*.

Mrs. Besant was (and is still) 'Caste' (the counterfeit) incarnate, ever putting *title* before *value*. This failure to seek out real *values* and to realise the fundamental insignificance of *labels* (however useful *when affixed to values*) is probably at the root of most of her mistakes. It means lack of *viveka*—at bottom, lack of Truth.

For the scientific idea of Real Caste, see *The Making of the Better Man*, pp. 156-179, 185-207, (1st Edition).

two worlds (astral and mental) as easily as you or I into the next room. He may not see all, but what he sees is truly seen and faithfully described."

So this queer Pilot was already steering another course, it seemed, and the E. S. T. was being blindly led from influence to influence, none in the ranks knowing how the wind blew, all believing her to be steadily and systematically guided, from glamour-free Tibetan heights, by that truly gigantic Royal Bogey (6 ft. 7 in. high) Mahatma Morya—the (to be) Manu of the next Root Race.

* * * *

Later, I had it at first hand from a leading Calcutta Theosophist who literally 'bearded' Mrs. Besant in her den, taking her to task for having (esoterically) betrayed the Society into the hands of Mr. Gupta (they *were* sore, in Calcutta, over the imbroglio above referred to, as it meant a serious set-back to their social influence) that, in 1904 or 1905 he had it from her own lips that she, "while grateful for past services and obstinate as to preserving her friendships[1] (a ruling trait, this, and

1. She flared up, it seems, when fault was found with her for keeping his large portrait in a prominent place in her room, saying that "*that* was nobody's business." So did private sentiment, with her, always take precedence of public duty. She might and should of course keep good feeling in her heart for all —especially one who had helped her. But to advertise in the

very womanly) she *no longer looked upon Mr. Gupta as a safe guide.*"



most prominent place in her room, for all who called on her to be impressed by, the portrait of one whom she " no longer regarded as a safe guide"—even for her own Mahatma-visited self—was certainly imprudent. Was she not the responsible *guru* of weak-minded thousands whom an " unsafe guide," apparently still revered by her, might well mislead ?

XXI

FAREWELL TO THE MOMENTOUS MAN.

We may now gracefully take leave of Mr. Gupta the 'wonder-man'—intellectual prodigy of his University, bland and most respected official, very Master in the flesh for his esoteric circle which at one time, thanks to Mrs. Annie Besant and the winds that blow in Bogeydom, was practically the secret 'hub' of the E. S. T., itself the 'heart' of the T. S.

I myself believe this remarkable man to have been blest with genuine mystic experience. That is why I do not scruple to speak openly of him as of the long-since dead. I believe that, while blest with mystic experience, he was at the same time cursed by nature with a number of psychic 'gifts'—the gift of 'personal influence,' or spontaneous magnetic projection, most of all.

This would, in his exalted moods, literally throw down people at his feet. They would be thrust into a sort of trance (if they surrendered) and be made to share, perforce, a touch of his transcendent life—after which they of course took as revelation from On High whatever rubbish his lesser moods happened to say or do—yea, the veriest trash even.

One feels, in re-reading the *Doctrine of the Heart*, that his genuine mystic experience ever thwarted the ambition and conceit of his psychic and superficial self, thus preventing his getting the same *grip* on worldly things which his once humble pupil and hitherto successful rival, Annie Besant, has contrived. After his wonderful magnetism had thrown people off their legs, he would simply let them drift—even into pessimism—not caring to *use* them unto any definite end. He was no *leader*. *No genuine mystic* (during the phase of painful purificatory reaction—or Karmic exhaustion—he was then obviously going through) *could ever be*. For such as he, at such a time, *isolation* is the only safeguard.

At a certain point in his life—probably after the death of a first wife—he temporarily went into retirement. Had he stayed there a few years longer and remained free, the Indian Calendar of Saints might have one more name added to its roll. But he was somehow induced to remarry, and this step, on his return to worldly life, surrounded him for a time with . . . . . hell. The Peace within must of course triumph in the end, *even outside*.

In short, I would classify a case like this under four separate heads :—

(1) A genuine mystic at the heart, with some experience of Cosmic Consciousness, past losing ;

(2) and an unfortunate temporary surrounding vortex of strong psychic power, brought over from past lives as 'Wonder-Man,' exercising itself almost automatically on those who happened to be passive in his presence ;

(3) The victim, besides, of correspondingly unfortunate psychic and emotional surroundings—a circle of associates strongly drawn together from past lives, psychic and often even pronouncedly *tântric*. Finally ;

(4) On top of all, the plausible outer protecting mask [1] of the conscientious, successful, dignified, portly, bland official, highly respected of all who had anything to do with him and altogether throwing off the scent those who, knowing him in this capacity only, took for the merest moonshine any rumours of a 'hidden side' that chanced to reach them.

Items (2) and (3) and the outside pretence (4) of an official career contrived to cover up the genuine mystic in him with two distinct subsidiary personalities, one of which (the psychic) might on occasion lead to mischief.

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1. See the Chapter on 'Protective Instincts' in Mary Everest Boole's remarkable book : *The Forging of Passion into Power.*

I do not go by my own experience of him alone when I say that he was an extraordinary human and superhuman compendium.

One of my best friends was first won over by a fascinating combination of spiritual grandeur with charmingly sweet humble moods. When he was ready, deeply moved, passive, the Wonder-Man seized both his willing hands and sent him suddenly into a trance, in which (he says) he saw God. No wonder that every word of Mr. Gupta's lower combine—(2) and (4)—was treasured after that, exercising a decidedly depressing influence for years.

I have actually seen in print an account given by the late Dr. Th. Pascal, describing how it was once given to him to be bathed in the personal magnetism of 'a certain highly advanced Soul' (or words to that effect) and what a wonderful experience it was. The 'highly advanced Soul' is not difficult to identify. Mr. Gupta travelled through France at the time. Dr. Th. Pascal seems to have been none the better for that vicariously-obtained experience of fuller life. He went on declining miserably when his services were most needed, and died a few years later. As the '*Doctrine of the Heart*' says, *Karma* had better be worked out[1], not interfered with.'

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1. " The sooner one passes through experiences necessitated by past Karma, the better it is *for the individual.*" (p. 20, italics

Another yet—a retired Indian Official (now dead), well-known to me—was instantly cured, by Mr. Gupta's influence, of an inveterate craving for drink.

mine). Which is, *subjectively* speaking (the words italicized amount to that), quite true.

But my suggestion (from the *objective* standpoint) is : If I have a chance of knocking somebody's 'bad Karma' seriously on the head—stunning it for a considerable period—say the remainder of a lifetime, during which the man will be able to gather more strength and fuller knowledge with which to meet his bad *karma* more efficiently when it recovers from its swoon by and by—is not that 'interfering act' itself (if at all possible) a 'working out of *karma*,' and am I not wantonly 'interfering with *karma*' in holding back my willing powers from accomplishing it ? I have personally at present no power of objective projection such as Mr. G. seems to have possessed. But if I had I would feel bound to *use it for all it was worth* to make the lives around me as happy as they could be, fully trusting people's bad *karma* to vent itself later on, *when I would not be there to interfere*. In short, I would consider myself an item of other people's *very best karma*, and would regard their being thrown in my way as the signal for that excellent karma to operate energetically and cancel, for the nonce, all countervailing 'bad *karma*' in the lives of those around me. I feel that I am now largely deprived of power for having failed to do this in the past. I believe it is on this principle that the greatest of all mystics unhesitatingly interfered for the good of all around them. The other tendency, exemplified by Mr. G., I am inclined to qualify (or rather *dis*qualify) as mystic *squeamishness*. The *Doctrine of the Heart* is full of profound truths, but breathes this atmosphere of *kârmic* anæmia—is written *in a minor key*, so to say.

Mystic negationism always surrounds itself with positive evil, which is nothing but the symptom of its 'unwillingness to fight.' I believe the evil, far from 'working *itself out*,' will on the contrary recur again and yet again, until it is efficiently, *with willing* albeit dispassionate *exertion*, won or thrashed into seeking better

This shrewd old man kept himself from drifting, so the cure was permanent. But for this, he would probably not have lived to do the author of this book a good turn, duly remembered.

Some people claimed to have seen Mr. Gupta positively transfigured during his devotions.

But, all the while, that plausible outside mask was so effective in his case that the uninformed (among them some of his closest friends) could never believe that there was anything else in him than a clever, efficient, bland, kind-hearted and markedly conceited worldly man. When the other thing was alluded to in their presence, they touched their forehead with one finger, clearly implying doubt of the narrator's sanity— not Mr. Gupta's.

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The moral of all this is:

That it takes many sorts to make a world ;

And that several sorts may occasionally be accommodated in one and the same person— simultaneously ripening fruitage of very diverse seeds, sown at differ-

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and more rational forms. By evil, here, I mean of course the Energy which is working in evil (because irrational) *ways*, and awaits but sufficient effort on our parts to transmute it into something better.

ent times and places in the past—common meeting-point of the force-trajectories of several mutually-inconsistent antecedent lives.

*   *   *   *   *

No sooner was Mrs. Besant found to be slipping through the fingers of the Gupta group, than it was of course rumoured (that sort of thing is endemic in . . . . Bogeydom) that *she* was now under an 'evil' influence, and must be shunned. Perhaps she *was*—who knows? Perhaps *she had been all along*—just shifting from one to another of them, as any medium. Mr. Gupta's Inner Self cannot take offence at this suggestion. It cannot take offence at all. Besides, for one in Mrs. Besant's position, *all extraneous* influence may be termed 'evil,' *i.e., out of place.* One subject to extraneous personal influences is, conversely, 'out of place,' in such a position as that of President of the Catholic T.S. and Director of Souls to its Esoteric 'Inner Heart.' The former position requires a Free *Conciliator* of the highest type. As for the latter, it might as well, in this Atom's humble opinion (whereof more in a subsequent volume) be left unchartered, unlisted and *unnamed,* somewhere 'at the back of beyond.' Then only would the voice of Conscious Silence—which alone has the right—proclaim it truly *Esoteric.* An 'Esoteric Section' officially acknowledged, named, known, indicated, advertised, looked up to and looked

down from, is nothing but a misnamed *exoteric sect*—a fraud, a sham.

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Mr. Gupta and his group finally parted company with Mrs. Besant at the time of Col. Olcott's death. They could not believe that *real* Masters had appeared at the peaceful old campaigner's death-bed, as Mrs. Besant stoutly asserted; that they had reconciled the Colonel with Mr. Leadbeater[1] and had, in spite of all his contrary resolve, ordered him (as that Imperial Lady has it) to nominate Mrs. Annie Besant his successor. Perhaps the Gupta group were right on this point—who knows? Yes, *who* knows?? That is precisely the trouble with Bogeyland—and Bogeydom, its earthly shadow: *one never knows*. An actual fact may serve as nucleus for the most astounding mass of fabrications, while obvious, acknowledged *fancy* may suddenly become infused with potent real life.

The Gupta group's plan (which Mrs. Besant was at one time pledged to support) was to propose for the Presidentship Mr. Bertram Keightley, who might

1. The letter published in *Mrs. Besant and the Alcyone Case* certainly does *not* read like a production of the Colonel's. He was hardly *compos mentis* when he wrote it. How much was genuine, how much suggested by his amanunesis, is probably more than we shall ever know short of tapping the Akâshic Records (and *then*, beware!)

subsequently have resigned on behalf of Mr. Gupta himself. But this was obviously not to be. Mrs. Annie Besant's '*karmas*' have no less a claim to 'be worked out' than Mr. Gupta's, and her *grip* of things is by no means anæmic.

Subsequent events have led me to believe that the advice given by Mr. Gupta to Mr. Leadbeater and others in 1899 or thereabouts[1] may well have had in it a grain or two of genuine gold. *Had Mr. Gupta himself followed it*, and repudiated the psychism of his own admirers, or dissociated himself from them and passed into comparative retirement, he would probably have saved others and himself much trouble. But, as he (or his friend) says in the *Doctrine of the Heart*, it is perhaps best that Karma—however untoward in seeming—'should be worked out[2].'

And it is idle to hanker after 'might have beens.' Endless time and *endless opportunities of doing better* on the basis of our present blunders *lie ahead.* The experience gained by several of us in blundering through this particular *bal masqué* has, most of it, not been assimilated yet.



1. See page 80, above.
2. See above, page 140, footnote.

XXII.

THE OBSERVANT ATOM WONDERS.

The sane and conscientious observer (ahem!) *observes* and records—he does not blame.

He observes the Theosophical Society, he observes Mrs. Annie Besant, he observes Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, he observes the bi-frontal Mr. Gupta and his circle. If he finds mere observation too dry, he may wonder and ponder. Any further descent into emotion would mean refraction, bias, prejudice: his observations would no longer be *true*.

Now the crux of all his wondering, in the study of this curious concatenation of causes, is not:

"Why could not Mr. Leadbeater abstain from this or that irrelevant tomfoolery?"

Nor is it:

"Why couldn't Mrs. Annie Besant practise her own preaching and behave consistently?"

Nor is it:

"Why didn't Mr. Gupta know better than to let his psychic satellite and surrounding tântric clique misrepresent him utterly?"

No, though he does put himself all these questions and more, he *sees* that all these individual *psychics*

(whatever else they may have been besides) *were the victims of their fantastic opportunities*; and he pertinently asks:

" *Who gave* these unstable folk such dangerous opportunities ??"

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To put the dots where they belong, the crux of the observing atom's wondering is:

" What prevents the Members of the Theosophical Society—able-bodied and by no means illiterate citizens of more than twenty-two civilised countries—from realising that their (now) duly Registered Constitution clearly makes *them* responsible for the management or mismanagement of that Society? Why *will* they persist in being led by the nose by endlessly adaptible psychics whom a little clear-headed enquiry would show them to be swayed by unaccountable forces and tendencies, and whom *they wrong* by placing power in their hands as you would wrong a child by putting gunpowder and matches in its hands?

Why *will* they let rampant autocratic Bogeydom be reverently and inconsistently enthroned[1] at the heart

1. The Colonel's officially acknowledging the E.S.T., in 1888, which Mrs. Besant now makes so much of, means nothing more than an experiment—an official act which the next official act might cancel. He emphatically and of his own accord assured me, in 1904, that it was a dismal failure, and that Mrs. Besant's

of their democratic Society—not of drink-besotted slum-dwellers and illiterate labourers (from whom Mrs. Besant would withold the franchise, not without a show of reason) but of picked, enlightened, liberal-minded men and women drawn from twenty-two modern countries, and more[1]?

Are they not bartering their birthright for a mess of pottage?

If they believe their Masters to be nothing less than rational and beneficent Beings, and that those Masters really founded the T. S. through H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott, *what do they think their Masters have given them such a Constitution for? What*

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influence through the E.S.T. made it impossible for him to mend it. Note that I then believed in Mrs. Besant, and took the Colonel to be blindly prejudiced. Mrs. Besant herself has, since, converted me to the Colonel's standpoint of 1904. That was the Colonel before the spinal concussion which crippled him—the Colonel in full possession of his faculties.

1. Surely if democracy can *ever* be expected to begin accomplishing something good for itself, it is in a Society like this—the very antithesis of the 'mob-rule' which Mrs. Besant rightly deprecates. But no, Mrs. Besant uses the 'mob-rule' argument to ban (in perspective) democracy from the promiscuous nations of the world of to-day; and then, in *her own select Society*, while claiming with extraordinary *aplomb* to be the guardian and upholder (!) of its Constitution, she will *in reality* have none of it (see p. 112 above). She makes it a mere outer sham—a booby-trap! She systematically *quashes* all democratic tendency, *instead of training it.* Does she really believe that *all* autocracy serves and holds power from the 'Great White Lodge', and that *all* democracy springs from the grim Brothers of the Shadow? *I wonder.*

do they think their Masters expect of them? Are their Masters *fools* to have placed the tool of such a Constitution in hands that must be sedulously barred from using it? Or *is it they that are fools* to shrink from doing what their Masters obviously expected them to do?

Let every Theosophist understand that he himself is responsible for all the patent madness which this book reveals (there is much more which it does not).

For he himself has voted Mrs. Annie Besant, High-Priestess of Bogeydom by Right Divine, *to the Presidentship of the Theosophical Society*; and *none but he can keep her there. She has no power of herself.*

Whoever, in the Theosophical Society, *blames her* for the muddle that has come to pass, cuts off his own head—myself among the rest.



XXIII.

METAPHYSICAL MEDIUMSHIP.

At the London Headquarters— probably just after one of the last conventions which I attended there (1899 or 1900)—Mrs. Annie Besant gave an exposition of the 'Science of Ethics[1]'— a classification of virtues and vices set off against each other "two by two" like the animals in Noah's Ark, and classed under 'Relations to superiors, relations to equals and relations to inferiors.' This scheme, which evidently fascinated her (to what extent it did so, we shall see by and by) was, she told us, the work of a young Indian Theosophist of great promise, Babu Bhagavan Das, whom see spoke of in the highest terms. The subject in lecture-form was no doubt a bit dry, as all tabulations are. That is probably why it did not leave much of an impression on my mind at the time. I waited for it to appear in book-form as Mrs. Besant said it would.

Previous to that, in 1899, I had read and pondered, with *more than normal interest*[2], a series of delectably

1. What her exact *title* was, I do not now remember. My reference to the *subject* is clear enough. The ethical conception alluded to was subsequently published in book-form under the title '*The Science of the Emotions*,' by Bhagavân Dâs (Theosophical Bookshop), and widely circulated, being prescriped for study to all members of the E. S. T.

2. Whereby I mean that the meditation of those articles was what affected me most profoundly at that time, next to

written articles by 'A Hindu Student' in the London *Theosophical Review*[1]—articles purporting to be faithful though necessarily condensed translations of several sections of the *Yoga Vâsishtha.*

The *Yoga Vâsishtha* may be described as a sort of Vedantic *Purâna*—or 'Collection of Sacred Legends' —comparatively modern in style, but embodying in most poetic language many an ancient tradition. It describes the early Initiation of Rama into Cosmic Wisdom by the Sage Vasishtha, and the priceless teachings that were handed down to him on that occasion.

These *Yoga Vâsishtha* extracts formed my chief interest in life for several months. I would spend day after day in the woods near Brussels, mentally building up my cosmos and myself on lines suggested there. I incidentally learnt that the modest 'Hindu

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Light on the Path, helping to induce conditions of intellectual lucidity most valuable to me—forming part of that deeper experience of 'Theosophy' which I have deliberately reserved for another volume. For my main experience of ecstasy in connection with *Light on the Path*, see *The Making of the Better Man*, pp. 239-254.

1. This was for many years *the* leading Theosophical Magazine (poor Colonel Olcott's *Theosophist* scrambled on as best it could). Founded by H. P. Blavatsky under the title of '*Lucifer*' (really meaning 'the Light-Bearer'), it was subsequently co-edited by Annie Besant and G. R. S. Mead, then by the latter alone. It unfortunately ceased to exist when Mr. Mead left the Society in 1908.

Student' was no other than Babu Bhagavan Das, referred to in the first paragraph of this chapter. I owe him, *on this score*, a debt of gratitude not easy to repay.

I naturally felt somewhat disappointed when these articles, of such momentous import to me, instead of continuing right through and giving me the lucid and uncommonly readable epitome of the whole *Yoga Vasishtha* which I confidently expected, dribbled off after five or six issues and stopped short without excuse.

My disappointment may have been selfish. Nobody else, to my knowledge—barring some whom I personally induced to study them—seems to have taken special interest in these old Legends which affected me so profoundly. They were never republished, quoted[1], mentioned. They were never prescribed for study to members of the E. S. T., as were purely theoretical speculations such as the same Babu Bhagavan Das's *Science of the Emotions*. This shows either that I have an uncommonly lively taste for antiquated trash, or that modern 'Theosophists' are in the main quite incapable of appreciating the Cosmic Theosophy that once had her home in India. The fantastic success

1. I myself have quoted a substantial extract—a quite unique account of the Brotherhood of Primal Teachers of Mankind and the early History of the Race—in my *Gospel of Life*, pp. 68-70.

of Mrs. Besant's well-known later moves seems to show that they far prefer sensational revelations from concrete *people* whom they can have *personal ties with* here and (in perspective) hereafter—not seeing that those personal ties, and the sentiments involved, are precisely the greatest obstacle (nay, are to the normal aspirant an *insurmountable* obstacle) to the clear apprehension of naked Truth, both subjective *and* objective. Hence the Ancient Method of embodying Truth in stories and aphorisms *having no personal relation to the hearer* and *evoking no personal sentiment in him*. There was wisdom in this—a short cut to the Deeper Self through the jungles of the outer, personal self of emotion and impulse, yclept '*Kâma-Manas*' in the good old days of H. P. B. Mrs. Besant's later methods seem on the contrary calculated to raise in the outer self of those she influences such a jungle of *personal* sentiment—hope, fear, attachment resentment, approbativeness and what not—as to mask the Deeper Self past finding. Well might a Master of the Wisdom, if such were at all personally concerned in the launching of the 'Theosophic Ship,' call all this effervescence, as King Arthur did the 'Holy Grail' craze of his day :

'A sign to maim this order which I made.'

[It may seem, on the surface, to be just the other way—that Mrs. Besant is the modern King Arthur

binding knights to herself by vows, and so on —but that is just a little trick the...devil has. He can twist the selfsame snare into the most opposite seeming shapes, to suit the circumstance. The point is that in both cases the routine of impersonal duty to the Race seemed rather dull; and the contrasted thrill of keen *personal emotion* by which the tempter swept his victims off their (mental) feet—whether thro' the call (real or fancied) of the Holy Grail to knights of old or thro' the call (real or fancied) of a personal Coming Christ to present-day Theosophists—is precisely *the same*.]

Well, I lived my disappointment down, as needs must be; but you can easily conceive how eagerly I enquired of Babu Bhagavan Das, on first meeting him at Benares, *when those articles would be resumed*. I could not conceive that work of such value, so admirably done, should be lightly given up once for all.

Babu Bhagavan Das's answer to my enquiry forms a landmark in what may well be termed a whole career of Theosophic disappointment—the disappointment of an earnest Theosophist with the Theosophical Society which he believed (and still believes) to have been intended by Providence (working thro' conscious beneficent Powers—called 'Masters' or by any other name) for the 'bringing home' of essential

Theosophic[1] Ideals to the many unsettled minds of to-day, and the spread of the contagion of Theosophic Life among all actual and potential helpers of the Human Race.

Babu Bhagavan Das's answer (I do not remember his actual words : they are lost in the 'lump' impression produced, in the chilling shock he gave to my keenly expectant mind) gently pooh-poohed the work that had so profoundly affected me. He had, he said, *something far more important* in hand, and had given up the *Yoga Vâsishtha* as childish. Besides, he had come to disagree with some of the doctrines of that book.

The reader who has followed me so far—especially if he has read my *Making of the Better Man* and my latest book on *Tennyson*—will readily understand that I did not care about this doctrine or that in connection with such a book as the *Yoga Vâsishtha*. I was disappointed to find that one whom I had, while pondering old Truths re-framed by him in graceful modern English, fondly conceived as a soul-brother, a companion in paths of Realisation, had been bartering away, not one doctrine for another, but the love of Integral Cosmic Poetry (which he must at one time have felt when he translated those earlier fragments—else could he never have made them live again for me as he did)

1. Theosophic means *Synthetic*—aiming at the *integration* of the Human Race, racial, credal, social, not its disintegration.

for the mess of pottage of metaphysical speculation *and* (to some extent) sensational gratification.

For what *had* happened ?

A mysterious blind young pandit, named Dhanraj, had crossed Mr. Bhagavan Das's path as if by accident. He professed to have had access to whole libraries of lost literary and philosophic treasures, either altogether unwritten—handed down from mouth to ear—or unique Manuscripts carefully secreted by a jealous brotherhood of learned men living in villages of the sub-Himalayan districts, on the borders of Oudh and Nepal. Pandit Dhanraj had, he said, been trained from childhood by certain of these pandits to memorize whole scriptures with the utmost accuracy and he proceeded, after some preliminary dodging, to dictate to Mr. Bhagavan Das and his open-mouthed associates a voluminous ancient Sanskrit Scripture, hitherto hidden from the world, entitled *Pranava-Vâda*—of which a translation (at least of *part*, but even then voluminous) has since been published[1].

Two questions frame themselves :

(1) What harm is there in this ? And (2) May not this *Pranava-Vâda* be a Scripture of the highest value ?

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1. *Pranava-Vâda*, or '*The Science of the Sacred Word.*' Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, &c.

Here are my answers :

(1) No harm whatever, speaking *generally* and . . . . in the air. But *practically* speaking, and *theosophically* (*i. e.*, bearing in mind the religious Integration of the Human Race, which our Second Object[1] aims at), it seems to me almost axiomatic that it is far more important to shew up valuable unsuspected truth and beauty and catholicity awaiting prompt acceptance by whole sections of humanity in Scriptures *already known and reverenced* (however ignorantly), than to unearth new Scriptures for a race already confused by the multiplicity of old ones which it has not learnt to vitally understand and make proper use of.

(2) That is why I cannot spare time to read *Pranava-Vâda* and shall probably die without having ascertained its value, having more work before me with the already accepted books than I can well manage in a lifetime.

Furthermore, a chilling doubt must ever hang about the actual genesis of this *Pranava-Vâda*. This would not matter much were it an already accepted Scripture. Nor would it matter were it a mystic production in some modern language, addressing itself to cosmopolitan mystic students. But for a *Sanskrit* didactic poem claiming to be a *genuine old*

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1. Page 13-14, above.

Scripture, and suing for acceptance *as such* at the hands of orthodox Hindus, an insoluble doubt as to its genuineness *as such* means quite an overwhelming handicap The fact is that Pandit Dhanraj, by Mr. Bhagavan Das's own account, proved himself so wholly unaccountable, so utterly unreliable--going so far as to definitely locate his hidden Scriptures in certain villages which subsequent investigation showed to be non-existent--in short, he showed signs of such a pronouncedly *psychic* temperament that it will always be a moot question whether *Pranava-Vâda* is not purely and simply a modern Spiritualistic production—highly intellectual, no doubt, as one might well expect when the recipient is a scholar of the calibre of Mr. Bhagavan Das.

Mr. Bhagavan Das himself gives us perhaps the best clue—to the real origin of that mysterious book. He tells us how pleasantly surprised he was when subject after subject unfolded itself, in that wonderful book, precisely *on the lines of his own as yet unpublished metaphysical speculations*. Now (1) Mr. Bhagavan Das is a Sanskrit scholar of no mean attainments. (2) I also understand that he is not at all 'psychic'--*i. e.*, for one thing, brings back no memory of dreams and has no consciousness of other contiguous (subliminal) states of existence, *which by no means implies* that dreams, possibly of the most absorbing interest, do not take

place in inner sub-conscious strata of his personality. (3) Current Sanskrit verse (no rhymes, and an abundance of *tags* such as *eva*, *iti*, *hi*, freely used even in the *Bhagavad Gita*) is childishly easy to compose. A well-trained scholar might fluently *improvise* in *shloka*-verse, granted he had any ideas to express at all. (4) Mr. Bhagavan Das had been, a year or two before, translating the *Yoga Vasishtha* with profound zest and thorough concentration, as the quality of that previous work of his attests ; and the *Yoga Vasishtha* is an extraordinary stimulant of vivid subliminal life, undermining all conventional notions, both of time and space, packing ages within seconds and worlds within atoms. What more probable than that some sub-conscious fragment of Mr. Bhagavan Das's personality, quickened by such truly magic pabulum, living as a 'Satya-Yuga' pandit in some subliminal atomic Indian village-paradise[1], has been elegantly versifying his own favourite speculations, the mediumship of Pandit Dhanraj being subsequently used to convey

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1. See my remarks about King Arthur and the magic city of Camelot in '*Tennyson, a Modern Sage*'. I have had under my observation for years an Indian youth who leads a complete double life—a whole existence in a sort of fairyland unfolding itself continuously during the sleep and trance of his physical body. He, being intensely 'psychic,' remembers and can report. Mr. Bhagavan Das, I take it, could not remember ; so his own Fairyland Poem ricochetted into his waking consciousness thro the mediumship of that wonderfully sensitive blind pandit.

them to Mr. Bhagavan Das's impervious waking consciousness ?

I do not say that that *is* so. But when I read Mr. Bhagavan Das's own account in the *Theosophist*[1]— "The Story of a Hidden Book," I think it was entitled, this hypothesis (of sub-conscious authorship with subsequent mediumistic transmission) suggested itself to me as the most plausible which I could hit upon to square with all the facts.

Now it seems to me that there is 'muddle' in all this--a potent centrifugal influence hurling workers at a tangent off the track, or a sly pointsman shunting and 'side-tracking' them all unawares during the night. It seems to me that *Pranava-Vâda* did for Mr. Bhagavan Das—in a minor and more gentle way, of course—what Mr. Leadbeater's rutilant visions have done for Mrs. Annie Besant.

This—together with his ethico-metaphysical treatises: *The Science of the Emotions* and *The Science of Peace*—was evidently the 'far more important' work Mr. Bhagavan Das was now engaged in, which gave his (to me so interesting) antiquated Epitome of the *Yoga-Vasistha* its *quietus*.

I would have preferred to go on with the *Yoga-Vasistha*.

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1. Since incorporated, if I am not mistaken, in the preface of *Pranava-Vada or the Science of the Sacred Word*.

I wish some day to republish those *Yoga-Vasishtha* summaries in book-form, with a few added notes, and, if possible, to complete the task. It will be a labour of love. Whether few or many appreciate it need make no difference.—There will be many more grown-up children in a generation or two, to revel in cosmic Fairy-Tales.

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The link between Mrs. Annie Besant and Mr. Bhagavan Das was for years a very close one. His intellectual acumen made a profound impression upon her, while she obviously stimulated and drew him out to an extent difficult to appreciate—for he was by nature exceedingly shy and retiring.

The amazing result on Mrs. Besant's side has been *a wholesale adoption of Mr. Bhagavan Das's theoretical ethics and metaphysics into her 'Theosophical' work.* All the metaphysical and ethical portions of her books written during the last twelve years or so —especially *A Study in Consciousness, Thought-Power, its Control and Culture,* and the widely-circulated *Sanâtana-Dharma Text-Books,* practically written and compiled by her, and issued under her authority as President of the Central Hindu College Board of Trustees—all these are not Mrs Besant's metaphysics and ethics. They are Babu Bhagavan Das's metaphysics and ethics revamped by Mrs. Annie Besant.

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This is one of the little accidents which helped to widen the gulf between Mrs. Annie Besant and myself. For, tho' I care little about metaphysics in themselves, there are points of contact between metaphysics and ethics—points where metaphysical dogmas become principles of conduct and ideals of life ; and at those points it is indispensable to carefully choose such metaphysical formulation as will appeal to one's highest and best and point the way to further healthy expansion. Metaphysics as an intellectual pastime are not worth quarrelling about, but metaphysical dogmatism as a stimulus to conduct is an important matter of individual responsibility.

Now—while I have the greatest admiration and sympathy for Mr. Bhagavan Das personally, especially since the brave (albeit vain) stand he made, as General Secretary of the T. S. in India, for sober Theosophy against sensational encroachments—I seem to be constitutionally quite impervious to Mr. Bhagavan Das's ethico-metaphysical speculations. I require a different kind of stimulant and must manufacture it for myself (and others of kindred tastes) if I cannot find it ready-made.

This difficulty—*viz.*, the (to me) utter indigestibility of the ethical-*cum*-metaphysical dishes cooked by Mr. Bhagavan Das and served out broadcast to the T. S. and the public at large by Mrs. Annie Besant

drove me at last to attempt a formulation of ethics (with as unobtrusive metaphysics as possible) on the lines that most appeal to me. The first result of that attempt is *The Making of the Better Man*—a very inadequate presentment as it now stands, but open to improvement in subsequent editions.

My first metaphysical objection was (and still *is*) to Mrs. Besant's re-shuffling—under Mr. Bhagavan Das's influence—of the traditional Hindu triad *jñânam, ichchhâ, kriyâ,* 'knowledge, impulse, action' into *ichchhâ, jñânam, kriyâ,* thus making desire, or feeling or impulse, *paramount* over Knowledge, Reason, Truth—deposing at the same time, without further ado, *sat, satyam, Shiva* from their places at the apex of their respective triangles and sustituting *ânandam* and *Vishnu* as primary *Logos*—a veritable dynastic revolution[1], effected on the sly, and which nobody in the T. S. seems to have taken serious notice of, so little cultivated is the virtue of discrimination in this Society of aspirants to a Path of Initiation which requires as first qualification *viveka*.

This constitutes to my mind a metaphysical heresy of the first magnitude, to which I *must* object, as it is not a matter of mere discussion, but a question

1. As momentous as if one were to make the Father proceed from the Son in Christian Theology !

vitally affecting conduct. To substitute desire, feeling, impulse, love (take it at what level you like and call it by any name you like) for Knowledge, Reason, Truth as prime basis for man and God is (for me) to sap the very foundations of morality.

Circumstance, as often happens, brought this 'home' to me with a sudden shock. This is how :

Mr. Bhagavan Das's *Science of the Emotions* duly came out in 1901, 2 or 3[1]. It was, by Mrs. Annie Besant's orders, prescribed for study to all members of the E. S. T. The prescription for all such study was to mark off a small dose—a page or so—for each of five days, and to read slowly and carefully, making notes. On the 6th day one might revise and sum up the whole, the 7th day being the day of the 'group' meeting, when notes might be compared. This is no doubt an excellent system in theory ; but I have never seen it work well in India, because there is no such thing as discriminative criticism in this country—or if there is (there surely is !) it does not happen to be particularly drawn to the T. S. Perhaps the T. S. does not invite it.

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1. I cannot fix the date for certain, and have no books with me to refer to. I know I procured *The Science of the Emotions* while I was at Allahabad, and the years named by me are the years of my sojourn there. It must have been in 1902.

Bogeydom *certainly* does not invite it[1], and Bogeydom controls the T. S.

Well, I started studying the *Science of the Emotions* like a good little boy, jotting down notes on little slips of paper.

I never got beyond page 8 or 10 ! Yes, it could not have been further than the second week that I ran into an ice-barrier hopelessly blocking the way to the Pole. The barrier was a casual-looking reference to " that fundamental nature of the *jîva*, which is Desire-Emotion."

" *Is* the fundamental nature of the *jîva* (human soul) Desire-Emotion ???...Why *not* Perception-Cognition??..." was the last note I jotted down.

My study of Mr. Bhagavan Das's original productions stopped there. No E. S. T. autocracy could make me resume it. I *did* rummage conscientiously (I do not call *that* studying) through the rest of the book to see whether there might not be some sort of a discussion, or at least an apology for this phenomenal introductory assumption. But I found none. It was really waste of time to *study* the rest of a book claiming to be scientific but based on that (to me) quite unwarrantable assumption.

It goes without saying that I did not then put the matter as plainly as I do now. I was intuitively

1. Especially here in India. See page 107, above.

certain that the fundamental nature of *my jiva* was *not* Desire-Emotion, but was willing to admit (without reasoning) that others might possibly be otherwise constituted. Now I have become a fanatic on this point. I am willing to admit that some people may *feel* desire to be the foundation of their nature; but I am quite sure they are mistaken in so feeling. Feeling has swamped their minds. I regard them as heretics, and condemn them to the...hell of æonic deception until they learn to *know* what they fundamentally are. The fact is, they have no business to 'feel' at all in such a matter. Feeling is not meant for that.

That was how I discovered—without quite realising at the time the scope and importance of my discovery—that I must be psychologically built on lines radically different from those which Mrs. Annie Besant evidently feels or assumes as hers. I always worked on the (conscious or subconscious) assumption—the keynote of my *Making of the Better Man*—that my fundamental nature, and everybody else's if they but knew, is knowledge; whereas feeling—Mrs. Besant's assumed foundation—is never more than the horse it rides. Woe betide if the rider abdicates to the horse.[1]

1. When you are lost in a forest, your horse *may* take you safely out if you will let him. Likewise *may* an instinctive impulse, if we give it the rein and cease from mental worrying, lead us out of a quandary in which mental confusion has landed

No wonder Mrs. Besant's feelings, intensely stimulated[1], have run away with her in the Leadbeater-Krishnamurti imbroglio and all that hangs on it.

No wonder even gentle Babu Bhagavan Das's feelings have slightly run away with his keen mind (handicapped by such a doctrine[2]) on seeing himself powerless to hold and check Mrs. Besant in her 'mad career;' so that he cannot smilingly live down his disappointment at seeing her do blatantly with Mr. Leadbeater and his exciting visions what she discreetly did for ten solid years with . . . Babu Bhagavan Das and his ethico-metaphysical speculations.

If you loosen the plug, the human boat is sure to leak. The plug is TRUTH PARAMOUNT[3].

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us. But the rider thus saved on one occasion is not such a fool as to thenceforth abdicate to his horse, shelving his reason once for all. His horse would laugh at him if he did so.

1. *Indriyâni pramâthîni haranti prasabham manah*—" The instrumental powers, intensely stimulated, forcibly run away with the mind. " *Gita*, ii, 60.

2. Perhaps it was, after all, as much Mrs. Besant's as his own tho' she, mother-like, gave him the credit for it. Perhaps it was merely the bastard born of their mental concubinage. Perhaps it will now dissolve and make room for a healthier progeny born of the immortal couple *in him* : *jñânam* and *sarva-bhûta-hita-ratih*—right knowledge and motherly concern for the world's welfare.

3. The main thesis of *The Making of the Better Man.*

Mr. Bhagavan Das, if I remember rightly, tries to justify his assumption by sagely observing that there is no cognition without previous desire to cognize, and that desire therefore precedes cognition and is primary.

To which I must reply that unless there were cognition *there*, all along, preceding, underlying, acknowledging the very desire to cognize, that desire would have no *locus standi*. It would be *non*-existent, unknown (*na vidyate*[1].) It would be *nobody's* desire. Cognition (*jñânam*) is essentially the power to cognize (to cognize desire itself as well as all the experiences and acts to which desire conveys), not the mere specific act of cognition. That power (call it cognisance, if you like— French, *connaissance*) underlies *all* Cosmic Power and Experience (*ichchhâ* and *kriyâ*) *at all points*. You cannot think of anything without implying It.

So, while fully admitting, with Babu Bhagavan Das, that the act of cognition is preceded by the desire to cognise, I must further admit that the desire to cognise is preceded and governed by the power to cognise. That primary all-implicit power (and not the mere act or circumstance of cognition) is essential *nam* or Knowledge.

1. In Sanskrit, 'to exist' and 'to be known' are synonyms.

To bring this down to concrete instances if you find the broader issues vague : I read a book and become cognisant of the contents. Mr. B. D. rightly says that the *desire* to know which prompted me to read took precedence of my becoming cognisant.

I need only to add that I could never have desired to read the book had I not been *aware* of there being a book on such and such a subject for me to read. Desire to cognise no doubt takes precedence of a specific act of cognition. That is merely *ichchhâ* taking precedence of *kriyâ*. But latent cognisance, (which is *jñânam* in essence) invariably takes precedence of *ichchhâ* or the desire to cognise.

From *potential* or essential cognisance through desire and act to *actual* cognition. Thus is the circle rounded out. It begins and ends in Knowledge, not Desire.

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N. B.—The title of this chapter is admittedly ambiguous. It alludes to the potent spell of metaphysical mediumship by which that uncanny blind pandit 'enchanted ' Mr. Bhagavan Das. It also, and mainly, alludes to the strange and little-known metaphysical mediumship of Mrs. Annie Besant, supposedly gifted with the highest spiritual intuition and directly instructed, moreover, by her supernal Master, Mahatma Morya ; the while she is really all along

dealing out at second-hand to her devoutly devouring readers the purely intellectual speculations of Babu Bhagavan Das—whom she must of course declare to be anything but a Master.

Note that no shadow of blame attaches to Mrs. Besant in this connection. She made no secret of those theories being Mr. Bhagavan Das's, and advertised them (*as his*) for all they were worth, and more; while at the same time freely using them in her own compilations. Their co-operation was absolutely aboveboard, and such as any two students might profitably indulge in, for joint work between congenial temperaments increases the productivity of both parties and enhances the value of their output. It is a marvellous vital stimulant. It might, in their case, had ambition and the craving for novelty been held in leash, have led to results of the highest moment, for these two precisely counterbalanced each other. His sober discursiveness coupled with her flashing brilliancy; his retiring shyness with her oratorical *aplomb*; his appeal to the intellect with her potent appeal to the emotions--these would have made them a tremendous power for good, had they not been (to my mind) shipwrecked on the deadly shoal of irreverence towards the earliest accepted Scriptures[1]. As mentioned above[2], I believe the *Yoga Vasishtha*

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1 See, further, my remarks about the *Science of Peace.*

2 Or rather *implied*—but I think I did hear something to that effect.

articles were thoroughly revised by her. They are certainly more concise and *vivid* than anything Mr. Bhagavan Das has written by himself. I wonder which of the two played Eve to the other's Adam, and let in the high-nosed Demon of 'originality' to play havoc with the grand work they might have done in hallowed Scripture-Fields ?

I wish to goodness Mr. Bhagavan Das could wipe fifteen years off the slate, go back to the *mood* (that is the main thing) in which he first studied and epitomised the *Yoga-Vasishtha*, complete the task *and push on*. All old traditions want overhauling in the scientific spirit of Precision, the spirit of Truth ; they must be brought under the business-like Rule of conciseness, infused with modern vital *vim*. Ever-new, ageless treasures of practical Wisdom will be found hidden under the rubbish heaped up through sentimental, loose-minded generations. It was not for nothing that the Greatest, in prehistoric ages, called himself *Sanat-Kumâra*, "the Everlasting Youth." If Mr. Bhagavan Das cannot do without co-operation, and Mrs. Besant is 'too far gone' (one never knows) to retrace her steps in this life, some other may be found to help. While there is life there is hope.

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While dealing with Babu Bhagavan Das, I must make brief mention of his other books.

I. *The Science of Peace,* which appeared two or three years after *The Science of the Emotions,* contains the pith of Mr. Bhagavan Das's Gospel, so whole-heartedly adopted by Mrs. Annie Besant. I never properly read it. It was enough for me to gather, from Mrs. Besant's widely-circulated commendatory synopsis[1], that the crux of the whole book is self-realisation through a negative *mantra* or formula : *aham etanna = aham etat na,* " I that (am) not." Now this formula spontaneously jars on me and is rejected from vital depths past mere cerebral reasoning—depths beyond which lies the Reason of all things. My formula is " yes," not " no." I absolutely cannot *meditate* a negative. I must be made like that : I can't help it.

What made me all the more decidedly reject this teaching was that the book claims *to improve upon and supersede* the oldest positive Wisdom-Logia such as *so 'ham asmi, tat tvam asi,* " He I am[2]," " That

1 In the *Theosophist* Magazine, if I mistake not.

2. I purposely preserve the Sanskrit order here though it may sound barbarous. For the usual translation " I am He " is utterly misleading and dangerous, giving precedence to " I" over " He." The Sanskrit formula makes one *first* meditate Divine Perfection (" He "), raising one's consciousness to the highest attainable pitch ; then, by an effort of the will, imaginatively merges all the rest of oneself in that, conforms one's self to that. It is thus essentially progressive. " I am He " would tend to swell the extant " I " to fancied cosmic proportions, leading to spirtual megalomania of the most dangerous type. See in

thou art." Surely we must have something of Mrs. Besant's megalomania in this notion of 'going one better' than the Authors of the Upanishads. I know this (in its general sense) is an attitude fostered by modern science. Well, I am dead against it, outrageously progressive though I may seem to some. I am conservative on that point—a stickler for the status of the Great Ancients[1]. We (present-day Theosophical Leaders, 'Threshold of Divinity' and all —nay, Mahatmas of the latest batch or two comfortably included) are merest pigmies—puling cosmic babies (of foolishness, not innocence)--compared to those who gave the *Gita* and the *Upanishads.*

Mr. Bhagavan Das, with his characteristic caution, kept the whole book in proof for some considerable time, and sent interleaved copies for approval or criticism to many scholars of repute. I was at the time the guest of one of these—a widely-honoured ancient light of Upper India, and a lifelong student of the *Yoga Vasishtha.* He just grinned when I asked him what he thought of the *Science of Peace.* "What

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the next chapter my experience in relation to *aham brahma asmi* —a Sanskrit mantra which presents the same dangers as the English "I am He."

1. Not *all* Ancients, of course, but *some* in whom I sense our own future already past and done with—Sages of a riper race than ours, gone since, as some believe ; or perhaps waiting observant in the background, ready to interfere in time when we (Mahatmas included) get too hopelessly muddled.

I most object to," he said, " is the title of the book; for I find in it neither science nor peace." That was the only comment I heard from him. It probably did not reach Babu Bhagavan Das...till now: Indians are proverbially polite.

II. *The Science of Social Organisation*, or *the Laws of Manu in the Light of Theosophy.*

This is the slightly expanded book-presentment of the highly interesting (albeit somewhat inaudible) Convention Lectures which Mr. Bhagavan Das delivered, or rather *read* at Benares in December 1909.

Here we find Mr. Bhagavan Das in a better mood once more—less 'original,' but infinitely sounder. *This* is a book that deserves to live, though it perhaps lacks *terseness*, especially in the translated verses. It was a pleasure for me to see this book on Theosophical lines by a Theosophist closely studied and warmly commended in the Arya Samaj Gurukula[1] at Hardwar. This tends to show that the so-called 'enemies of Theosophy' are sometimes not enemies at all at bottom. I trust many of them are shrewd bargainers come to market for better things, who want the genuine article and will not be loaded with counterfeit trash, no matter how glibly advertised.

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1. A highly interesting residential College on Vedic lines, of which more hereafter.

If only Theosophy would make up its mind to *be* ......THEOSOPHY, and not weird phenomenalism, or lifeless symbolism, or neo-metaphysical faddism, or (in its latest developments) sensational psycho-religious revivalism !

A mad world, this, my Brothers !

III. I was forgetting—but a catalogue reminds me—to mention the little-known but momentous fact that Mrs. Besant's translation of the *Bhagavad Gita*—the most widely circulated one in the whole world, especially (thanks to Mr. G. A. Natesan[1]) in India—is not, really speaking, Mrs. Annie Besant's, but Mr. Bhagavan Das's (with a few suggestions from one or two other Hindu friends), published to the world through Mrs. Annie Besant's reverberating...*medium-ship*. For there exists, besides the well-known cheap edition, a *joint translation* of the Bhagavad-Gita, professedly "by Annie Besant and Bhagavan Das" (Price Two Rupees) which differs in no essential from the more popular one save in having a Preface dealing with Sanskrit Grammar, and a word-for-word analysis, both the unmixed product of Mr. Bhagavan Das's scholarship. Of course they read the *Gita*

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1. A Madras publisher who brought out about 100,000 copies of Mrs. Besant's translation, with the Sanskrit text, at two annas (2*d*.) a copy.

together, and she suggested the English sentences, checked, as to meaning, by him. Mighty little indeed could she have done without him. All question of scholarship apart, she simply *had no time* for *independent* Sanskrit study.

XXIV.

MILK FROM ANCIENT WISDOM-TEATS.

It was at Benares in 1901 that I first began to read Sanskrit. Curiously enough, a few words of *archaic* Sanskrit, including the (now) ungrammatical form *brahmam*[1], entered into the composition of one of my most intense dream-experiences of 1898, reserved for a later volume. I was otherwise till then quite innocent of Sanskrit, and confined to translations in my attempts at communion with the Ancient East.

My first concrete attempt, at Benares in 1901, consisted in asking my friend Chandra for the Sanskrit words, which I carefully transliterated, of *Bhagavad Gita*, ix, 26-28——verses which seemed to strike the keynote of my spiritual experience of those days. Here they are, as I have since then endeavoured to translate them into metre akin to the original :

Leaf, bloom, fruit, water, vow'd to Me
By one with heart of selfless Love,

1. I knew nothing then as to its rightness or wrongness. A Sanskrit-knowing friend, consulted, simply told me it was wrong. Ten years later I found it twice repeated in the *Shvetâshvataropanishad* : *brahmam etat* (*Shvo.* i, 9, 12). Max Muller says it is an archaic Vedic form. What I got in my dream was, mainly, a variant of the well-known mantra *aham brahmâsmi* in the form *brahmam asmi*. The *Shvetashvatara Upanishad* may not be very old, but it contains a number of Vedic quotations.

As priceless Love-Gift welcome I
  From soul that ventures forth at-One[1].

Whate'er thy deed, whate'er thy food,
  Whate'er thy Sacrifice, thy alms,
Whate'er thy mystic toil, O Friend,
  Make *that* a gift of Love to Me.

Thus shalt thou cease to be the slave
  Of deed-wrought bonds, or good or ill :
By selfless labour SELF-at-one'd,
  Delivered, thou shalt come to Me.

*   *   *   *   *

Meanwhile Mr. Gupta—the Ordainer of Destinies—having apparently no further use for me, proposed that I should be disposed of as tutor to the young son of a friend of his at Allahabad. Mrs. Besant conveyed the Great One's wish to me, and off I went.

Sanskrit absorbed practically the whole of my leisure at Allahabad. My method was quite unconventional. I engaged no ' pandit, ' but plunged *in medias res* at once, and started struggling with the Sanskrit wording of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, verse after verse.

Of course I took help by the way, and was thankful. My pupil, who could read *Devanâgari* characters[2],

1. See *Sannyasa*, pp. 32-34 for the meaning of *pra-yata-âtmâ*

2. The usual Sanskrit characters, which the Hindi vernacular also uses, so that all literate children know it.

helped me to decipher. Babu Sris Chandra Basu, —a first-rate Sanskrit Scholar and a brother Theosophist—who was then Munsiff (a Judicial Office) at Allahabad, gave me a rough word-for-word of the Second Chapter. This helped me enormously. I slowly copied out item after item, learning to scrawl out the original Sanskrit characters and gradually dispensing with transliteration. Then I bought Apte's [1] Sanskrit-English Dictionary and began to use it; also the great Iswar Chandra Vidyasagara's diminutive (but amazingly informing) Sanskrit Grammar.

Remember that my object was not to "learn Sanskrit," but to *get at* the meaning of verse after verse of the *Gita* and the *Upanishads* by study and meditation —a sort of intellectual disembowelling and intuitional penetration combined. I was glad to spend days on a single verse.

After a year or so I found myself able to unravel new verses without outside help, using the dictionary and grammar. I found that by carefully tabulating the root-etymology (where available) and *various* relevant meanings of each important word, which the dictionary supplied, and then meditating the whole verse in connection with previous and subsequent

1. Vaman Shivram Apte, a first-rate Sanskrit scholar, who was for years principal of Fergusson College, Poona. His dictionary is the cheapest and best available.

ones, I was often able to get at meanings that seemed to me both more consistent and more *vital* than those given by previous translators or by learned but very busy friends who obviously could not focus so much concentrated attention on single words and verses as I found time to do[1].

Then I destroyed all I had laboriously copied from others, put back on the shelf, without compunction, the translations that had so obligingly helped me up to this point, and *started afresh.*

It took me more than three years to grope my way through the 700 verses of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, making an elaborate word for word translation with various alternative meanings. Side by side with the later chapters of the *Gita* I began a similar disembowelling of the principal *Upanishads—Isha*, *Kena*, *Katha*, *Prashna*, *Mundaka*, *Mândûkya*, *Taittirîya*, *Chhândogya* and *Brhadâranyaka.*

By the time the last two were reached some seven years had elapsed, during which I had left Allahabad, spent fifteen months as hermit-crab with a Bengali school for shell, and wandered here and there in

1. I must here thank my pupil—now a full-fledged barrister —who helped me more than he knew by his willingness to work by himself, merely consulting me when he found himself in difficulties. It is to *him* I owe the precious time without which this work could not have been done. His reward consisted in being saved from the usual mental dyspepsia of the tutor-ridden, spoon-fed rich man's son.

Upper India, harboured as guest by one Indian friend after another, sometimes for many months on end. Much work was done in 1907–08 at the house of Babu Daya Nath, Subordinate Judge of Fatehgarh, who unfortunately died since then.

In 1908, at the house of Rao Bahadur Syam Sunderlal, State Minister at Gwalior, I wrote my earlier translation of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, with a few very inadequate notes, now out of print. Till then I had not formulated the translation of a single verse, but had left everything in a condition of disembowelled word-for-word analysis, sifting out meanings subjectively, but refraining from all attempt at English formulation of whole verses.

About the work of those early days, Pandit (now Dr.) Ganga Nath Jha, Professor of Sanskrit in the Allahabad University, author of several translations and collaborator of Dr. Thibaut, wrote, as early as 1908, a complimentary letter published in *The Gospel of Life* Preface, pp. xxxvi-xxxvii and in the pamphlet, "*My Resignation,*" which see. Six years later, in 1914, after taking the chair at a lecture of mine, he again wrote :

Muir Central College,
Allahabad. March 16th, 1914.

Dear Mr. Brooks,

Since I wrote to you last, in connection with your translation of the Bhagavad Gita, I have been watching with considerable interest

your unaided efforts towards acquiring mastery over the Sanskrit language. I have also heard you lecturing on religio-philosophical subjects. I am glad to find that you have succeeded, to an astonishing degree, in acquiring the requisite mastery over Sanskrit. I was, as before, struck specially by your happy renderings of Sanskrit words and expressions into English. It seems you were born to be a fit interpreter of the East to the West. With all my experience in the field of translation work, I have never been able to render Eastern ideas into English half as felicitously as you manage to do. Now that you are free from the thraldom of theosophical officialdom, I hope you will be able to find a suitable place in the West--England or America--where you will be best enabled to fulfil your mission of interpreting the ancient Indian ideals to the best minds of the West.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

(Sd.) GANGANATHA JHA,

Professor of Sanskrit.

Enough of literary biography and 'soft sawder' for the nonce. The one point relevant to my present task is this :

Mrs. Besant's occult perception—clairvoyance, *guru*-ship, *arhat*ship and what not--*saw absolutely nothing in all this.* She once asked me, in those early days, what work I was going to do. She probably expected me to kneel at her feet in heartfelt gratitude and proffer my services unconditionally for life. Unfortunately (or fortunately) certain vivid psychological experiences which came to me in her very house [1] had already

1. And are, as repeatedly stated, reserved for another volume.

retained me, as it were, for service of a different kind. When I answered, "I would like to make a thorough study of the old Vedantic Philosophy," she seemed mildly annoyed, and said, "Oh, *you* couldn't do that in a lifetime." With which I quite agree—only I don't feel I have wasted my time in trying.

I never, in subsequent years, mentioned my studies to her without receiving a cold douche; and, last of all, when I gave the beginning of my *Chhândogya Upanishad* translation (still awaiting publication) to her Press at Adyar, she (consciously or unconsciously) elbowed me out by commandeering all the type for "*Three Years in Tibet*." When people enquire about that unborn translation (of which a notice was printed and circulated with my *Gita*, 1st Edition) I answer, "Read *Three Years in Tibet*," which makes them think I must be rambling. Perhaps I am.

Note.—Some readers may think the last two chapters irrelevant. They are emphatically *not*. The vital doctrine of the *Gita* and the *Upanishads*, my absorption therein and my concentrated work thereon—these were my shield, my psychic-hurricane-proof wind-screen, my sheltering umbrella, my waterproof cloak—use whatever simile you like.

These were the sheet-anchor that kept me from drifting when Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant opened the flood-gates, and the tremendous[1] psychic tide which has carried the whole T.S. off its legs, set in.

The *Gita* and *Upanishads* form a Gospel of Eternal Principle and unfailingly redeeming vital practice. These are perennial, not merely 'ancient.' To the extent that you, friend Reader, can get a hold on them, you will, in future days of crisis, find yourself steadied and will help to steady others too. As I have said elsewhere[2], such studies, and the vital practice born of them, form the surest antidote to psychic infatuation that can be commended to the cultured mind.

To the Great Ones of Old, let us waft a wireless homage. Having transcended Time they are with us even now, if we but care to claim their kinship.

Namah parama-rishibhyah.



1. It did exercise *tremendous* pressure on all who, like myself, were in close personal touch with the movement.

2. *Tennyson*, pp. 80, 134.

APPENDIX I

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1. It did exercise *tremendous* pressure on all who, like myself, were in close personal touch with the movement.

2. *Tennyson*, pp. 80, 134.

APPENDIX I.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

FOUNDED NOV. 17TH, 1875. INCORPORATED APRIL 3RD, 1905.

In the matter of Act XXI of 1860 *of the Acts of the Viceroy and Governor-General of India in Council, being an Act for the Registration of Literary, Scientific and Charitable Societies.*

and

IN THE MATTER OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

MEMORANDUM OF ASSOCIATION

1. The name of the Association is "The Theosophical Society."

2. The objects for which the Society is established are :

I. To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

II. To encourage the study of Comparative Religion, Philosophy, and Science.

III. To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in man.

(*a*) The holding and management of all funds raised for the above objects.

(*b*) The purchase or acquisition on lease or in exchange or on hire or by gift or otherwise, of any real or personal property, and any rights or privileges necessary or convenient for the purpose of the Society.

(*c*) The sale, improvement, management and development of all or any part of the property of the Society.

(*d*) The doing of all such things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them, including the founding and maintenance of a library or libraries.

3. The names, addresses and occupations of the persons who are members of, and form the first General Council, which is the governing body of the Society, are as follows :

GENERAL COUNCIL

Ex-Officio

President-Founder ... H. S. Olcott, Adyar, Madras, Author.
Vice-President ... A. P. Sinnett, London, Eng., Author.
Recording-Secretary ... Hon. Sir S. Subramania Iyer, Madras, Justice of the High Court.
Treasurer ... W. A. English, M.D., Adyar, Madras, Retired Physician.

Alexander Fullerton, General Secretary, American Section, 7, West 8th Street, New York.

Upendra Nath Basu, B.A., LL.B., General Secretary, Indian Section, Benares, U. P.

Bertram Keightley, M.A., Gen. Secretary, British Section, 28, Albemarle Street, London, W.

W. G. John, General Secretary, Australasian Section, 42, Margaret Street, Sydney, N. S. W.

Arvid Knös, General Secretary, Scandinavian Section, Engelbrechtsgatan 7, Stockholm, Sweden.

C. W. Sanders, Gen. Secy., New Zealand Section, Queen Street, Auckland, N. Z.

W. B. Fricke, General Secretary, Netherlands Section, 76, Amsteldijk, Amsterdam.

Th. Pascal, M.D., General Secy., French Section, 59 Avenue de La Bourdonnais, Paris.

Decio Calvari, General Secretary, Italian Section, 380, Corso Umberto I., Rome.

Dr. Rudolf Steiner, General Secretary, German Section, 95 Kaiserallee, Friedenau, Berlin.

José M. Massö, Acting Genl. Secretary, Cuban Section, Havana, Cuba.

Additional

Annie Besant, Benares, Author [for 3 years].

G. R. S. Mead, London, Author [for 3 years].

Khan Bhadur Naoroji Dorabji Khandalavala, Poona, Special Judge [for 3 years].

Dinshaw Jivaji Edal Behram, Surat, Physician [for 2 years].

Francesca E. Arundale, Benares, Author [for 2 yrs].

Tumacherla Ramachandra Row, Gooty, Retired Sub-Judge [for 1 year].

Charles Blech, Paris, France, Retired Manufacturer [for 1 year].

4. Henry Steele Olcott, who, with the late Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, and others, founded the Theosophical Society at New York, United States of America, in the year 1875, shall hold, during his lifetime, the position of President, with the title of 'President-Founder,' and he shall have, alone, the authority and responsibility and shall exercise the functions provided in the Rules and Regulations for the Executive Committee, meetings of which he may call for consultation and advice as he may desire.

5. The income and property of the Society, whencesoever derived, shall be applied solely towards the promotion of the objects of the Society as set forth in this Memorandum of Association, and no portion thereof shall be paid or transferred directly or indirectly by way of dividends, bonus, or otherwise by way of profits to the persons who at any time are or have been members of the Society or to any of them or to any persons claiming through any of them: Provided that nothing herein contained shall prevent the payment in good faith of remuneration to any officers or servants of the Society or to any member thereof or other person in return for any services rendered to the Society.

6. No member or members of the General Council shall be answerable for any loss arising in the administration or application of the said trust funds or sums of money or for any damage to or deterioration in the said trust premises, unless, such loss, damage or deterioration shall happen by or through his or their wilful default or neglect.

7. If upon the dissolution of the Society, there shall remain after the satisfaction of all its debts and liabilities, any property whatsoever, the same shall not be paid to or distributed among the members of the Society or any of them, but shall be given or transferred to some other Society or Association, Institution, or Institutions, having objects similar to the objects of the Society to be determined by the votes of not less than three-fifths of the members of the Society present personally or by proxy at a meeting called for the purpose, or in default thereof, by such Judge or Court of Law as may have jurisdiction in the matter.

8. A copy of the Rules and Regulations of the said Theosophical Society is filed with this Memorandum of Association, and the undersigned being seven of the members of the Governing Body of the said Society do hereby certify that such copy of such Rules and Regulations of the said Theosophical Society is correct.

As witness our several and respective hands, dated this 3rd day of April, 1905.

Witnesses to the signatures :

W. GLENY KEAGEY ...	H. S. OLCOTT W. A. ENGLISH S. SUBRAMANIAM
ARTHUR RICHARDSON...	FRANCESCA E. ARUNDALE UPENDRANATH BASU
PYARE LAL ...	ANNIE BESANT
PEROZE P. MEHERJEE...	N. D. KHANDALVALA

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF THE ASSOCIATION NAMED THE 'THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,' ADYAR, MADRAS.

1. The General Council, which shall be the Governing Body of the Theosophical Society, shall consist of its President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Recording Secretary and the General Secretary of each of its component National Societies, *ex-officio*, and of not less than five other members of the Society; and not less than seven members of the General Council shall be resident in India, and of these seven there shall be not less than three who shall and three who shall not be natives of India or Ceylon. The Recording Secretary shall be the Secretary of the General Council.

2. The terms of those members of the General Council who hold office *ex-officio* shall expire with the vacation of their qualifying office, while the other members shall be elected for a term of three years, by vote of the General Council at its Annual Meeting; the names of proposed members shall be sent to all members three months before the Annual Meeting. Members retiring shall be eligible for re-election.

3. It shall be competent for the General Council to remove any of its members, or any officer of the Society, by a three-fourths majority of its whole number of members, at a special meeting called for the purpose, of which at least three months' notice shall have been given; the quorum consisting, however, of not less than five members.

4. The General Council shall ordinarily meet once a year, at the time of the Annual Meeting or Convention of the Society: but a special meeting may be called at any time by the President, and shall be called at any time by him, or if not by him, by the Recording Secretary, on the written requisition of not less than five members; but of such special meetings not less than three months' notice shall be given, and the notice shall contain a statement of the special business to be laid before the meeting.

5. At all meetings of the General Council, members thereof may vote in person, or in writing, or by proxy.

6. The quorum of an ordinary as well as of a special meeting of the General Council shall be five. If there be no quorum, the meetings may be adjourned *sine die*, or the Chairman of the meeting may adjourn it to another date of which three months' further notice shall be given, when the business of the meeting shall be disposed of, irrespective of whether there is a quorum present or not.

7. The President, or in his absence the Vice-President, of the Society, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or of the General Council, and shall have a casting vote in the case of an equal division of the members voting on any question before the meeting.

8. In the absence of the President and Vice-President, the meeting shall elect a Chairman from among the members present at the meeting, and he shall have a casting vote in the case of a tie.

9. The term of office of the President shall be seven years.

10. Six months before the expiration of a President's term of office his successor shall be nominated by the General Council, at a meeting to be held by them, and the nomination shall be communicated to the General Secretaries and to the Recording Secretary. Each General Secretary shall take the votes of the individual members of his National Society on the list of members forwarded to Adyar in the preceding November, and shall communicate the result to the Recording Secretary, who shall take those of the Lodges and Fellows-at-large attached to Adyar. A majority of two-thirds of the recorded votes shall be necessary for election.

11. The President shall nominate the Vice-President, subject to confirmation by the General Council, and his term of office shall expire upon the election of a new President.

12. The President shall appoint the Treasurer, the Recording Secretary and such subordinate officials as he may find necessary; which appointments shall take effect from their dates, and shall continue to be valid unless rejected by a majority vote of the whole number of members of the Executive Committee, voting in person or by proxy, at its next succeeding meeting, the newly appointed Treasurer or Recording Secretary not being present, nor counting as a member of the Executive Committee for the purposes of such vote.

13. The Treasurer, Recording Secretary and subordinate officials, being assistants to the President in his capacity as Executive Officer of the General Council, the President shall have the authority to remove any appointee of his own to such offices.

14. The General Council shall at each Annual Meeting appoint an Executive Committee for the ensuing year, of whom at least two-thirds shall be members of the Council, and it shall consist of seven members, all residents of India, including the President as *ex-officio* Chairman, the Vice-President when resident in Madras, the Treasurer, and the Recording Secretary as *ex-officio* Secretary of the Committee, and three of the members of such Committee shall and three shall not be natives of India or Ceylon.

15. The Executive Committee shall, as far as convenient, meet once every three months for the audit of accounts and the despatch of any other business. A special meeting may be called by the Chairman whenever he thinks fit, and such meeting shall be called by him, or if not by him, by the Recording Secretary when he is required to do so by not less than three members of the Committee, who shall state to him in writing the business for which they wish the meeting to assemble.

16. At a meeting of the Executive Committee, three members shall constitute a quorum.

17. The Committee shall, in the absence of the Chairman or Vice-Chairman, elect a Chairman to preside over the meeting ; and in case of equality of votes the Chairman for the time being shall have a casting vote.

18. The President shall be the custodian of all the archives and records of the Society, and shall be the Executive Officer and shall conduct and direct the business of the Society in compliance with its rules ; he shall be empowered to make temporary appointments and to fill provisionally all vacancies that occur in the offices of the Society, and shall have discretionary powers in all matters not specifically provided for in these Rules.

19. All subscriptions, donations and other moneys payable to the Association shall be received by the President, or the Treasurer, or the Recording Secretary, the receipt of either of whom in writing shall be a sufficient discharge for the same.

20. The securities and uninvested funds of the Society shall be deposited in the Bank of Madras ; and in countries outside of India, in such Banks as the President shall select. Cheques drawn against the funds shall be signed by the President or by the Treasurer of the Society.

21. The funds of the Society not required for current expenses may be invested by the President, with the advice and consent of the Executive Committee, in Government or other Public securities, or in the purchase of immovable property or First Mortgages on such property, and with like advice and consent he may sell, mortgage or otherwise transfer the same, provided, however, that nothing herein contained shall apply to the property at Adyar, Madras, known as the Headquarters of the Society.

22. Documents and conveyances, in respect of the transfer of property belonging to the Society, shall bear the signature of the President and of the Recording Secretary, and shall have affixed to them the Seal of the Society.

23. The Society may sue and be sued in the name of the President.

24. The Recording Secretary may, with the authority of the President, affix the Seal of the Society to all instruments requiring to be sealed, and all such instruments shall be signed by the President and by the Recording Secretary.

25. On the death or resignation of the President, the Vice-President shall perform the duties of President, until a successor takes office.

HEADQUARTERS.

26. The Headquarters of the Society are established at Adyar, Madras, and are outside the jurisdiction of the Indian Section.

27. The President shall have full power and discretion to permit to any person the use of any portion of the Headquarters' premises for occupation and residence, on such terms as the President may lay down, or to refuse permission so to occupy or reside. Any person occupying or residing under the permission granted by the President shall, on a fortnight's notice given by or on behalf of the President, unconditionally quit the premises before the expiry of that period.

ORGANISATION.

28. Every application for membership in the Society must be made on an authorised form, and must, whenever possible, be endorsed by two Fellows and signed by the applicant ; but no persons under the age of twenty-one years shall be admitted without the consent of their guardians.

29. Admission to membership may be obtained through the President of a Lodge, the General Secretary of a National Society or through the Recording Secretary ; and a Diploma of membership shall be issued to the Fellow, bearing the signature of the President, and countersigned by the General Secretary, where the applicant resides within the territory of a National Society.

30. Lodges and unattached Fellows residing within the territory of a National Society must belong to that National Society, unless coming under Rule 31.

31. When a Lodge or an individual Fellow is, for any serious and weighty reason, desirous of leaving the National Society, to which it, or he, belongs, but is not desirous of leaving the Theosophical Society, Such Lodge or individual Fellow may become directly attached to Headquarters, severing all connection with the National Society, provided that the President, after due consultation with the General Secretary of the said National Society, shall sanction the transfer. This should equally apply in the case of the admission of any new member, and due consultation with the General Secretary of the National Society in which that new member is residing should always precede any decision for his admission.

32. Lodges or Fellows-at-large, in countries where no National Society exists, must apply for their Charters or Diplomas directly to the Recording Secretary and may not, without the sanction of the President, belong to National Societies within the territorial limits of which they are not situated or resident.

33. Any seven Fellows, in a country where no National Society exists, may apply to be chartered as a Lodge, the application to be forwarded to the President of the Society through the Recording Secretary.

34. The President shall have authority to grant or refuse applications for Charters, which, if issued, must bear his signature, and that of the Recording Secretary and the Seal of the Society, and be recorded at the Headquarters of the Society.

35. A National Society may be formed by the President, upon the application of seven or more chartered Lodges.

36. All Charters of National Societies or Lodges and all Diplomas of membership derive their authority from the President, acting as Executive Officer of the General Council of the Society, and may be cancelled by the same authority.

37. Each Lodge and National Society shall have the power of making its own Rules, provided they do not conflict with the Rules of the Theosophicai Society, and the rules shall become valid unless their confirmation be refused by the President.

38. Every National Society must appoint a General Secretary, who shall be the channel of official communication between the General Council and the National Society.

39. The General Secretary of each National Society shall forward to the President, annually, not later than the first day of

November, a report of the year's work of his Society, and at any time furnish any further information the President or General Council may desire.

40. National Societies, hitherto known as Sections, which have been incorporated under the name of "The . . . . . Section of the T. S.", before the year 1908, may retain that name in their respective countries, in order not to interfere with the incorporation already existing, but shall be included under the name of National Societies, for all purposes in these Rules and Regulations.

Finance

41. The fees payable to the General Treasury by Lodges not comprised within the limits of any National Society are as follows : For Charter, £ 1 ; for each Diploma of Membership 5*s.* ; for the Annual Subscription of each Fellow, 5*s.*, or equivalents.

42. Fellows-at-large not belonging to any Lodge shall pay the usual 5*s.* Entrance Fee, and an Annual Subscription of £ 1, to the General Treasury.

43. Each National Society shall pay into the General Treasury 8*d.* (or its equivalent) for every active member on its rolls, and shall remit the same to the Treasurer on or before the first day of November of the current year.

44. In the event of the withdrawal from the Theosophical Society of any National Society or Lodge thereof, its constituent Charter granted by the President shall, *ipso facto*, lapse and become forfeited, and all property, including Charters, Diplomas, Seal, Records and other papers, pertaining to the Society, belonging to or in the custody of such National Society or Lodge, shall vest in the Society and shall be delivered up to the President in its behalf ; and such National Society or Lodge shall not be entitled to continue to use the name, motto, or Seal of the Society. Provided, nevertheless, that the President shall be empowered to revive and transfer the said Charter of the seceding National Society or Lodge to such non-seceding Lodges and Fellows as in his judgment shall seem best for the interests of the Society.

45. The financial accounts of the Society shall be audited annually by qualified Auditors who shall be appointed by the General Council at each Annual Meeting for the ensuing year.

Meetings.

46. The Annual General Meeting or Convention of the Society shall be held at Adyar and Benares alternately in the month of December.

47. That at least once in every seven years a World Convention of the Theosophical Society shall be held out of India, beginning with one in Europe at a place and date to be fixed by the General Council, but so as not to interfere with the Annual Convention in India.

48. The President shall have the power to convene special meetings of the Society at his discretion.

Revision.

49. The General Council, after at least three months' notice has been given to each member of said Council, may, by a three-fourths vote of their whole number, in person, in writing, or by proxy, make, alter or repeal the Rules and Regulations of the Society, in such manner as it may deem expedient.



APPENDIX II.

CONCERNING SOME LATER DEVELOPMENTS.

I.

"A SOBER ACCOUNT OF THE J. K. CULT."

Written in the summer of 1912.

Reprinted from the *Vedic Magazine* for *Shravan*, 1969 (Hindu Era) and carefully revised, April 1914.

N. B.—" L." stands for ' Leadbeater,' " A. B." for Annie Besant.

[The author of this sketch is by no means hostile. He may at best be described as somewhat unsentimental, having seen a good many sincere undertakings frustrated through what seems to him a lack of discrimination. He is earnestly desirous of seeing real good done to this suffering world, no matter by whom and in whose name.]

ESSENTIAL POSTULATES, WHETHER YOU BELIEVE OR NOT : Mr. L. and Mrs. B. are "clairvoyant" and can pursue investigations by this means to their entire satisfaction. The comparative reliability of what they see remains of course a matter of opinion.

Amongst other things, they see the world governed, behind the veil, by an organised Hierarchy of Sages, one of whom is the ' Bodhisattva', or ' Jagadguru', or 'Christ', who incarnates whenever the world is in need

of a new religious dispensation. This 'Incarnation' would seem usually to consist in the taking possession, for a few years of active worldly work, of a body surrendered to him by a willling disciple[1].

I

In the spring and summer of 1909, several children assemble round Mr. L. at Adyar[2]. They bathe and play with him and others in the surf and on the Beach. Among these are J. Krishnamurti and little Nityananda,[3] the second and third sons of Mr. G. Narayanaiyah, a retired Tahsildar, appointed by Mrs. B. to various functions at Adyar, most important of all, the Corresponding Secretaryship of the E. S. T.—a confidential post carrying with it considerable influence.

II

A few months later J. K. and N. have drifted into greater intimacy with Mr. L., who bethinks himself of "looking up" their past lives. He is startled at what he finds in J. K.'s case. He claims to see a past of remarkable unselfishness and service stretching back as far as his *âkâshic* eye can reach, and several incidents reveal to him the promise of very great things in the near future. He begins teaching the boy, who

1. Note that this is, in Sanskrit, called *âvesha*, not *avatâra*.

2. Mr. L. was by no means passive, but rather went out of his way to invite them. When he first saw J. K. and N., they were the central figures in N.'s 'Sacred thread' ceremony. The second time they were *bathing* in a tank.

3. Only a year or two younger, but much smaller in stature than his slim brother.

proves extremely reasonable, though a bit 'slow' at mere lessons, but responds admirably where spiritual and psychic matters are concerned[1]. This occult tuition is in full swing at Adyar when the T. S. Convention meets at Benares at Xmas, 1909.

III

Thus in January 1910, while all is quiet at Adyar, J. K. is said to undergo a process of mystic Initiation. During several days, his body lies in a state of trance, while his consciousness is raised to higher planes, and merged in at-one-ment with the Good of all[2]—at least I hope so.

Preparatory to this, during a series of nights, he has had visions of his Master[3], who has given him the carefully worded instructions published under the title, "*At the Feet of the Master.*" Of these he merely claims to be the scribe (with at most a little formal assistance from Mr. L.)—not the author.

IV.

Mrs. B., who has been kept informed by enthusiastic letters from Mr. L., returns to Adyar and joins

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1. At least such is the notion sedulously fostered among the members. The *real facts* are quite beyond me.

2. You see I am doing my 'level best' to take it all quite seriously.

3. This is said to be Master 'K. H.' But it is quite possible that the Master may have spoken 'through' that 'most trusted of His disciples,' Mr. C. W. Leadbeater.

Mr. L. in carefully investigating the boy's past lives[1]. Mrs. B. usually exercises this gift only when in contact with Mr. L. But *one* life—the tenth, in which the whole Hierarchy appears—is said to have been seen and recorded by Mrs. B. alone. The somewhat theatrical character of that particular life may be noted.

Mrs. B. and Mr. L. now find themselves commissioned by the Cosmic Hierarchy to keep watch and ward over J. K. and his inseparable companion of many lives, Nityananda. They are to train the body of the Chosen One for the Great Task that awaits it. A mission fraught with difficulties not a few: for the boys' father is an irascible man[2], with peculiarities of temperament which make his former acquaintances somewhat sceptical as to the possibility of the boy's high spiritual status—a struggle, evidently, between the modern influence of Darwin and subconscious reminiscences of the hoary myth of *Prahlâda*. This modern St. Joseph proves fractious at times, especially when influenced by orthodox relations[3] of the well-known

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1. See 'Lives of Alcyone,' in the *Theosophist*, 1910-1911. 'Alcyone' is merely a label name for the soul now incarnate as J. K.—nothing mysterious. The '*Lives*' are soon expected to appear in book form.

2. Personal acquaintance has since shown him to be a very harmless Indian gentleman, easily excitable, easily won over and quite incapable of the dark profundity required in an opponent and persecutor of the Coming Christ. He was absolutely under Mr. B.'s spell and had an awful struggle to get free.

3. I have since discovered this to be a groundless imputation. Mr. Narayaniah is emerging from a period of sore trial with remarkable good humour. His relations had nothing to do

South Indian type. On the other hand, the idea of his son's elevation to a giddy pinnacle is not without its appeal—it is not given to all to be the father of a Bodhisattva's body. Finally, after many fluctuations, he consents to make over the two boys to Mrs. B.'s *exclusive* guardianship. Under no pretext are they to be left in anyone else's charge.

V.

Meanwhile rumours about the Boy are more or less systematically leaking out, and many a Theosophist is given to understand that he is intended to play in the near future a part similar to that played by the disciple Jesus in Mrs. B.'s account of the Christ Incarnation[1]. Mrs B. occasionally reminds people that she has actually said nothing of the sort. Neither has she denied it. When pressed, she has been known to say that as many as six different vehicles are being prepared. But she evidently intends to spare no effort to make her particular charge win the race for the Vase-of-Electionship this time. In her lectures, since 1908 or thereabouts, she has been more and more freely

with it. They believed at the time that the boy had been *bought* from his father for Rs. 30,000 and considered the case past remedying. Mrs. Besant, I am informed, was well aware of this.

As for Mr. Narayaniah's fractiousness, it is only 'unaccountable' for who insists, with Mrs. Besant, in installing Mr. Leadbeater on that 'Threshold of Divinity,' effulgent with astral whitewash, whence no harm can possibly come. The *exclusive* delegation of guardianship is clear enough.

1. See *Esoteric Christanity*.

speaking of the impending return of the Great Lord Maitreya, the Bodhisattva, the Jagadguru, the Christ[1], and drawing attention to the coincidence of expectation in many quarters, both East and West.

VI.

The Convention reassembles at Adyar in December 1910. Mrs. B. begins her Presidential Report with a sensational reference to J. K.'s Initiation at the beginning of the year. In her concluding lecture, she already " hears the rumbling of the chariot-wheels of the Expected One rousing echoes in dim Himalayan gorges, "... or words very much to that effect.

J. K., poor boy, becomes a pageant figure-head. He is the central figure in processions. He has a body-guard with purple scarves, and can scarcely move without an escort.

Mr. Arundale—and other chips of seasoned timber—catch fire, and vow their lives to the service of the future Saviour's *vâhana*. It is rumoured that the Mighty Presence already overshadows the Boy at times. Small blame to those who worship his feet when they get a chance.

VII.

Soon after, Mrs. B.—with a large party, including Mr. L. and the boys, and a number of European Theosophists—leaves, first for Burma, then for England, after a stay at Benares. Mr. Blech, the sympathetic

1. See *The Changing World* [1908] and other lectures.

Secretary of the T. S. in France, reports, with a shade of anxiety, an incident which he witnessed at Benares at this time. A difference between a student and a professor of the College is reported to Mr. G. S. Arundale, the Principal, who decides in favour of the professor. The student immediately declares that what was wrong for him before is now right. On being asked "Why?" he answers, "Because *you say so*, Sir."

As may well be expected, a strong subsidiary vortex developes round Mr. Arundale in Benares while Mrs. B. and her charges are abroad. Lifelong vows are rashly taken, and the "*Order of the Rising Sun*" is ushered into birth without Mrs. B.'s sanction.

On her return Mrs. B., apparently afraid of excessive enthusiasms when not controlled by her, disavows this attempt, but is ultimately induced to reorganise it under a new and perhaps less provocative title, when it becomes the "*Order of the Star in the East*"—"O. S. E." for short. This has for object to "prepare the way for the Coming of the Expected One," *i. e.*, to canvas sentimental opinion in His favour all the world over. But the *official* object is to unite together all who are willing to believe in the near coming of *a* Great Teacher in the broadest sense of the term—without any particulars—and to prepare the world to receive Him by cultivating, and encouraging, the spread of Devotion, Steadfastness, Gentleness, and Reverence for *true*[1] Greatness, in whomsoever shown.

1. See, further, the full statement of objects, and our Remarks thereon.

There is of course an 'inner circle' in which belief in J. K. as destined *vâhana* of the coming Teacher is obviously expected, since this inner degree is only entered by personal invitation "conveyed by the Chief," and a well-behaved ward cannot but consult his guardians in the matter.

VIII.

We now come to the Benares Convention of December, 1911. The O. S. E. is strenuously advertised and creates a *furore*. Several hundreds apply to join. It is casually proposed that the new members shall receive a sort of personal flying investiture at the hands of the Chief (J. K.) who is present—a unique opportunity for many. The T. S. Hall is packed. The members file in order past J. K.., each handing over his certificate, and receving it back from him—a very simple ceremony. As may well be expected, in an assembly where most are Hindus, after a few have filed past sombody prostrates himself. This would have happened, under similar circumstances, in the presence of any person looked upon with religious respect. Once begun, others, who might not have done so spontaneously, are bound to follow suit and perform some sort of obeisance—a matter of instinct in a meeting of that sort, where any demur would be construed as a sign of unweening pride or lack of manners. J. K., by the way, acquits himself well, smilingly extricating his feet from too close embraces, his face and bearing quite free from 'superior airs.'

It goes without saying that the imagination of a few already enthusiastic believers is profoundly affected. Some see visions around the Boy—or *in* him—God knows. Several, previously admitted, having no certificates to hand to him, remove their badges, or what not, for him to handle and return to them. They file past too, prostrating themselves with real fervour, convinced of the uniqueness of the occasion—the starting-point, for them, of a new religious Era in History. Last of all, little Nityananda falls at the feet of his brother, and applause breaks forth. Thus did it happen.

This episode, with the assistance of mysterious hints from Mr. L. and others, soon developes into the apocalyptic pentecostal Holy-Grail-Event described in various Theosophical journals, and in the *Herald of the Star.*[1] But some who were present, and quite sympathetically inclined, too, felt nothing beyond what they might have felt at any meeting in which a good deal of earnest devotion had been poured out. A distinct sense of exhilaration was perceptible at the end.

(Later—1914) Here is an extract from the Rev. Thompson's pamphlet, "*The Theosophy of Mr. Besant,*"

1 A small Quarterly Magazine, "Edited by J. Krishnamurti." May be obtained from the Theosophical Publishing House, Benares and Adyar. Re. 1 per annum.

(Later) It has now developed into a beautiful Monthly Illustrated Magazine, published in London. Agents: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar and Benares.

(obtainable from "*Vyasashrama*," Mylapore, Madras, 2 annas) containing *two* descriptions of the event by her prolific pen, the first exoteric (*Theosophist*, February 1912) the second esoteric—for the disclosure of which we have to thank the Madras Law-Courts.

"As the simple ceremony began, suddenly, the whole atmosphere changed, and great vibrations thrilled through the hall; the slender boyish figure took on a surprising majesty, the line of approaching members was struck by a common impulse, and one after another, old and youug, men and women, Indians and Europeans and Americans, as they reached him, stretched out quivering hands to take back their papers, and bowed their heads at his feet to receive his blessing, while he, serene and with an exquisite smile of welcome to each, bent with hands outstretched in benediction, as simply and as naturally as though naught extraordinary was happenning. What the clairvoyants present saw, this is not the place to tell; but all who were present felt the might ot the power manifested in their midst, and knew that they were facing not a Brahmana merely, but one who, for the time, was the living temple of the Holiest. And we Elder People, who had never dreamed of anything more remarkable than an ordinary giving of certificates, we sat gazing at the astounding spectacle and as we left the hall we felt, as in the ancient story:—'This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.' What shall be the end of a mission thus begun and consecrated?"

Elsewhere, in the esoteric magazine, *The Link*, Mrs. Besant has supplied the missing details of the vision for the benefit of the disciples of the inner circle:—

"What else some saw let me now tell. A great coronet of brilliant shimmering blue appeared a foot or so above the young head and from this descended, funnel-wise, bright streams of

blue light, till they touched the dark hair, entering and flooding the head; the *Lord Maitreya* was there embodying himself in his Chosen. Within the coronet gleamed the crimson of the symbol of the Master Jesus, the 'Rosy Cross' and high in air, wellnigh from the roof, blazed down the dazzling, flashing star which all Intitiates know. Around, guarding the building within, making as it were a living wall, hung the great green Devas, a quadrangle of coruscating light and colour, glorious encircling ranks of beauty and of joy.

" No wonder that felt, though all unseen by most, the influence of the Mighty Presences bowed all who came so near to them in reverent palpitating awe and joy; that young and old, white-headed age and youth, men and women, white and coloured, were all moved by one deep sentiment of wondering delight, and felt themselves verily in a holy place. And we, who sat behind, intent and wondering, we felt as though we were not in the T. S. Hall in Kashi, but in one of those sacred places known to the Brethren alone, where the Holy Ones are seen in their perfect and glorified Manhood.

" And presently all was over and the glory was withdrawn, and we were once more, with dazzled eyes, in the dim light of the fading earthly day. But in our hearts is treasured another memory which cannot fade, a memory which, like Mary of old, we shall ponder over for many a day to come...*Those of you that were present can have no doubt in the future as to the body which is chosen by the Hierarchy for the using of the Lord. You know the mighty influence was felt and the Bodhisattva overshadowed His future Body and made all feel His influence through it.*"

[I personally beg to state that *I know nothing of the sort*, though I *was* present, in a quite sympathetic mood, not without a fitting sense of elation. (I had no diploma to hand in, and sat quiet at the bottom of the hall.) Admitting the perfect accuracy of Mrs. Besant's

description—astral fireworks, green Devas, Star and all—*it does not in the least follow* that any fantastic Astral Lord, even if present on that occasion, is bound to more or less permanently obsess young Krishnamurti's body in the future, keenly tho' he may *wish* to. I may be permitted to say that, as far as I understand a Master, this flinging of people at His feet is the very last thing He will stoop to. I do believe there *was* something unusual, for I have had descriptions of the weird sensations experienced by friends, quite above suspicion, who yielded themselves and were accordingly capsized. Granted the existence of subtle worlds and their denizens, big and small, the only entity capable of producing such impressions on a large scale is an overweeningly personal Deva of the *Jehovah* (in the lowest sense) type, greedy for human worship (they *feed* on it) and willing to *pay for it in kind* by exalting his worshippers in their own estimation and (as far as circumstances permit) in the world besides. Such a one might well be engineering a new sect of his own, unbalanced 'occultists' of the Besant-Leadbeater type, and the whole netful of their confident followers, being but "his lawful occasion"—fit quarry and cattle for stray 'gods' that must live by their wits. But see further.—*F. T. B.*, April 1914.]

IX.

Since then the Cult has spread. Mrs. B.'s avowed support has caused almost all Theosophical workers to become more devoted to this concrete emotional propaganda than to Theosophy and its permanent—but

perhaps all too abstractly-formulated—Ideals. She has a compact body of able men and women—the "E. S."—pledged to her as their *Guru*, bound to forward all her plans for the helping of the world, one of whose chief duties is to control the destinies of the T. S. as far as in their power lies. The groups of fervid devotees, in the centres of the Movement, cannot but feel that they are very much "in it," and take scant trouble to prevent 'mere cold Theosophists' from feeling quite as much "out of it." In short, the fulcrum of the whole Theosophical Movement is being rapidly shifted. Mrs. B. may publicly protest that the Society welcomes all who believe in Universal Brotherhood. Officially this may be so. But there is a welcome which consists in welcoming you, and there is a welcome which consists in telling you that you are welcome......if you care to consider yourself so. The lodges and they that manage them are of course free to throw their whole living sympathy on the side of their revered *Guru* and her personal predilections, while listening complacently to the broad pronouncements of Mrs. A. B. as president of a World-Wide Society duly registered, a few years back, as a Public Body with declared non-sectarian objects.

The only official member of the whole Society who seems hitherto to have done his duty by drawing attention to this very peculiar state of affairs is Mr. Bhagavan Das, General Secretary of the T. S. iu India. He has produced two numbers of the Sectional Magazine

(*Theosophy in India*) surpassing in interest[1] all that has ever been published in that centre before. To these[2] we must refer the reader desirous of further particulars.

NOTES ON THE ABOVE.

(Refer back to the numbers indicated)

III. People mention the authorship of "*At the Feet of the Master*" as proof of J. K.'s quasi-divine mission. But, even taking for granted the truth of what his guardians say, he is no more the *author* of that book than Mabel Collins is the author of that avowedly still more valuable little book, *Light on the Path*. Nobody has ever thought of proposing Mabel Collins as an Avataric Vase of Election because she says she *saw* that book in dreams[3].

V. The method of percolation of these items of 'occult' information is interesting. Compare the return of Damodar K. Mavalankar, who vanished on the way to Tibet some 25 years ago. In 1907-8, it leaked out that Damodar was soon to return. People began to look out for him at Conventions. Privately Mrs. B.

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1. Save for pious blinkerdom, to whom discriminative thought is sin.

2, *Theosophy in India*, Benares, March-April aud May-June 1912.

3. Mabel Collins herself has given a very interesting account of this experience and of the writing of the *Idyll of the White Lotus* in the defunct Magazine *Broad Views*, some eight or nine years ago. These occurrences date back as early as 1882, and earlier.

is believed to have said that she didn't mind if everybody were informed of it : it was a "dead cert," as bookies say. Publicly, she refrained from committing herself to anything precise, though she went far enough in her 1908 London Lectures (*The Changing World*). But still, as of Galahad,

> " ......his chair desires him here in vain,
> However they may crown him otherwhere."

As for Mrs. B.'s frequent allusions to universal expectation and prophecies, she quite forgets to observe —still more to say—that so many different sects are really expecting as many *different* saviours.

There is a prophecy of this kind in Southern India, but the expected One is to be born in a certain well defined part of the country, limited by this river and that. It goes without saying that J. K. was *not* born there.

There was a prophecy in Benares—at least Mrs. B. certainly thought so in those days—anent the birth of a Saviour *there* at Chrismas-time in 1900. What has become of *him* ?

French Spiritualists expect a saviour, so rumour has it—but he is already born somewhere in France and is evidently other than J. K.

Shortly after the last Convention, a Eurasian F. T. S. approached a travelling Theosophist, saying that many of his friends and relations were longing for the return of Christ, and would assuredly join the O. S. E On the strength of this a large number of application-

forms were sent for and given to this gentleman. A few days later he returned crestfallen, saying that not one would join so long as Mrs. B. had anything to do with it. So here are people longing for a saviour ; but *they vehemently object to having him chosen for them by Mrs. B.*

The Behai Movement is a widespread devotional cult on very similar lines to what Mrs. B. is trying so hard to start—similar, I mean, in point of mental and emotional states. It is far stronger, though, having been abundantly baptised in blood. But the Behais have of course their own notion of *who* the Light of the World may be, and are quite unlikely to accept a ready-made saviour from outside.

Etc.. etc., etc., etc.,...........

Does Mrs. B. consider all these chaotic expectations as combining to *support* her own, when they patently conflict with it ? How does she expect the contest to end, into which she has ruthlessly flung this innocent boy ? By a miracle-competition, as in the days of Simon Magus ? Is *this* Theosspphy ? *Who* was so vehemently denouncing, only a short while ago, politicians who cruelly thrust boys forward into the stormy arena of political party-strife...? Is *this* arena any better ?

VII. Mr. Arundale has now left Benares and betaken himself to England to serve J. K. as personal secretary. Mr. A.'s followers at Benares have constituted themselves into a new order, with his persona -

lity as central inspiration. It is called "*The Brotherhood.*" Its objects are of course most praiseworthy; but we would venture to recommend a change of title, since "*The Brotherhood*" is the name of a Society founded, several years ago, by the late lamented Mr. James Allen, and now managed by his able widow. It has its headquarters at Ilfracombe, England, and is, I think, mentioned in the 'Open Door Directory' in previous numbers of *The Path*, q. v[1].

VIII. and IX. Mr. Bhagavan Das's expression, "an all unproven lad[2]" is sober truth, and nothing less. Apart from Mr. L. and Mrs. B. 's personal visions of the "Great One" behind—whom Mr. Arundale, some say, claims to have also seen on *one* occasion (on the strength of which he has himself been raised to quasi-mahatmic altitudes by enthusiastic youths for whom knowing a saint is next to being one)—there is absolutely *nothing* to prove the *unique* charater ascribed by Mrs. B. and her followers to this boy's mission. And these are only *proofs* to such as place implicit confidence in Mrs. B-'s and Mr. L.,s visions—which is perhaps more than those seers themselves dare claim to do.

On the other hand there is *nothing whatever* against the boy. Anything whispered against him may be put to the account of Mr. L.'s unfortunate reputation and Mrs B.'s well-known tendency to make the most—with

1. This was written in 1912.
2. *Theosophy in India*, January or February 1912.

her vivid and somewhat theatrical imagination—of whatever appeals to her emotions. No sane person will ever hold a good and wise man responsible for misadventures of his childhood, in which he could not but be mainly a passive victim.

We know nothing of J. K., save that he is a good boy, fair-minded, sweet-tempered, a bit slow in his studies which he does not find very interesting (no more would I), and wishful of good to all. He has borne the ordeal of publicity remarkably well, which he could surely not have done without a considerable fund of inborn philosophy. No sensible person will grudge him any education his guardian can procure for him. Still less will any sensible person object to any good he may have it in him to do hereafter. Let us wish him well, in the midst of his trials, and hope for many more such as he, or better yet; for the need of the World is great to-day. (This was written before the Madras Lawsuits).

But, *Jagadguru* or no *Jagadguru*, the question posterity may well ask is: Has Mrs. Besant[1] helped or hindered the work of this good soul[2]?

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1. The whole responsibility for all this premature publicity rests with *her*. Mr. L. has no organising ability, and no power of appeal to the emotions. A great public movement is altogether beyond *his* scope.

2. Mr. Bhagavan Das's answer to Sir Subramania Iyer is well worth reading, especially page 104, *Theosophy in India*, May-June 1912.

Impersonal Christs and teachers have all along been betrayed by *personal* sects formed in their name after their departure. Has Mrs. Besant decided to surround *her* Christ with this sort of obstruction before the event, so that He should find Himself compelled to sweep it away in His own good time, and should perchance leave it no ground to rise on after Him? Who knows? In the *Theosophist* for May, 1912, she says in so many words that *she* hopes to prepare *for Him* a body of disciples ready to do His Will when he comes. This is assuredly the first time a Rishi's disciples have been appointed *for him* by some one else. If Mrs. B. understands His requirements so well, may not His choice eventually be dispensed with? Nay, is it necessary that *He* should come at all??.........

A sea of interesting speculation, to be sure,—for who has time to waste in speculation.

Meanwhile the world has always wanted, wants more than ever and must ever want three things :

I. More simple *Truth*, more Sincerity, more Trust among men and women, boys and girls.

II. More practical *Love*, more robust Kindliness, more Service, more Co-operation.

III. More Cleanliness, more *Health*, more innocent Happiness.

These three—the Good of Mind, Heart, Body—hang together, and must on no account be sundered.

Whatever men and women, boys and girls, care to cultivate and propagate this triple good, are, *to the extent that they can do so*, genuine saviours of Humanity. It is by these tokens, and these alone, that any still greater Saviour will know them. It is by these alone they shall known Him.[1]

OM SHÂNTIH ! PEACE !



1. For the study of Truth, Love and Health as essentials, see *The Making of the Better Man.*

THE ORDER OF THE STAR IN THE EAST.

Protector :—Mrs. Annie Besant.

Head :—Mr. J. Krishnamurti.

1. We believe that a Great Teacher will soon appear in the world, and we wish so to live now that we may be worthy to know Him when He comes.

2. We shall try, therefore, to keep Him in our minds always, and to do in His name, and therefore to the best our ability, all the work which comes to us in our daily occupations.

3. As far as our ordinary duties allow, we shall endeavour to devote a portion of our time each day to some definite work which may help to prepare for His coming.

4. We shall seek to make *Devotion*, *Steadfastness* and *Gentleness* prominent characteristics in our life.

5. We shall try to begin and end each day with a short period devoted to the asking of His blessing upon all that we seek to do for Him and in His name.

6. We regard it as our special duty to try to recognise and reverence true greatness in whomsoever shown, and to strive to co-operate, as far as we can, with those whom we feel to be spirtually our superiors.

Conditions for Membership :—One's signature to the above, with name and address, and a 4-anna fee,

addressed to the Secretary, O. S. E., Thesophical Society, Benares or elsewhere.

REMARK ON THE ABOVE.

The last object, in particular, is pregnant with excellent possibilities. But why " *Devotion*, *Steadfastness*, *Gentleness*," and not TRUTHFULNESS—the *satyam* in mind, speech, act, and hence the *ârjavam*, the stalwart uprightness, the sincerity and straightforwardness which India once had, and now needs more than ever before ? Its omission is surely an oversight, since it is clearly inculcated in "*At the Feet of the Master.*" Besides, how can we recognise " *true* " Greatness unless we cultivate Truth in our own lives ?

As the Order *now* stands, " true Greatness " is that alone which is acknowledged and commended as such by Mrs. B. To acknowledge any other greatness as *true* would be disloyal !



II.

SMOTHERED POLEMICS, I.

"*The Sorry Plight of the T. S.*"(*The Hindu*, 30th May 1913) with its yet unpublished *Postscript.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HINDU."

SIR,—The accompanying letter, and the still longer *postscript* which follows it, were written a year ago, and were sent to Mr Bhagavan Das, then General Secretary of the T. S. in India, for publication in the Sectional Magazine. They were to form the conclusion of the series of 'heretic' opinions by publishing which he did his level best to save the T. S. from becoming a mere sentimental, loosely superstitious sect.

Mrs. Besant, on her return from England, prevailed upon him to desist, so my contribution was not published. Mr. Bhagavan Das may well have thought it would be useless. Indian Theosophists were either intoxicated or indifferent, and *would not heed.*

Since then, matters have gone from bad to worse in Mrs. Besant's hands, and the public has been treated to a good deal that is shameful and nauseous.

It seems to me, therefore, that a little candid discussion of strictly non-scandalous matters—matters of principle and policy, also of anecdote—forming part of the intimate history of the T. S., may well be hailed as a relief by your more sober-minded readers, and may even

entertain others besides. You have sometimes published criticisms of the T. S. by people who knew very little about it. I do not blame you. You, as an outsider, could hardly be expected to know the difference, and did your duty as you saw it.

I, a Theosophist of sixteen years' standing, well-acquainted with the psychology of the movement, now venture to send you these items for publication. No 'Theosophical' journal within my reach would care to publish them. It is perhaps as well that their publication has been deferred. A greater number of my Theosophist brethren may now be shamed into reading what I have to say. A year ago, very few would have even looked at it.

If your readers do not find these items dull, I shall follow them up with further observations—a chapter at a time. I have no end of things to say.

You are to be thanked for giving a free vent to opinion concerning a movement which has played a considerable part in the recent History of India, and counts among its members and sympathizers many Hindus of 'light and leading.' I crave the hospitality of your columns for a while. Free views as to the management of the T. S. find scant welcome in the organs of the movement just now.

1. To The General Secretary, T. S. in India.

My dear brother,—You ask me for an opinion about the brave stand that you are making on behalf

of our Society and its essential purposes. You have said much already, and you seem to expect me to say more. My difficulty consists in clearly seeing that the greater the number of things said, the more the average reader's mind becomes confused, losing sight of essential issues in the welter of confusing detail.

Therefore my object, here, will be to provide a clear, simple and unequivocal *focus* round which our present discussion may orient itself.

To speak frankly, I have a grudge* against Mrs. Besant. A specific accusation against her has been steadily growing in my mind for the last three years. I shall now formulate that accusation clearly and concisely. May it help to clear the air.

Mind you :

I do *not* say that Mrs. Besant has no visions.

I do *not* say that her visions are altogether false.

I do *not* say that she is not honestly conscious of having had a great mission entrusted to her in connection with events of the near future—a mission to which she is whole-heartedly devoted and for which she needs the help of all who *can* be conscientiously subservient and loyal to her.

What I do say is this :—

I accuse—don't laugh . . . . I may or may not be Burke 'Brukes'-ified in the land be spoke up for—

* Not a personal grudge, as will be explained in the *Postscript* to this letter, but a grudge on behalf of the T. S. as I (rightly or wrongly) conceive it ought to be.

I accuse Mrs. Besant of attempting to embezzle the T. S.

I accuse her, in the name of the Founders of the Society, and of the great and permanent Issues which they—in spite of all their hobbies—stood for, of having latterly used all her power, rightly acquired by years of loyal service to the T. S., for the purpose of deflecting that Society from its original and permanent Aim and Object, because she could not resist the temptation of using it as a handy tool, already within her grasp, for the fulfilment of the *specific and temporary religious mission* with which she now feels herself to have been personally entrusted.

Against this I enter a loyal and emphatic protest.

Public declarations to the contrary are sheer waste of breath while there remains, *inside the T. S.*, a large private body of members pledged personally to her as their leader, and while that secret body continues to be regarded as the inner heart of the T. S., animating the whole body with its zeal—its Inner Circle which the more earnest members are all supposed to enter after a stage of apprenticeship in the outer Society.

[*Note.*—I refer here to Mrs. Besant's repeatedly declaring (unto *weariness*, as she herself avers) that all are free to enter the T.S. provided they believe in Universal Brotherhood. Such declarations—while she, *as Herald of the specific Coming Teacher whom she prophesies*, remains both President of the T. S. and *Guru* of the E. S. *therein*—do her very little honour. Put side by side with her other utterances (see *Theosophy in India*, Mar.-April 1912, pp. 34, 38.), they amount simply to this.—

Exoterically :

" The T. S. must at all costs retain its universality. *All* who believe in Brotherhood are free to join, whatever their opinion on other matters."

but

" Feebler members and half-hearted adherents (of Mrs. Besant) will be shaken out as soon as ever they begin to clog the Society and threaten to hamper its glorious destiny of becoming the Herald of the Coming Christ."

Esoterically :

" We, who are commissioned to prepare the world for His Coming, and have this world-wide T. S. ready to our hand as a tool, must at all costs leave open all avenues of approach, so that recruits may join us from all sides."

and

" We shall of course set up in the T. S. such a vortex of personal devotion and zeal on *His* (or is it "*our*"?) behalf that almost all the recruits thus drawn in—thanks to the universal platform of the T. S.—must catch the infection and add their zeal to ours. Whoever remains obdurate shall be duly excreted ; we will make it much too hot for him.]

What would I suggest, then, taking for granted the truth of everything that Mrs. Besant has said and suggested with regard to her new Mission—taking for granted also that she continues, as heretofore, to disclaim all responsibility and even to deny that there has been any real change at all in the policy of the T. S. as a whole ?

As a logical abutment,—leaving of course plenty of room for intermediate evolutionary steps, (personally considering the case as too far gone already for any less drastic treatment to be of use)—I would suggest a process of cell-division, as it were ; the setting up of a definite line of cleavage between Mrs. Besant's new personal-devotional Mission and the original, neutral and impersonal T. S., in such a way that *the public might clearly make out which is which.*

[*Note.*—Since so many leagues have been started of late, why not a *League of Theosophy pure and simple* ? This league would band together all who feel the need for declaring their loyalty *to Impersonal Theosophy first and foremost*, and it would take practical steps to facilitate the public work of Theosophical lecturers—whatever their line of work—who do *not* feel bound to carry out Mrs. Besant's present specific plans. I speak from personal experience. My refusal to comply with Mrs. Besant's wishes, my leaving of the E. S. in consequence, my insistence upon frankly declaring my non-subservience to Mrs. Besant's present policy—although I have never been out of my way to denounce it—these have closed so many doors to me (in Bombay, for instance, where a representative Lodge Committee examined me and declared that, whatever Mrs. Besant might have said with regard to liberty of speech and opinion in the T. S , they, *who were responsible for the policy of this particular Lodge*, must decline to organise my lectures in future *unless I undertook to conceal* from the public the fact that I had personally nothing to do with Mrs. Besant's present policy. It was clearly admitted that the difficulty lay precisely in that my lectures *are* liked by the public and might mar the effect upon the public of the campaign of propaganda which their Lodge was then conducting on 'approved' lines [*And so it might*],—these simple acts of independence have, I say, closed so many doors to me that I find it easier, just now, to carry on my work (which falls absolutely under the first and second objects of the T. S.) with the help of non-theosophical organisations, such as the Brahma Samsad, Arya Samaj, Brahmo Samaj, Students' Associations, Bar Libraries and what not, than of those T. S. Lodges that are controlled by strong E S. groups devoted to Mrs. Besant. I emphatically call upon Mrs. Besant to acknowledge this new state of affairs, and either put an end to it, or cease, for very shame, to talk about " liberty of speech and opinion in the T. S." under her *eso-cum*-exoteric control. Mark you, I do not complain, for my public work is successful enough to get on without the T. S.—thousands can bear witness to this

in all parts of India. I simply say: "Here is a Society which professes to exist for the spread of Universal Brotherhood. Its President repeats, unto weariness, that it has no other essential purpose. Well, I too exist for the spread of Universal Brotherhood: I have no other essential purpose. I preach practically nothing else, and do my little best to live up to what I preach. Where I fail I am human, nothing more. Now the question is: Will this Society assist my work for Brotherhood, along with that of any others who have efficient work to contribute? Hitherto it has done so as far as I have been concerned. The contrary tendency (alluded to in the Preface to my *Gospel of Life*, pp. xlii, xliii) has been an almost negligible quantity, and I have been comfortable enough, in the Society, for the last fifteen or sixteen years. But now there suddenly arises, under Mrs. Besant's direct inspiration, a strong current of thought and feeling which causes the most important T. S. Lodges to boycott my work for Brotherhood simply because, while interfering with none—nay, even encouraging my best friends to follow Mrs. Besant *if* the spirit prompts them to do so—I am obstinate enough to push on with what I feel to be my own simple mission in life, instead of suddenly capsizing into Mrs. Besant's new devotional enterprise. Am I one of those "feebler members" that are to be "shaken out," or a clogsome "half-hearted adherent" to excrete whom requires the medicine of strong "occult vibrations"—or am I, as some would perhaps suggest, an arrogant incarnate demon of pride, riding to the inevitable fall? God knows. At any rate it seems to me that Mrs. Besant should either lay down her claim to be the patron of the Liberties of the T. S. (has not the repeated assertion of that claim already wearied her?) or take prompt and vigorous steps to justify it.]

Put into plainer words, I would suggest that Mrs. Besant either drastically revise her present policy, or purely and simply *drop the T. S.* or such remnant of it as is steadfast enough (or wrong-headed enough

—according to point of view) to hold that there are, even to-day, other opportunities of serving the Divine Plan than that particular opportunity which she holds out so invitingly before all whom she can reach with voice or pen. I would suggest that she gracefully retire in procession—with masonic regalia—from this obdurate New Jerusalem (or is it Benares ?—or is it Egypt ?) taking with her as booty all the members she has been able to impress into her service—taking money, lands, halls, libraries, electric plants, pumping stations, motor cars, cows and bakeries, stars and badges, shawls and ribbons—taking, in short, all that she can possibly utilise in the carrying out of her great devotional Mission to the Modern World—

And that the (apparently) crippled T. S. humbly reorganise itself on its own true and eternal Basis, adding to its Motto and Objects a vow—the fruit of bitter, wholesome experience—that never again shall it allow psychism and personal *guru*ship to meddle with its executive affairs ; never again shall it allow a secret society under personal pledge-control to grow within its vitals *and be regarded as its inspiring heart.*

It would not take seven years for *this* purified T. S., reborn of its ashes, to play a greater part and exercise more influence for the world's Good than it had ever done in its earlier gestatory wrappings of psychism and symbolism and be-ribboned sentimentalism.

And, if a *real* World-Master were to come, he would, of all people, know the *right use* of such a body, and

he would greet it heartily as it would him. He would unto it be a Tower of Strength, as it would be a tower of strength to Him.

Thus would Mrs. Besant's great Devotional Mission be fulfilled . . . . and ours as well.

Yours ever fraternally,
F. T. BROOKS.

[*Note, written, with all the rest of these articles, in* 1912 (there are no additions in this IId paper).—I have said enough, in the Postscript which follows, to show that I do not at present consider Mrs. Besant's new mission as the direct Work of the Eternal Brotherhood. The conscious and responsible Agents of the Brotherhood cannot use the methods of the American Trusts. When I speak of the reality of her mission, I simply admit that she honestly knows herself to be the recipient of *a mandate*. But I of course hold (and herein lies, I think, right orthodoxy) that *that mandate comes to her from such a specific fountain-head as would naturally canalise a mandate of that sort* (*Gita*, vii, 20-23) "By their fruits shall ye know them." That *every such fountain-head* assumes to its devout recipients the appearance of the One Universal *Fons et Origo* of all Truth and Light, is mere platitude to a student of Religion—a mere error of perspective due to the refracting quality of the psychic and mental planes of our Earth. Yet therein lies the root of all dissensions. (This is the *dvandva-moha* of the Gita, the *pakshapâtam* of the Upanishad.) I do not say that this particular religious wave may not have a great part to play in the shaping of the near future, especially in the West. But I think it a pity that Mrs. Besant should have been trapped (owing no doubt to *karmic* liability—possibly the habit of listening more to the "Master's voice" without than to the Master-Voice within) into assuming leadership therein; and I still more regret that she should seek to draw in the whole T. S. with her.

As for the boy whom she has made the figure-head of the new cult, I have said enough elsewhere (see "A Sober Account of the

J. K. Cult") to totally exonerate his gentle self. If the power of broader Good is in him, as I trust it is, he will emerge in time from these sectarian wrappings as surely as a healthy chick out of its shell—and therein will perhaps lie the failure of Mrs. Besant's new *cult*, and *her* Good Fortune.]

II. POSTSCRIPT, *here published for the first time.*

It goes without saying, as I have already pointed out, that some easier solution might possibly be provided—*by Mrs. Besant herself*—were she to condescend to alter her present attitude, and frankly admit that she *has* (wittingly or unwittingly) given ground for these misgivings. You know that I am not a pessimist; but, as matters now stand, I hardly dare hope that she will do so. The more pleasant the surprise in case she does.

* * * * *

Bewildered members (who take things as they come, having usually no leisure to examine and sift) ask plaintively : " Why should not Mrs. Bseant be allowed the same liberty which you ask for yourself ? She simply has her say, and members do as they like. Why complain if they follow her and not you ? We have settled down in her train, expecting to be comfortably pulled along to the end of our days. Why do you disturb us ?"

Answer.—I do not complain at all—at least not in the sense you hint at. I simply state that if Mrs. Besant's followers, inspired by her, drive me and other free Theosophists to seek help and room for Theosophic utterance *outside the T. S.*, she is, conjointly with those

her followers, frustrating the very purpose of the *T. S.* My grudge against her is a grudge *on behalf of the T. S.* as I conceive it ought to be and as I have tried my best to make it through my work. Let her have liberty by all means, I say. But liberty to swamp the whole Society with her particular views and personal adorations, stifling all humbler Theosophic growths out of existence therein, is merely liberty to make a wrong use of liberty. The name for that is *license*, and not liberty. Liberty always involves *self-restraint in use.* As for people "following her and not me," that is an altogether pointless and barbless dart, for the very simple reason that I personally do not "lead" at all, and therefore make no "followers," whether in the T. S. or outside it.

Q.—But is not the T. S. always open to the followers of all cults ? Why your objection to this particular one ?

A.—Yes, the T. S. is, or has been hitherto "open to the followers of all cults." But *it cannot remain really so for long if it comes to be led by the followers of any.* As a matter of fact the T. S. is not supposed to be "led" at all. Our objection is not to Mrs. Besant's new cult. Our objection is *to Mrs. Besant's overwhelming predominance in the T. S.* as President of the Society and *Guru* of the E. S., *once she has avowedly declared herself the Missioner of that new cult.*

Q.—But is not practically the whole Society contentedly following Mrs. Besant's present lead ? Is it no

feeling happier and livelier than ever before ? If you disagree, none bids *you* follow. Why not drop out quietly ? Why all this disturbance ? What would you, a ridiculous minority, have us do ? A dog must either wag his tail or drop it. Shall the tail wag the dog ?

A.—We deem that the responsibility for disturbance —a very grievous disturbance indeed, since it tends to radically alter the character of the T. S., making it a *deva-vâhana* instead of the *jñâna-vâhana* which it was meant to be — lies at Mrs. Besant's door, and not at ours. Of course we shall "drop out" when we are quite convinced that we have no business to be in the Society—not before. Meanwhile to tell you what we, as members, want, is not as easy as to ask it. A defensive position is always harder to define than an offensive : it has less *point* to it. Hence all I can say is that we, protesters in the present crisis, would like the T. S. to become *more* like what we conceive it ought to be : a world-wide co-operative field for the preservation and propagation in the world of certain Eternal Principles on which the very Cosmos rests—Truth in character and Brotherhood in Life, as per its Motto and first Object—and for the deliberate forwarding and strengthening of all human enterprise in consonance with its declared objects. Of course the T. S. has never been *quite that*—else would there be far fewer good people working for the selfsame objects independently of it. But some of us thought that it was *destined to become that*, that

it was undergoing an evolutionary process on its way *to that*. No wonder we are somewhat grieved when we see it taking a sudden turn quite the other way. No wonder that we feel prompted to take Mrs. Besant to task when we see that this new prophetic and revelational impulse, tending to give the whole Society a sectarian colouring in the eyes of the world, and thus compromising its position *in toto*, draws its inspiration and power mainly from her.

Q.—Then what is your personal attitude to Mrs. Besant? Do you believe or disbelieve in her power to see far more than you can see? Do you believe or disbelieve in her direct connection with the Highest Power on Earth? Do you believe or disbelieve that she is the one Messenger commissioned by The Cosmic Hierarchy—in conjunction with a few other blessed disciples such as C. W. L., Alcyone, Jinarajadasa—to carry out Their immediate Plans for the enlightenment of mankind? Do you believe or disbelieve that Their Plans are direct reflexes of the plan of the LOGOS Himself, which They alone are in a position to clearly see? Do you realise that in thwarting Mrs. Besant you may be flying in the face of God Himself, setting your puny will against His—that you may be, in short, committing the " one impardonable sin " of Christ-betrayal and deliberately casting yourself for the tragic role of (anticipatory) Judas to the (anticipatory) Modern Christ? Do you clearly realise, in short, that you may be deliberately working to

bring unutterable ruin on yourself ? ? ? ? ? ! ! ! . . . . (The orchestra groans).

[*Note.*—There is much more, in this, than a mere clownish *reductio ad absurdum*. It is a deliberate plumping out, in the blessed light of common Day, of that which circulates in whispers and *is believed*, often with a thrill of not unpleasurable emotion, when movements take a turn such as that which we would fain avert for the T. S. Of course a sensible heretic need not be "a penny the worse." The most real damage is to the minds and souls—and sometimes bodies—of those whom such thought-bogeys prey upon. I am not exaggerating. One of the best workers in the T. S. once told me to my face that I had better take warning in time and either "knuckle under" or scuttle away and vex the light of (neo-theosophic) day no more: for *to her knowledge* whoever went against Mr. Besant "*was smashed.*"

Well, let me by all means be "smashed," I say, and good luck to whoever "smashes" me ! I trust he (or she) will give me time enough to write an entertaining account of the experience before my last atoms are dissolved.

N.B.—My *mantra* in such cases is *Chhândogya*, I, ii, 8 : "Just as a clod flung agaiust hard stone is scattered, thus is he scattered that wishes harm to one who knows this (Common Life-Breath), or seeks to crush him. For this one is Hard Stone."]

Ans.—To what ?—for this question of yours is verily a wonderful and complex apocalyptic beast, with a fairly modest head on Earth, and a tail that literally swamps the Heavens. Shall I begin with the tail, or with the head—or shall I answer both ?

For the tail, anyhow, I *can* answer—in one mighty all-dissolving two-syllabled *mantra* which I have no time to comment upon here, but for a description of

the effects of which I must refer you to the concluding pages of *Alice in Wonderland*. Send for Macmillan's sixpenny edition, and see.

N.B.—*Alice in Wonderland* being a semi-exoteric production, "Nonsense!" has there been substituted as a blind. But I shall here disclose the real *mantra*, trusting that you will not make an indiscriminate use of it—for illusions have their value, in proper time and place[1]. The word of power in question (better practise repeating it out of doors, and in a subdued voice, for fear of unexpected catastrophes)—the word is:

"*Bunkum!*"

Now let us to the head.

Do I believe in Mrs. B.'s (and Mr. L.'s) power to see what I do not see?

Ans.—*Yes*, as I believe in a dog's power to smell what I do not smell, and in a butterfly's power to scent its mate miles away.

I believe in it as I believe in Wireless Telegraphy—*which does not imply that I believe every wireless telegram*,

I believe these seers have power to see, power to deduct some truth from what they see, and liability to be deceived by what they see.

1. Theological and sacerdotal illusions have *no lawful place* in a THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. That is why I feel so little compunction in this instance.

What test have I whereby to discriminate true from false in these accounts of visions which escape me ?—*Practically none*, and that is why, while taking great interest in these visions as *phenomena*, I utterly distrust them as *guides*.

But though there is, as I have said, no sure *test*, and no important issues should therefore be dealt with on the basis of mere visions, I must admit that I *do discriminate*, to some extent, between visions and visions. I believe the seer often furnishes me, unbeknown to himself, with a clue to the value of his visions[1]. (*a*) The *tone* his utterance furnishes a sort of constant running clue ; and (*b*) certain topical incidents related by him may also serve the purpose of clues. Let us take each of these in turn.

(*a*) Firstly, as to the tone. The greater the modesty of the seer's statements, the more reservations he makes, in statements of normally unverifiable *fact*, the greater is to my mind the value of his experiences. While he remains on his guard, perceives fluctuations, and admits his constant liability to error, I consider him as being, for the time, on a relatively safe path : he is on the defensive, as it were (*no true Teacher has ever yet commended any save a defensive attitude towards psychic experiences at the present stage of human evolution*) and no error can carry him very far. For, while hesitation in action may be fatal, *nirvedam*, or scientific doubt in

1. I refer here to *topical* visions, of course. *Teachings* received in vision have an intrinsic value of their own, quite apart from the vision that accompanies them.

the acquisition of knowledge— especially in regions little explored as yet, and quite unmapped—is a constant and indispensable safeguard.

Now, up to some 3 or 4 years ago, there used to be a considerable amount of modesty and reservation in the statements made by our seers. Least of all did they ever dream of impelling masses of men to any *particular* line of worldly action, to any definite material policy, on the basis of their psychic experiences. But unfortunately, since then, a tendency to greater cocksureness in tone has become increasingly manifest. It culminates in Mrs. Besant's private and public utterances at the 1910 Convention, and Mr. Leadbeater's pronouncement of the *Adyar Album*[1]. It remained at high-water mark (it could scarcely be expected to increase) throughout 1911. Since Mr. Leadbeater's sudden and unexpected removal to Europe in the spring of 1912 a slight sense of uneasiness may be detected. Mrs. Besant's words in the *Theosophist*, annoucing her departure for Europe, " May I perform such action as may lead to the liberation of the Spirit !" (I quote from memory) sound like a harking back to the *Gita*, to that " Living in the Eternal " which we are so apt to forget in the flush of expectation or success, but which the prospect of failure drives us back to soon enough, once we have known it. In England and Scotland she seems to have won all hearts (including those of my own best

1. Quoted in " *My Resignation*," which see.

friends) by the liberality of her attitude and the breadth of her views. But let us not sing victory until we are well out of the wood. The things already said and done will continue breeding mischief, especially here in India, until they are deliberately reversed, until the contrary policy of the Open Hand, and the Open Heart, and the Open Door (right in, to the 'Heart' of it all) has been systematically pursued for a number of years.

This sudden epidemic of cocksureness manifests as a tendency to boast, to bluff, to exaggerate favourable data and underrate adverse ones. Instances might be adduced by the hundred from public utterances and editorials — fulsome praise of Adyar, for instance, of its "occult vibrations," its residents, its buildings, its rickety motor-car ; complete *ignoring* of drawbacks, or failures, of pious frauds, of leakages (whether in cash or concrete roofing) and what not. Not that one should brood over the failures—that way paralysis lies. But it seems to me that failures should be straightforwardly acknowledged—even though in sober language—and carefully taken stock of, not overlooked (still less screened by 'bluff') : else how shall they be retrieved ? Truth never seeks to 'make a show.' Now *that* is exactly what our leaders seem to me to have been trying to do (or unconsciously *driven* to do) of late. I have no fault to find with the discovery and education of an interesting boy (or of *any* educable boy for the matter of that—I love them *all*), with any higher experiences he may have had, with any more

or less valuable teachings he may have been instrumental in transcribing from his psychic experiences of the night. But I do find fault with *the way in which these things are being presented to (I was going to say 'foisted on') the public*—with the putting on, as it were, of every possible square inch of advertisement-canvas to catch a favourable breeze. It was not so in the days of *Light on the Path*, though nothing of value even distantly approaching *that* has been produced of late. Well, I may be a petrified old fossil, but I prefer those days to these. As Norman Angell says, speaking of the cocksureness of popular political dogmas, there is in the propaganda-methods of this new outcrop of our Movement "a something that jars me." I cannot easily express it. The data at my disposal are almost insignificant in detail—they weigh only in the mass. A "sort of cumulative impression of unsoundness" perhaps sums it up best of all.

Excitement, for one thing, is clearly perceptible—the strain of a hazardous venture[1] *not* rock-based on Eternal Truth. One senses a lack of reserve power, an absence of the calm indifference to temporaray failure which one has learnt to associate with the work of the

1. Not that it *feels* like that to its outer prompters. It is the new power at the back that is at fault. It is against *it* that my strictures are directed. Mrs. Besant I would gladly trust. But I have felt, working through her more and more during these years (between intervals of the older and better inspiration) a *something* that I cannot bring myself to trust. She has largely given up her freedom, and I feel that what she bears the yoke of is something less, not more, than her own normal self.

Eternal Brotherhood. Go back to *Light on the Path*, and, if you are sufficiently acquainted with the ins and outs of this new South Sea Bubble[1] of modern Avatara-ship, you will feel that our seers have for the time being (not for long, let us hope) mistaken something else for the Voice of the True Warrior within : for *in the dust of the Battlefield they have actually ceased to know their friends from their enemies.* Were I at liberty to use Mrs. Besant's utterances at private meetings, I might be more precise. I may as well say frankly here that those utterances which 'jarred' me most were precisely on occasions when "Mighty Influences" (of the new style) were said to have been present. Of course my instinct in these matters *may* be all wrong. Yet it is what I have to go by ; and experience will improve it by and by if it is faulty.

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1. Mrs. Besant was actually made to say, in her 1912 Benares Lectures, that she was adopting, in pursuance of her mission, *the methods of the American Trusts.* Are people deaf and blind ? Do they not see that such words—I dare not call them *her* words—are either gibberish, or mean "*the organised and unscrupulous crushing of competition.*" Competition for what ? The trade in oil, or pig-iron ?—No. Competition *for the spreading of Truth and the doing of Good !* Read carefully my foot-note on pp. 46-47 of *Sannyâsa*, and seek to understand what sort of occult power is today striving to wreck our President's great life-work ; what battle it is, that is being all too feebly fought in our ranks to-day. Ask yourselves what you will stand for : *Free-Trade or Monopoly in Truth and Service.* I, for one, say the World's Weal depends upon the Open Door. I say that *no true World Master requires the snuffing of a single other light that His Own may shine unchallenged.*

If you now ask me *how far back* I trace this sudden increase of psychic 'bumptiousness' in the realm of Theosophic Seership, all I can say is that I trace it back approximately *to the time when the* "Beginnings the Sixth Root-Race[1]" *were seen.*

(*b*) Now this is where the second sort of clue referred to precisely happens to strengthen the first, and *vice-versâ.* For the most striking topical clue given all unwittingly by Mr. Leadbeater exactly coincides with that particular period of the "Sixth Root-Race" investigations, to which I trace the advent of what I deem a warping influence in the career of our seers.

The clue in question is :

THE COMING OF THE DEVA TO ADYAR.

I wonder why this incident is not better known, why more attention has not been paid to it. It is no secret, since Mr. Leadbeater has published a paragraph or two about it in one of his recent books. I have not got the book with me, so shall leave it to the Editor to quote from it verbatim if he sees fit. Meanwhile here is the substance of the narrative :

In those days a Deva came to Adyar. He was a wonderful Being, with a rippling, fiery aura which was usually a hundred yards or so in radius, but suddenly expanded to a mile or more when he was pleased, so as to include the whole of the Adyar property. *It was* He *who graciously showed Mr. L. his first vision of the future Californian*

1. See whole series of articles under that title in the *Theosophist*, sometime in 1908-1909.

Eugenic Colony wherein all the faithful of to-day shall be gathered under the ægis of the new Manu and the new Bodhisattva for the evolving and consolidation, in dense physical matter, of the type of a new race, which shall eventually dominate the Earth.

From that Deva-given vision, *Mr. L. ventured forth into other contiguous scenes, and gradually evolved the whole series of visions, and descriptive articles, referred to.*

Now it may be due to the survival in me of a considerable strain of *ancient* Vedantic Orthodoxy (for I am as much entitled to past births as any puppy-dog) —but I must confess I more or less consciously fell foul of that Deva from the beginning. Mr. L. says "the Deva came to Adyar." Well, I suspect the Deva *is there still*—that he has never actually left the place. *Why should he, being so hospitably accommodated?* I suspect that precious Deva has literally gobbled up Adyar and all therein within his wonderful collapsible-expansible aura[1], and is trying thence to control

1. Does not this clearly imply well-nigh limitless adaptability —the power of being...practically anything, from the Logos downwards, to . . . . whomsoever one is pleased with—of helping such to see anything they wish to see (not necessarily *false* visions, mind you, but visions with a *perspective* as adaptible as the Aura of power wherein they are mirrored)—of helping them to be (*within* that wonderful aura) practically anything they may wish to be. May not the whole of that Great Cosmic Hierarchy (*as Mr. Besant now sees it*) and its One Chosen Messenger (as she patently *sees herself to be*) and many other things that perplex all save the beloved "simple faithers"—may not all these be actually *within that magic Aura*—distorted refractions, perhaps, of great

the whole of the T. S., and, through it, with the help of such specialised instruments as the O. S. E., as large a section as possible of the civilised world of to-day. The whole is to him nothing more than His "lawful occasion" (with apologies to Kipling)—a specially fine herd of human cattle[1] graciously and spontaneously surrendered to His use thanks to Mrs. Besant's infatuation (the recoil of an *equally unnecessary* rejection) with Mr. Leadbeater and his astonishingly precise powers of clairvoyant vision. I believe that from that day a *biassing influence has brooded over the lives of our best seers*, creating a sort of undetectable glamour through which things, even if actually seen, and seen with as much precision as ever, are nevertheless seen out of all true perspective. And I believe that from the same centre of potent mental and emotional vibration has proceeded the subtle influence on *character* also—the exaggeration of individual traits that has tended to make Mrs. Besant more of a competitive religious pope[2] than she ever could have been otherwise.

In short, I regard that Deva as one of those great centres of cosmic mental and emotional force (so often described by Mrs. Besant herself) that make it

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Cosmic Truths which the most entrancing 'visions' can no more compass than the most vulgar commonsense, perhaps even less?

1. *Brhadâraṇyaka Upd.*, I, iv, 10—trans. in *Gospel of Life*, p. 288.

2. Quite a pope in Mr. Leadbeater's estimation, which she has never clearly repudiated. See *Adyar Album*, which I trust the Editor will do me the favour of quoting. See "*My Resignation.*"

their business to manifest—in (to them playful) competition with one another—through the various great movements of opinion, religious, social, national; giving to these their tremendous cohesion (apart from the shifting drift of individuals through them); giving them their well-nigh irresistible biassing and binding power over the souls of men (which probably plays an important part in the evolution of the Human Race at this stage). His influence on our "leaders" and, through them, on the E. S. and the Society at large, has within three years given a well-nigh irresistible impulse to nearly the whole of the movement in the direction of becoming purely and simply a *new religion* in competition with all other religions, past and present.

Symbolically speaking, the Adyar Deva [1] seems to me a very good modern *avatâra* of our hoary old friend the Devil—the spirit of subtle temptation sent to deflect (if possible) certain great souls from their true Path (helping them of course *if* they resist); and to ruin (or purify and strengthen) a great endeavour for the Common Good of Man hitherto led by those great souls with a fair measure of success.

1. Please don't ask me whether I believe in the *objective reality* of such *beings*. There are *no* objective *beings*. *Being is subjective.* Your *being* is as subjective to me as mine is to you. Objectively there are only *forces* (*vishayah*). The subjective refllexes of these are the *beings* whom we conceive in order to account for systematic disturbances produced in us. In short I simply don't care whether the Adyar Deva is subjective or objective. He can have no more hold on you or me than we through our lack of self-realisation give him. (Exit Adyar Deva.)

In the struggle with such warping influences, mental and emotional, lies the further growth of Divine Strength in Man (and incidentally the salvation of the T. S.)

To *yield* to them is *failure.*

" Hence do thou fight, O Bharata !"

F. T. BROOKS.



SMOTHERED POLEMICS, II.

THE CENTRAL HINDU COLLEGE. AND Mrs. ANNIE BESANT.

Reprinted from the *Journal of the Iranian Association* (Bombay) January 1914.

Mrs. Besant wrote to the *Christian Commonwealth*, London, on June 4th 1913 :—

THE statements sent out to England by a hostile agency in India with regard to the above institution convey a very false idea of the position of affairs.

The College was founded by a small group of Hindu Theosophists aided by myself, but was from its very beginning a Hindu, not a Theosophical institution. It was intended to teach broad and Liberal Hinduism and to aid the great Hindu revival by purifying it from superstition. When several years ago I started the idea of a religious University, the draft charter placed all religions on an equal footing and proposed to affiliate all colleges in which religion formed an integral part of the education. This would have been Theosophical, but the College taught Hinduism only. It is true that most of the money came from Theosophists, and that the Society supplied the voluntary workers, but they worked for Hinduism, not for Theosophy, as in Ceylon they work for Buddhism. The Society in each country works for the religion of the country.

When the Musalman University was proposed, some of the leaders of the Hindu community—of whom the chief was the Hon. Pandit M. M. Malaviya—proposed that a scheme formulated previously by the Hon. Pandit for a purely Hindu university should be placed before Hindus. Religious rivalry began and it became obvious that if I persisted in my own wider scheme

neither would succeed, although it had been approved by the Viceroy. I therefore offered to withdraw it and work instead for the Pandit's plan. My co-operation was warmly welcomed, for the possession of the Central Hindu College was necessary for the success of the Hindu University. The change of spirit, however, was shown by the refusal of the promoters to admit to the governing body of the proposed University anyone who was not a Hindu. I was myself allowed to be on it, but no other non-Hindu was permitted to enter it, and I was really only admitted because the promoters wanted our College and could not obtain it without my help. The ideal of our College was affectionate co-operation between Indian and English ; in the University, advantage will be taken of English help in education, but the governing body will be purely Hindu. I had agreed that the proposal to give over the College to the University should be laid before the trustees, and with some difficulty they were persuaded to agree to it, some expressing the fear that the policy of the University would be much narrower than that of the College had been—a fear which has already proved true.

An Allahabad paper, hostile to Theosophy, made itself an organ of the Hindu University, and began a series of attacks on the Theosophical supporters of the College, and especially on the majority of its honorary workers, who had shown too much zeal as members of the Order of the Star in the East. This over-zeal was checked by myself, but the desired handle for attack had been given. The Hon. Secretary of the College took up a violently hostile attitude towards these workers and towards myself, and fanned every difficulty into flame. A vehement campaign was carried on, and the more rigidly orthodox Hindus saw their opportunity, and, the possession of the College having been secured, the mask of friendliness to myself was thrown off, and the Hon. Pandit openly declared that Theosophy would have no part in the Hindu University. Meanwhile, the suit, instigated by the same great orthodox party in Madras,

was brought against me, and every kind of defamation was resorted to, the extremists joining in the attack, seeing the chance of lessening my influence over Hindu youth, an influence ever used to save them from incitement to violence. Krishnavarma had advocated my assassination and my life was on several occasions threatened. Orthodox and extremists united in the effort to destroy, and I was attacked with the utmost virulence. I offered my resignation as President of the board of Trustees, but was requested to withdraw it. The position of those who loved me on the College Staff was rendered intolerable, and when a private letter addressed to a religious group of teachers and students was stolen, handed over to the hostile party, and dishonourably published in the Allahabad paper, those concerned felt they could no longer work for the College and resigned in a body.

The position now is that I retain the Presidency which I have held since the foundation of the College until the University Committee takes it over, but the real control is in the hands of this Committee. I have resigned from this Universtty Committee in consequence of Pt. Malaviya's statement anent Theosophy, and it represents the exclusive idea, not the inclusive.

Orthodoxy is in the ascendant, with all its narrowness and bigotry, and the reactionary spirit has triumphed for the time. The anti-English spirit shown by the exclusion of any Englishman from the governing body, chiefly by the Bengali Hindus, is most regrettable, for it must not be forgotten that orthodoxy has given the extremist movement its great leaders, Mr. Arabindo Ghose of Bengal and Mr. Tilak of Maharashtra. These used to show bitter hostility to the Central Hindu College because it drew together the two races, and the exclusion decided on bodes ill for the future of the University. The liberal element still found in the University Committee is likely to be gradually excluded, as the orthodox feel their power.

The College has, however, trained a splendid body of workers, and has sent out into India many a good citizen, understanding England through the Theosophical Englishman he has met during his College career. Mr. Arundale has done ten years of work, the results of which remain in his splendid teaching staff, and we have this for a fresh departure. I have bought a fine piece of ground in Benares—not in Bellary as the papers say— and we shall build thereupon, as soon as we have money, a Theosophical School and College open to boys of every faith. The School opens in temporary quarters on July 7th. We have also the upper classes of the Girls' School and these will re-open at the same time, with the old English staff. The spirit which permeated the Central Hindu College, the spirit of fraternal co-operation and inter-racial service, finds in these schools a new incarnation, and I have created a Theosophical Educational Trust, of eminent Indian Theosophists and tried English workers, to hold all property. Several large schools are already asking the Trust to take them under its control, and we shall in a few months have as many students in these various institutions as are in the Central Hindu College. I have no doubt that the money we need will come to us and that we shall create an educational movement, liberal and religious, which will draw together the best elements, English and Indian, in the service of the common Empire. It is true that large funds will be needed, but for so useful a movement they are likely to flow in. For the work will be peace-making not separative, and will draw together Englishman and Indian, Mussalman, Hindu, Parsi and Christian. I hope that help will come from England as well as from India : for we shall work for the helping of both countries, 'For God, King and People.'

15, St. James' Square,
LONDON, S. W.

ANNIE BESANT.



REPLY,—*By Babu BHAGAVAN DAS*

(which the *Christian Commonwealth* declined to publish)

To

THE EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH,"
LONDON,

Re "THE CENTRAL HINDU COLLEGE AND THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY."

Audi alteram partem.

SIR,—Will you kindly extend to the undersigned the fairness and courtesy of your columns to enable him to place before your readers the following, with reference to Mrs. Besant's remarks on the "Central Hindu College," which appeared in *The Christian Commonwealth* of 4th June 1913? The calumnious nature of these makes it unavoidable to publish a full statement of facts.

To understand the situation clearly we have to bear in mind that, like every other human being, Mrs. Besant has two natures, a higher and a lower. Because of her extraordinary gifts and powers, the manifestations of these two in her are also extraordinary. Because of the high level of her intellectual developement, they work in a correspondingly subtle and sublimated form. In her case, these two time-old natures, altruism and egoism, have taken on the particular forms of (1) the wish "*to save*" mankind and (2) the wish "*to be regarded as a Saviour*" of the same. The two aspects are very subtly and very closely connected as the poles of a magnet ; and yet are as wide apart and opposed.

While the former wish prevailed on the whole over the latter from 1894 to 1907, with the help of good advice and influence, she did magificent work ; carried the torch of the ancient Science of the Spirit from land to land in continuation of the labours of Madame

Blavatsky and under the Presidency of Col. Olcott; enhanced the good influence of the Theosophical Society ; won respect for Theosophy from erstwhile scoffers and helped India in particular by eloquent and admirable lectures on the Higher Hinduism which is the very core of Theosophy, and by helping to found and rear the Central Hindu College at Benares. By this last piece of work especially, (in which she was naturally given the lead because of her wonderful gifts of speech and writing combined with her professions of being a Hindu by faith and her Hindu ways ot living in India) she proved to the "tangible"-seeking portion of the public also that Theosophy was not mere day-dreaming but had a very useful pracatical application; and thereby built up her own reputation for sound and reliable public work, with the people as well as the Government of the land.

Now that the second nature in her has been unhappily dominating the first, more and more, since the passing away of Colonel Olcott in 1907, under other guidance and influence, she has been unconsciously but grievously undermining and bringing confusion upon her own good work, in a manner which is the source of the greatest possible sorrow to her old friends and colleagues. These, she now says, 'hate' her and 'persecute' her in dishonourable ways—simply because they have been compelled to express dissent publicly from her recent policy and conduct of affairs in the Theosophical Society and the Central Hindu College.

Her remarks on the Central Hindu College in your paper are an illutration of this sad change in her. This Institution, for which she has done more than any one else perhaps, she now openly and obviously tries to injure most deeply in the minds of the publc by wild suggestions that it and the Hindu University into which it is proposed to be expanded are mixed up

with political seditionists and extremists under the influence of an alliance of orthodoxy and free-thinkers and so on.

That the Hindu University movement of which the Honorable the Maharaja of Durbhanga, K. C. I. E., (Member of the Executive Council of H. E. the Lieutenant-Governor of Behar and Orissa) and the Honorable Dr. Sunder Lal, R. B., C. I. E., (Member of the Legislative Council of H. E. the Lieutenant-Governor of the U. P. of Agra and Oudh and Vice Chanceller of the Allahabad University) and the Honorable Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya (Member of the Imperial Legislative Council of H. E. the Viceroy and Governor-General of India), are the prominent and officially recognised workers and office-bearers, and Ruling Chiefs Like Their Highnesses the Maharajas of Bikaner, Kashmir, Jodhpur, Gwalior, Indore, Benares, Udaipore, Alwar etc. and many Hindu leaders, ex-Justices of High Courts, Legislative Councillors and others, honoured by the Government and the public alike, are supporters and donors,—that such an educational movement is in any way mixed up with seditionism and extremism, is an idea as fatuously ludicrous as that the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Haldane and the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the eloquent exponent of the New Theology, are plotting together with other Lords and Commoners to blow up the Houses of Parliament with dynamite.

The reckless, incoherent, self-contradictory, incorrect and misleading statements that Mrs. Besant has been freely making latterly in the public press, have only injured her own reputation in India with the Government officers as well as all classes of the public.

A plain chronicle of events, condensed as much as possible, will enable your readers to judge for themselves.

The Central Hindu College was founded in July 1898 in order to do for the numerous sects and sub-divisions

of Hinduism what the Theosophical Society was endeavouring to do for all views and religions, *viz.*, to harmonise, to rationalise, to liberalise, and thereby to preserve essentials and promote organising co-operation as against disruptive blind struggle. Princes and people helped, both non-theosophist and theosophist, with lands, buildings, donations, and unremunerated work; and the Government with sympathy and good will, and the necessary sanctions and permissions; and the College grew and prospered year by year, under the Presidentship of Mrs. Besant, and won the confidence, nay, the enthusiasm, of the Hindus of almost all shades of opinion, 'ancient' as well as 'modern.'

But with the transfer of Mrs. Besant from Benares to Adyar in 1907, as President of the Theosophical Society, elected under very peculiar circumstances foreshadowing the coming policies, a change began to come over the spirit of all her work and surroundings. Despite the suggestions, advice, entreaties, expostulations and warnings of her old colleagues and counsellors who had made her work in India possible, she developed more and more, and beyond all due bounds, the germs of person-worship so long held in restraint. Entirely proofless claims to superphysical powers and experiences, to being an Initiate, an Arhat, Mukta and what not; claims to 'see' Mars and Mercury and the whole Solar System, past, present and future (but with careful avoidance of even the most easy test, such as reading a given page of a closed book); claims to be the sole authorised agent of the Great White Brotherhood which guides Evolution on Earth and to be in communication wite the 'Supreme Director of the World' and with the 'World-Teacher,' etc.,—in short all the elements of sensationalism and emotionalism—which were formerly sub-dominant and private (confined mostly to the inner, E. S. T. organisation within the Theosophical Society) began to be predominant and were given to the public. Differences with colleagues gradually grew in strength and intensity

in the Theosophical Society as well as the Central Hindu College. Some of the oldest and best workers of the Theosophical Society—Messrs. Sinnett, Mead and others in the West; Messrs. Keightley, Bhawani Shankar, Miss Edger and others in India, either resigned outright or retired practically.

In the spring of 1909, a 'brother-Initiate' of Mrs. Besant's 'discovered' the boy, now nicknamed Alcyone, as the future 'vehicle of the coming Christ.' In the winter of 1909-1910, what is now currently and variously known as the 'the J. K. Cult' 'Alcyone worship,' 'Maitreya-Christ-Advent,' etc., all comprehended (together with later developments) in the convenient word 'neo-theosophy,' was started more or less definitely.

In the winter of 1910-1911, or earlier, a small private 'Group' was formed, consisting mostly of C. H. C. staff-members and students *pledged* to devotion and loyalty and obedience and service to and of Mrs. Besant. The exact terms of the pledge have not been publicly disclosed, but the purport is undisputed. What should students have to do with 'private groups' and 'Secret Societies' and' 'confidential pledges,' etc.? Fortunately a psychological law ordains that such students' 'group' affairs shall not long remain secret.

Shortly after, in January 1911, was started publicly by the then Principal of the C. H. C., as the chief member of the 'Group,' an 'Order' called *The Order of the Rising Sun*, with the idea of 'preparing for a Coming World-Teacher' as its publicly avowed central idea, and the creed that the boy J. K. (Alcyone) would be the 'vehicle' of 'the Coming Christ-Maitreya Bodhisattva' etc., as its privately understood creed, to spread which amongst the students was the duty of the inner 'pledged group.' Some 170 members of the C. H. C., (staff and students) were enrolled. The 'Order' began to be pushed within the C. H. C. with

the usual sectarian zeal. Friction began between the members of the O. R. S. and the 'Group' on the one hand, and on the other, those of the staff and students who stood out despite pressure.

In April 1911, on remonstrance by the older members of the Managing Committee, Mrs. Besant arranged that the O. R. S. should be disbanded. But this was mere show. When the disbandment was announced to the Managers, it had already been arranged to replace rhe O. R. S. on a larger scale by *The Order of the Star in the East*, with the Principal, Head-Master and various professors of the Central Hindu College as the Private and other Secretaries of the boy J. K. as Head of the Order, and Mrs. Besant as Protectress of the whole. This rejuvenated Order began to be pushed and the 'Coming Christ' to be advertised like a stage-play, in the most perfervid and gushing language, on the principle of selling the skin before killing the bear, amongst the general public as well as in the Theosophical Society, and scarcely more quietly in the Central Hindu College.

In the summer of 1911, side by side with this public activity there was started by Mrs. Besant within the E. S. T. (Eastern School, or Esoteric Section of Theosophy, or 'inner' organisation recruited from members of the Theosophical Society,) *a written pledge of absolute obedience to her without cavil or delay*. This fact, 'private and confidential' at the time, is now public property since the Madras lawsuits.

As was naturally unavoidable where person-worship began to be so acutely emphasised, very serious differences began in all circles and departments of work with which Mrs. Besant was connected.

In the same summer of 1911, the Hindu University movement, begun in 1904 but dormant in the *interim*, was taken up strongly by its promoters, a scheme of

Mrs. Besant's, first discussed amongst friends in 1907, for a 'University of India' on all-including theosophical lines, having been made impracticable by the wish of Musalman leaders for a separate University. It was tacitly understood by all concerned, from the very beginning of the Hindu University movement, that the Central Hindu College would serve as nucleus. This was obvious—on grounds of aims, ideals, public sentiment, as also of finance. There could be no sense at all in keeping the Central Hindu College out of that movement. The Hindu public could not give monetary support to the C. H. C. separately from the Hindu University; and the Hindu University could only be glad to have a ready-made first class College to begin with. Some of the foremost supporters and workers of the Hindu University had already been long connected with the C. H. C. as Patrons, Vice Patrons, or Trustees. So the Central Hindu College management and the Hindu University movement were only too anxious all along to interwork and amalgamate.

But a very great difficulty was caused by the simultaneous over-zealous propagandism of Mrs. Besant and her followers in respect of the O. S. E. and 'neo-theosophy.' The confidence of the Hindu Public in the catholicity of spirit of the C. H. C. management was greately disturbed.

In August 1911, the trustees of the Central Hindu College, to allay the apprehension in the public mind that the Central Hindu College was being diverted from its constitutional broad and liberal Hinduism into a bizarre and unhealthy person-cult and bigoted Second Adventism, passed formal resolutions to the effect that the Institution had nothing to do with such Orders as those of the *Rising Sun or the Star in the East*. But such resolutions clearly could not abolish the emotionally-delicious sectarianism into which Mrs. Besant and her pledged 'Group' had now converted their former less-Immediately sweet humanitarianism.

However, after much difficulty and discussion in the press, caused by the vagaries going on in the C. H.C. and elsewhere, certain conditions were agreed upon in writing, as below, between the promoters of the Hindu University on the one hand and Mrs. Besant on the other, on 22nd October 1911. The conditions were: 1. "That the name of the University shall be 'Hindu University.' 2. That the first governing body shall consist of representatives of the Hindu Community and Mrs. Annie Besant and representative Trustees of the C. H. C. 3. That the theological faculty shall be entirely in the hands of the Hindus. 4. That the petition for a charter now before the Secretary of State for India shall be withdrawn." Shortly after, on 24th December 1911, resolutions were passed by the Trustees, agreeing that the Central Hindu College should become part of the Hindu University. Neither the promoters of the University nor the C. H. C. Trustees have deviated from the conditions and the policy agreed upon by them and Mrs. Besant; only she has changed her attitude.

The neo-theosophic propagandism within (as without) the Central Hindu College continued, even after the above agreements and resolutions, in a score of evasive and elusive forms. Inner 'Groups' and 'Esoteric Section groups' of persons formally pledged to obedience of Mrs. Besant, 'Leagues of Service' of various kinds, 'orders of S. E.' and 'S. I.' and 'D. I.'; 'Co-masonry Lodges,' 'Temples of the R. C.' and corresponding badges, bands, 'regalia,' 'jewels.' and 'pink' and 'blue' and 'yellow' scarves and 'magnetised ribbons' and 'stars' in pin, brooch and button forms, etc. multiplied and replaced one another in interest like mushrooms in the raintime—a very fever of restless sound and movement hiding lack of substance and of wise purpose. Fuss of the most absurd and mischievous kind became rampant. Lectures, meetings, night-classes, outside the College rooms and buildings, took place perpetually in the neighbouring T. S. Premises

and private residences, for expounding the doctrines of neo-theosophy and specially the book called *At the Feet of the Master*, alleged to have been written down by Alcyone J. Krishnamurti, as the embryonic scripture and revelation of the 'Embryo of a New Religion' as Mrs. Besant declares the O. S. E. to be. Resident students were advised, and a number of them began, to keep photos of Alcyone as the 'vehicle of the Coming Christ' and himself an 'Initiate of the Great White Brotherhood,' (and of Mrs. Besant and one or two other living persons, 'on the threshold of divinity') and to worship them with flowers, incense etc. Old and young believers prostrated and genuflected literally at the feet of the living original when within reach. Efforts were made to so allot the seats in the Boarding Houses of the College that a member of the pledged 'Group' should have charge of and influence three or four juniors and gradually lead them in the direction of the 'Group' and 'its only true faith'. The then Principal of the College (who had founded the O. R. S.) proclaimed in his lectures in the neighbouring T. S. Hall and elsewhere, thaat he was a 'High Disciple of the Master'; and that the Central Hindu College was "founded only to prepare for the advent of the World-Teacher." The legitimate work of the College was neglected and suffered, and lack of dicipline and insubordination towards those teachers, professors, and other office-bearers who did not approve of these doings, began. Yet for the sake of old personal friendships and past collaboration, these insubordinations and breaches of discipline were *persistently overlooked and smoothed over* by the older Trustees and Managers, instead of being "fanned into flame" as Mrs. Besant *most incorrectly* alleges. Even to the extent of neglect of their plain duty, they continued to avoid taking formal steps to call to account the pledged votaries of Mrs. Besant on the Central Hindu College staff, who were disregarding and breaking, in the letter as well as the spirit, the wishes and resolutions of the Trustees. *No*

official action was ever taken with regard to any of these doings except twice ; once, as already mentioned, when resolutions were passed by the Trustees publicly dissociating the College from the new strange Orders in August 1911 ; and again in May 1912, when the Managing Committee requested Mrs. Besant as Editor of the Central Hindu College Magazine not to introduce her pet 'World Teacher' into the pages of that Magazine as had then recently been done. It seems that within or without the O. S E., there is yet another core-Order, called the 'O. S. I.' about which Mrs. Besant and other friends evaded giving information when asked, but which, it seems, was formed in 1911, and consists of the *creme de la creme* from amongst the (then) Central Hindu College students and others who are being specially trained for acting the part of apostles when Alcyone receives the *afflatus* and takes up the role of the 'Coming Christ.'

In 1912, a public discussion was carried on in the pages of *Theosophy in India*, as to whether the pushing of the O. S. E. with its very specific and dogmatic *credo*, within the Thesophical Society, in the fashion in which such pushing was being obviously carried on, was or was not in accordance with the constitutional Rules and Objects of the Theosophical Society. For the inception of this "Discussion *re* Theosophical Society Policy," the undersigned was undoubtely responsible ; and hence perhaps the special anger against him. At that time he was the General Secretary of the Indian Section of the Theosophicai Society (as well as Secretary of the Central Hindu College Trustees). As such he felt it his duty to invite, in the pages of the Sectional Gazette, the attention of the members of the Society to the imminent danger of the broad and all-inclusive objects of the Theosophical Society being swamped by the clear-cut, narrow, exclusive and zealously-propagated *credo* of the O. S. E. As the result of these discussions, Mrs. Besant admitted publicly that the O. S. E. was "the Embryo of a New Religion" which "must

not be identified with the Theosophical Society ....the representative of Universal Religion," but claimed that she had the right to push any other opinion. Other members differed entirely from this extreme theory and profession (which, as will appear in a moment, worked out very peculiarly in the hands of Mrs. Besant), and while unable to question the obviously uncontrollable right of every one *to think and believe* as he pleased, thought that the right *to preach and proselytise* was limited within the Theosophical Society by the Constitution of the Theosophical Society.

In any case, the Discussions failed to change Mrs. Besant's practice in the Theosophical Society, as the Trustees' Resolutions had failed to check the O. S. E. propagandism by the 'Group' within the Central Hindu College. She went on nourishing and developing this parent-bursting 'Embryo of a new Religion' within the womb of the Theosophical Society in such a fashion that the father of its Juvenile (figure-) Head found himself compelled to go to the Civil Courts to recover from Mrs. Besant the custody of his minor sons, *viz.*, the Head of the O. S. E. and his younger brother, who were being exploited and transformed into 'shows' for no fault of their own. Mrs. Besant, on her part, found it desirable, as a tactical counter-blast, to go, together with another member of the Esoteric Section, to the Criminal Courts, with charges of defamation against various people, charges based on a newspaper article referring specifically to another person and published nearly two years before. She wrote at the time in one of her many journals, of her "Captains fretting under the embargo laid upon them by their General (herself), and springing out upon the enemy as soon as the prohibition was withdrawn" by her; etc... These cases began with the winter of 1912-13. In April and May 1913, both the Civil and Criminal Courts decided agaiust Mrs. Besant. The two judgments at least ought to be perused in full by

every one who would learn facts accurately. Messrs. Goodwin & Co. (Mylapore, Madras) have published the proceedings of the Civil Court Case, in a separate volume entitled "Mrs. Besant and the Alcyone Case." The contents speak for themselves. Appeals and applications to higher Courts by her are now pending.*

Other regrettable occurrences took place in this last winter so eventful for the Theosophical Society and the Central Hindu College. Because the German Section, under the General Secretaryship of Dr. Steiner, opposed the pushing of the O. S. E. within the Theosophical Society in Germany, Mrs. Besant, as President of the Theosophical Society, in March 1913, dischartered and expelled from the Theosophical Society the whole of that Section, with all its branches and over two thousand members, cancelling the diplomas of these. She so successfully worked her theory (that any one may *push within* the Theosophical Society any view he pleases) that she has *pushed out* of that Theosophical Society all these two thousand members and more at one push—simply because they did not approve of her O. S. E. propaganda. It appears that in the course of the last few months, the two thousand have swelled to more than three thousand, because of resignations, in consequence of this high-handed procedure, in England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Sweden, Russia, and elsewhere also. Such an autocratic, unconstitutional and tactless act, undoing t e good work of a whole generation of labourers in the cause of universal brotherhood and the federation of the nations, would have been inconceivably impossible for Colonel Olcott, or even for the Mrs.

* In respect of the Criminal Case, the Madras High Court has since upheld the Presidency Magistrate's order and decided strongly against Mrs. Besant. The full Bench of the High Court has done the same, in Appeal, with regard to the initial case, with considerable aggravation in the form of a more equitable re-distribution of costs and stern reprobation of Mrs. Besant's casuistical tactics. The next issue lies in the hands of the Privy Council while this is going to press (May 4, 1914.)

Besant of five or six years ago. The various Sections of the Theosophical Society have always been understood to be entirely autonomous. They might make their own rules and additional conditions of membership. Individual branches have been permitted to be denominational, even as individual members may and do have their own private creeds, without seeking aggressively to convert others. With a little more tact and balance and a little less self-assertiveness and impulsive haste, with a few more of the long-sighted counsellors whom she has "shaken out" (in her favorite phrase) and a few less of the 'obedient' courtiers whom she has 'taken in' instead on the General Council of the T. S., she could most easily have arranged to put the O. S. E. members of the T. S. in Germany into separate Branches and a Section of their own and retained all the older members also intact. But as she has publicly stated, all the members of the General Council of the T. S. now belong, with one or two exceptions perhaps, to the 'Esoteric Section,' prime condition of membership in which is *the formal written pledge of absolute obedience to Mrs. Besant*; and so, while the loud profession is freedom of thought 'for all,' the practice is sedulously 'for herself and her pledged votaries only;' while the theory is that the O. S. E. "must not be identified with the T. S." the practice is that the T. S. must be merged in the O. S. E.

Let us turn to the C. H. C. to bring the narrative up to date. In March-April 1913, there came into the hands of another Manager and Trustee, a printed 'Letter,' covering some three foolscap pages, bearing the signature of the gentleman who was then Principal of the C. H. C., the date 20th October 1912, and the imprint of Mrs. Besant's *Vasanta Press*, Adyar, Madras, and not bearing any word like 'private' or 'personal' or 'confidential.' In this 'letter,' amazingly extravagant and fantastic statements are made as regards Mrs. Besant; she is hailed repeatedly as one who is "*to become one of the greatest rulers of the world of Gods and men*;"

mention is made of "the recognition of *the God without us* which made us members of this Group, Group from which we draw our life to-day;" it is said that "her light to ours was and is as the rays of the sun at noon-time to the rays of a lamp at night, and we did not desire te examine the sun to see under what conditions it might possibly ray forth a more dazzling brilliance" and the members of 'Group' are reminded that "we *pledged* ourselves in our hearts that we should strive to become *her true and loyal servants*," that "we have determined *to follow her and support her to the uttermost*," and that "however much she might become discredited even by those nearest and dearest to her, we at least would remain true to her, seeking only to understand her and to *help* in carrying out *her plan, whatever it might be*." Thus complete was the hypnosis and surrender of reason that was sought to be effected amongst the votaries. It was a case of emotionalism run amuck. The finest emotions, useful, beautiful, nay necessary to a full and rounded life, when controlled and well-directed by a balanced wisdom, become instruments of disaster when allowed to become masters instead of servants and to run away into wrong paths. The sublime and the ridiculous, health and disease, are separated only by a hair's breadth. World conditions to-day no doubt are such that any and every thoughtful person may rightly pray most fervently for the manifestation of great souls or divine messengers or incarnations to remedy them ; yet this is very different from unquestioningly and actively believing this or that particular person to be, or to be the present or future vehicle of, a World-Teacher or World-Ruler, etc., without any more adequate proof than the behests of Mrs. Besant. Bogus avataras and charlatans and swindlers are very numerous in history.

The trustee and manager into whose hands a copy of this astonishing document came with the information that *it had been circulated amongst a number of the Central Hindu College Students*, informed the Secre-

taries of the College, and sent the letter, with comments, for publication in a daily paper, in order to show to the public how the person-worship-creeds of Mrs. Besant's 'neo-theosophy' were being sown and grown within the C. H. C. despite the resolutions of the Trustees.

On publication of the rhapsody a great outcry, on the lines of 'injured innocence' was raised by members of the 'Group,' and the undersigned and others were charged with 'dishonourable persecution' and 'hatred' of Mrs. Besant and her followers. (These words are repeated by Mrs. Besant in her article under reply). It is not quite clear what made these devotees peculiarly sensitive at this particular time ; for not very much less ecstatic statements had been made before, times out of number, by them and by Mrs. Besant, in public speeches and writings. Perhaps the lawsuits had made the atmosphere especially tense. As for the 'dishonourableness' of the publication, competent judges of such matters have pronounced that it was dishonourable only if it be dishonourable to expose what cannot be called otherwise than *gross treason* to the constitution and the ideals of the Central Hindu College, and to bring to light, and to the bar of public opinion, underhand or half-concealed or openly defiant efforts to convert students into puppets of Mrs. Besant by means of a grotesque person-worship and a demoralising and soul-stunting cult of blind obedience to her.

After the publication of this letter on the 13th April 1913, (in the *Leader* of Allahabad), and after the delivery of judgment against Mrs. Besant on the 15th April 1913, in the civil case of Madras, and *with her previous approval*, out of a total of about seventy staff members of the Central Hindu College and the attached School and Girls' School, some twenty (half a-dozen honorary and the rest salaried) — all pledged members of the the 'Group' and the 'Esoteric Section'—presented an ultimatum, on the 27th April 1913, to the Trustees and

Managers to the effect that unless the undersigned was "condemned, publicly, unequivocally and unreservedly," they would resign in a body. Presumably the idea was that if such condemnation was made the undersigned and a number of the other oldest workers of the Central Hindu College who were opposed to the propagation of neo-theosophy, in its various forms, within an institution founded for far other purposes, would naturally resign and withdraw; and then the whole College-and-School-full of some one thousand impressionable youths and boys and one hundred girls would become the happy hunting ground and recruiting preserve of the propagandists of 'neo-theosophy,' pledged to absolute obedience of Mrs. Besant, the protectress of that Head of the 'Embryo of the New Religion' who was the destined vehicle of the 'World-Teacher'; and if the condemnation could not be secured, then they could retire under cover of the cry of 'dishonourable persecution' etc. from a place where their extraordinary doings were beginning to be challenged publicly. The Trustees and Managers saw no reason to condemn the undersigned as desired, and when the resignants refused to reconsider their condition, the Managers found themselves compelled to accept their resignation and look for others to fill their places.

Mrs. Besant herself posted to the Trustees on the evening of the 15th April 1913, from Adyar, a printed letter bearing the previous date, in which she says "........I should have liked to have continued President of the Board of Trustees for the short time which remains ere the C. H. C. is merged in the Hindu Universitly. After fourteen years of work it would have been pleasant to have worked to the end. But I appear to have lost for some reason the confidence and good will of some of my old friends...........I therefore place my resignation...........in your hands...... If you signify your wish that the resignation should

be accepted, I bid you farewell with regret . ...If you say that I should remain, I will gladly do so, until our cherished charge is handed over to the Hindu University.........". The meeting of the Trustees which considered this letter, out of gratitude and regard for her past invaluable services to the College, requested her to remain President.

And now we have the very painful spectacle of Mrs. Besant "descending," as an Indian journal recently remarked, "from the *role* of Spiritual Teacher to that of revengeful person." She is now endeavouring to injure the C. H. C. of which she continues President, by creating a prejudice against it in the mind of the public of England, through the pages of *the Christian Commonwealth*, (in India she has lost the confidence alike of the Indian and the English) in a way which only the memory of her past good work prevents one from characterising adequately. Yet her present policy must be publicly and unmistakeably resisted by her former colleagues themselves, both in the interest of her own better self and of the preservation of her own past good work.

Verily, Mrs. Besant's crowning blunder, in a life full of blunders (admitted by herself in her *Autobiography* and elsewhere) as well as good works and generous impulses, has been the asking for and the receiving of *pledges of obedience to herself without cavil or delay*, etc.—an act of overweening presumption against the very God in every man, which has called down upon her the wrath of her own indwelling Spirit, so that ever since she encouraged and started them her mind has worked less and less correctly and confusion has fallen ever worse and worse upon her work, losing to the T. S. many thousands of old members, alienating from her all her old co-workers and co-founders of the C. H. C., and destroying the confidence in her of the Indian Public.

Such one-sided pledges of obedience to mere mortals, feeble and frequently erring, without even any adequate counter-pledge of loyalty and service and rational and moral direction, have been associated in history only with that thing of soul gloom and evil for which the English language has no other name than Jesuitism, and the wonder is—or rather it is no wonder, but indeed the usual device in such cases—that while she is herself acting in these secret ways, she accuses Dr. Steiner of being "educated by the Jesuits" (a quite false accusation, as Dr. Steiner has since asserted) and attacked the Jesuits of the present day also directly as a body, with charges of intriguing against her (*vide* the "Watch-Tower" notes in the *Theosophist*, during the last year or so). Her attitudes have become more variable than the rainy weather. One day she accuses the Roman Catholic and other Churches; next day she tries to explain away and apologise and soothe down.

Great indeed is the change in Mrs. Besant's mind. From the somewhat over-eager democracy of her earlier years, through a restrained period of the golden mean of true Theosophy, she has now passed over to a grotesquely exaggerated and openly-avowed hierarchical autocracy (vide, e. g., *The Herald of the Star* for July 1912, one of her many organs.)

Down to nearly the close of 1911, the undersigned was struggling, on the one hand, though with ever-growing doubts and misgivings, in the pages of various Indian Journals, *for* Mrs. Besant, and *against* her critics; and on the other hand, he was doing what he could by friendly private talks and remonstrances with Mrs. Besant and members of the pledged band, to check the evil growths within the T. S. and the C. H. C. But the subsequent rapid developments have forced him to realise with the deepest sorrow that Mrs. Besant and her votaries have justified their critics and put her older friends to shame.

The " persecution " of which Mrs. Besant and her votaries accuse these older friends, is indeed the same in quality with which the lamb was charged by the wolf. Fortunately, in the present case, the 'persecuting' lamb has had, up to now, the help of a protecting Providence, so far as the C. H C. at least is concerned, in the shape of the support of a majority of the College Trustees and Managers. As to " hatred "—to object to take a pledge of obedience to Mrs. Besant, to demand tests and proofs of her ever expanding claims to marvellous superphysical powers, and, worse, to express dissent from her policy of booming an all-unproven lad as the vehicle of an equally all-unproven 'World-Teacher;' to fail to support her lawsuits and to eulogise her violently propagandist attitude—is of course to " hate " her and to take up "a violently hostile attitude."

She says, " The Hon. Pandit openly declared that Theosophy would have no part in the Hindu University." It is not *Theosophy* which is objected to; for Theosophy is older than Mrs. Besant and is indeed nothing else than " Atma-Vidya," the eternal Science of the Spirit, the very heart of Hinduism and of all religions. But it is Mrs. Besant's *neo-theosophy* that is objected to. At least *seven* of the Trustees and Managers of the Central Hiudu College who have disapproved of Mrs. Besant's way and policies in the recent controversy, are much older in membership of the Theosophical Society than Mrs. Besant.

Mrs. Besant's wildly reckless statements about the "same great orthodox party" engineering the Hindu University movement and " instigating the lawsuit" at Madras; about " Extremists joining in the attack;" about " anti-English spirit," etc., are all *simply and utterly untrue.* It is enough to say here that in her first written defence in the recent civil suit at Madras, she made practically the same statements, and Mr. Justice Bakewell characterised them as " highly

scandalous " and " irrelevant, " and directed that "the written statement is ordered to be struck out, since it is impossible to separate the *objectionable portions* from the necessary assertions " and that a fresh and amended written statement should be filed by her. To show how incoherently her mind has been working latterly, I will only quote one instance out of her perpetual recent self-contradictions. In her article under reply she says, " the anti-English spirit... .... is most regrettable. " In a letter, dated 14th May 1913, which she addressed to all the Trustees of the Central Hindu College, and at the same time sent to the daily press (it appears, e. g., in the Allahabad *Leader* of the 15th May 1913,) she says, " only one thing is good in the present catastrophe—it is not a question of race. English and Indian have united to persecute Indian and English. Mr. Bertram Keightly joins hands with the Hon. Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya on one side, and Mr. Arundale and Mr. P. K. Telang are united on the other. That at least is well. " As an unquestionable fact it has always been most clearly understood that the help of competent and sympathetic English workers would be engaged and welcomed on the staff and the Senate of the projected University in ample proportion in respect of all secular matters. The *feeling* of the Hindu University Society may be inferred from the fact that it elected Mrs. Besant in the very beginning, *i.e.*, November 1911, as one of its three *Vice-Presidents*, notwithstanding the immediately preceding controversies in the public press over her O. S. E. cult ; and that of the C. H. C. Trustees from their requesting her to remain President despite her recent most remarkable sayings and doings.

Mrs. Besant has now started a rival "Theosophical Educational Trust, " as she mentions at the end of her article under reply. This is a *most misleading misnomer*. A brief Prospectus of the Trust, Published in the Lucknow *Advocate* of the 8th May 1913, says " *The members of the Trust will all belong to the Esoteric*

Section of the T.S., *and the President of the Trust will be the head of the Esoteric Section,*" *i.e.*, Mrs. Besant herself, with plenary " discretionary powers. " What this means will appear in its fullness only when it is remembered that *members of the Esoteric Section have to sign a written pledge of absolute and unconditional obedience, without cavil or delay, to Mrs. Besant.* Can such a body be said to be *theosophical* at all? The work of the T. S. and of Theosophy is to "universalise aspirations ;" that of the E. S. and neo-theosophy is expressly and acutely to " personalise " them. Indeed the Esoteric Section as at present organised and conducted is the veritable antipodes and anti-climax of the T. S. and of Theosophy. The spirit which will pervade education guided by such a Trust may be easily inferred.

Let us conclude. When a person like Mrs. Besant, with a biography full of remarkable changes, full of fine works as well as bad blunders, having established herself, in her own belief and that of her pledged band, as the present chief Spiritual Teacher and Saviour of Mankind, as " the God without us" now and as the future " greatest Ruler of the World of Gods and men, " suddenly adds on the *role* of political Saviour of India in particular and predetermined martyr in constant danger of assassination (*mirabile dictu*!) by anarchist miscreants, (for the quality of her own pacifism see her remarks in the *Theosophist* for 1912, on miners' strikes, suffragettes, Ulster-demonstrations etc.) and proclaims that those who differ from her are in league with those miscreants,—when this happens, what explanation can be offered to their own minds by her old friends, who have worked with her for almost a score of years, and served her as perhaps her own relations and children have not done, and as perhaps they have not served their own families (this means much more in India than it does in the West where

customs are different) but are now classed with such miscreants?

The only sad explanation that they can postulate is that she is suffering from mental delusions, and the only hope they can find is in praying that the delusions may pass and leave to them again her older and better self.

The following quotation from a recent small book on *Psychology* by Dr. B. Hart (*Cambridge Manuals*) may be of use in throwing light upon the sorrowful problem :—"*Delusions may* be of all kinds, but there are two groups which call for special mention.......... *grandiose* and *persecutory.* In the former the patient believes himself to be some exalted personage, or to possess some other attribute which raises him far above the level of his fellows.. .. . ...A patient who exhibits the second..............believes that deliberate attempts are made to harm him in some way. Thus he may believe that certain people are plotting to destroy his life. Both......are often associated with *hallucinations* ; voices hail the patient as the rightful owner of the throne, or cover him with abuse and threaten some dire fate. The two types are frequently combined ; for example, a patient may maintain that he is a king, but that an organised conspiracy exists to deprive him of his brithright. In this way delusions are sometimes elaborated into an extraordinarily complicated system, and every fact of the patient's experience is distorted until it is capable of taking its place in the delusional scheme........ .... Delusions of grandeur are, indeed, almost invariably accompanied by delusions of persecution. The patient cannot conceal from himself that his claims to exalted rank and position are not recognised by his environment, but he rationalises this failure of recognition by persuading himself that it is the work of a malignant and envious enemy........(p. 32,33,87)."

In view of her marvellous gifts of tongue and pen and their great power for good when rightly exercised, and of her noble work in the past, all her many friends and well-wishers can only pray now for her early restoration to her better self, knowing as they do that sincere prayer is one of the greatest and most beneficent of forces.

BENARES, INDIA,
Dated 17th July, 1913.

BHAGAVAN DAS, M.A.

Secretary Central Hindu College
and
Late *General Secretary*. *T.* S. *in India.*



Appendix III.

IS THIS THE BEGINNING OF THE END ??

Psychic ills may well need a psychic remedy.

The author of this Book is, as said above (pp. 92-94), a critic of psychic aberration, but not a disbeliever in psychic facts, when soberly put forward and carefully verified.

While the last pages of the book are going to press, the comforting news reaches him that there are, in England and elsewhere, a number of seers who have been receiving, in the shape of psychic visions and clairaudient intimations, instructions, regarding the failure of the T. S., *amazingly similar to what the author has spontaneously set forth above.*

One of these seers—a seeress, rather—a German lady who has recently become the wife of one of the author's dearest friends, Max Gysi, has just left Adyar after a vain appeal to Mrs. Besant to mend her ways and save the Theosophical Society from ruin.

Distorted statements regarding Mrs. Gysi's aims and intentions having immediately been circulated in the Theosophical Headquarters at Adyar, and being certain to radiate from that centre all over the world, that lady has just drawn up in German (she knows no other language) a statement embodying the substance of the warning and injunction which she felt compelled to convey to Mrs. Besant. It goes almost witout saying that Mrs. Besant remains obdurate.

I append Mrs. Gysi's statement in full, as translated from the German by her husband, with a short biographical Foreword and Afterword written by myself for the information of the Press.

A NEW CHAPTER IN THE ROMANCE OF THEOSOPHY.

A German Joan of Arc to the Rescue.

Mrs. Emmy Gysi is a German Mystic Seeress and Heareress (the term is clear, if uncouth.) She grew up to an accompaniment of visions and monitory voices, combined with cool discrimination, good sense, good humour and a blend of reticence and candour which would be hard to match.

She began some time back, without other introduction, to write to Mrs. Annie Besant sisterly and affectionate letters, trying to point out to her the error of her ways and the quandary into which she has been misleading the Theosophical Society, especially since the reinstatement and apo-(threshold-) theosis of Mr. C. W. Leadbeater.

Mrs. Besant gave these German letters to one of her most efficient secretaries, named Max Gysi (pron. "Geesey") to answer. Max Gysi quickly saw the value of his unknown correspondent's suggestions, was duly impressed by the purity of her teaching and the quiet force of her character, felt the need *she* had of a practical man (he was a bank-manager) as introducer (and buffer) to the world, and. . . .married her.

Max Gysi is a Theosophist of some 20 years' standing, born Swiss, naturalised English, having worked his way up by steady industry from a petty bank-clerkship to considerable respectability. He is one of the most widely-connected Theosophists, has been friend and host to Swami Vivekananda, and is acquainted with the people who count, in various kindred movements, in Germany, Switzerland France, Belgium, Holland and England. He speaks German, English and French, has been the English translator and publisher of Dr. Rudolf Steiner's works

A FEW CORRECTIONS.

(*T. S. & E. B.*, Appendix, p. lxxxvi).

Some errors of fact having slipped into the 2nd and 3rd paragraphs of this hasty little introductory sketch, I hasten to acknowledge and correct them. The corrections come from Mr. Gysi himself.

1. Mrs. Gysi wrote only *one* letter to Mrs. Besant prior to her visit to Adyar. She wrote it with a view to getting into touch with her, and did not venture to 'point out the error of her ways' until the Adyar interview which her own statement (next page) deals with.

2. My friend Gysi was never actually Bank 'Manager' (I am a Philistine as to the exact meaning of these official terms.) He was "the chief of an important Department with the signature of the Bank for the last eight years—an accountant," he simply calls himself. My point was, and is, that he was a minutely careful, accurate and responsible business-man.

3. I called him a secretary of Mrs. Besant because he mentioned having answered letters on her behalf. But I now understand that this happened only once, when four German letters were given him to answer—his wife's first letter to Mrs. Besant being among these.

4. He somehow *did* marry her in consequence of this 'accidental' introduction. My interpretation was prompted by the subsequent fact I saw. What the exact circumstances were, and especially the original intention, remains for him to say if ever he cares to.

5. This introductory note was hastily written just after my friend's departure (we had very little time for talk on *personal* topics before that.) I sent it *to him* by first mail, knowing he would correct my mistakes if there were any. I thank him for kindly doing so. But for the complexities of travel in Palestine and the detention of my letters by the Turkish Post, his corrections would have reached me in time to obviate the necessity for this slip.

F. T. BROOKS.



(Mrs. Besant's great German rival' and a devoted admirer and faithful helper of Mrs. Besant herself.

In March 1914, Mr. and Mrs. Gysi came all the way to Adyar on a special mission to Mrs. Besant, to find out whether she could or could not be quietly brought to see the danger and mend (or rather cancel) her "esoteric" ways. Mrs. Gysi delivered her message and contentedly failed to make an impression. Mrs. Besant remained (or seemed to remain) convinced that she and Mr. Leadbeater were never better inspired, that young Krishnamurti is *the* appointed vehicle of *the* Supreme Teacher of Gods and men, etc., etc.

No sooner had Mrs. Gysi delivered her message, in a private interview, to Mrs. Besant, than various false rumours were circulated among the residents of Adyar, asserting, for instance, that Mr. Gysi wanted to be President of the T. S., while his wife was to oust Mrs. Besant from the control of the Esoteric Section, etc., etc.

Knowing well that these rumours would soon radiate underground from Adyar to the four corners of the Theosophic world, Mrs. Gysi, having nothing "esoteric" to conceal, wrote the following explanation which her husband translated into English (she knowing only German):

An Explanation.

MRS. GYSI'S STATEMENT.

In order to counteract the fantastic rumours, based on falsehoods, which have been circulated at the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society at Adyar, I propose to give herewith a short sketch of the purpose of our journey from Europe to India, and the substance of the letter which I addressed to the President of the T. S., Mrs. Annie Besant, on the 23rd March, 1914.

To begin with, I should like to say that my work, my activity and my life have so far been guided by means of my visions——of a hitherto always true inner voice——and by means of my intellect and my reason. I examine for a long time before I give out any of my visions or inspirations to friends ; and this I only do when compelled to.

In this case I have only yielded to an oft-repeated injunction to make the journey to India ; and it is in consequence of such an order that I have told Mrs. Besant what follows, setting it forth in full in a letter of which I have no copy, but of which the substance is as follows :

1. The black stone of the ring which Mrs. Besant wears on her hand is charged with a curse, and in the interests of Mrs. Besant and of humanity this stone ought to be destroyed as soon as possible. I was told to give Mrs. Besant twenty-four hours in which to do this, and added that my husband and I should be at her disposal at any time during our stay here. I was further made to add that in case the President was not prepared to do anything in the matter, the consequences must fall on her, and that I was content to have done my duty.

2. Mrs. Besant has introduced to the Theosophical Society a young Hindu whose name is Krishnamurti as the future instrument (or vehicle) of the Great World-Teacher. This is a great mistake made by the President. The education of the young Hindu in London is not along right lines, and is doing harm to the personality of the young man. Krishnamurti has undoubtedly good work to do, but the sphere of his activity is India, not Europe. He should have been trained on Indian lines. The President will get a verdict against her in the legal proceedings which are still pending concerning the two young Hindus.

3. Mrs. Besant has lost for some time past the right contact with the representatives of the White Lodge, and in consequence many mistakes have been made.

4. It is true that many noble and genuine teachings of the White Lodge have been brought through; but, through the *so-called* 'Master' K. H.[1] very much that is harmful has been given out, and much black magic has been wrought by his instruments, of which the chief is Mr. C. W. Leadbeater.

5. Mr. Leadbeater is judged, and Dr. Steiner's Society will disintegrate. In consequence of all the weeds which have been allowed to grow unchecked within its bounds, the Theosophical Society, in its present form, has lost the right to exist.

6. In the coming times there will be no more Esoteric Schools, and no secret Societies. In the near future will be shown to the whole of mankind without exception the *one right* way towards improvement and ultimate perfection——no longer only to members of secret lodges or of the E. S. who bind themselves by personal pledges and secret promises.

7. But before this can take place, much sorrow and suffering, wars, earthquakes, epidemics and famine will visit humanity which will eagerly grasp, after all these events, the saving and guiding Hand.

8. On account of all the good teachings and of the efforts made by Mrs. Besant to give these teachings to humanity and because she did sincerely seek the truth and often proclaimed it, all these warnings were given to her.—There is still time for her to retrace her steps, but in whichever way she decides, whatever she does is her own business and she alone bears all the consequences.

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1. A dangerous substitute evoked by certain persistent errors. (Translator's Note).

9. I have taken all this on me and have left my friends and my home not minding what people will say about me, or whether they will think me to be a deluded person. All the ways were smoothed for me quite simply to execute my orders, but all the same the road to Adyar has seemed endless and hard. Anyhow I have obeyed and have done what I have been commanded to do ; and with a light and glad heart do I return to Europe, do I wend my steps homeward.

10. I gladly put myself at the disposal of the Theosophical Society and of the President in case they would like to subject me to special tests by competent authorities to find out whether I can be called a normal, healthy woman.—I further gladly hold the time of my birth (Memel, Germany, 5th May 1877, 0. 30 a. m.) at their disposal, because I know that in theosophical circles some importance is given to astrological calculations. Perhaps they may come to the conclusion through all these investigations that I am mentally a thoroughly sound person, and that my prophecies may after all be of some value.

11. Whatever may be the verdict concerning me, I will quietly accept everything, but I shall always defend myself against falsehood with all the strength at my disposal, and *shall never allow to be ascribed to me and circulated broadcast words and declarations which I have never uttered.* For *lies* I shall always have strong weapons ready.

12. Under the circumstances I have not been surprised to find that here, within the very pale of the Theosophical Headquarters, lies can be concocted and deliberately circulated.

13. Again, obeying the pressure, I have written all the above because it was a necessity. It may well be that, after my departure, still greater lies will be born and become rampant. Wherever I shall be in

future, I shall try to find out and expose anyone who may distort the above or invent further lies concerning myself.

14. It is possible that the foregoing is not the exact wording of my letter to Mrs. Besant. But the substance and the sense of the two are the same.

EMMY GYSI.

Adyar, Madras, 4th April 1914.

This new development should be closely watched in India, where the Theosophical Society has had such influence and where its later phases have in consequence created such anxiety.

Nothing sensational is to be expected on the part of either Mrs. Gysi or her husband. Their motto is "Deeds, not words," and their aim is to help the world on sensible, *really* non-sectarian lines, and in particular to liberate, from the somewhat heated (and uncanny) fermentation which the Theosophic fruit has latterly been undergoing, a potent seed of quiet, widespread, unassuming reform-*work*—reform of character and reform of unhealthy abuses.

It is well understood that no Esoteric Section is to be formed, and no clique of patented adherents. If it suits you to laugh goodhumouredly at Mrs. Gysi's visions and voices, she will goodhumouredly laugh with you. If you laugh otherwise, or think ill, *she* will not curse you. So long as you are willing to be true and lend a hand in making the world healthier and happier, she is quite content. Think of her as a Good Comrade, not as an awe-inspiring, freedom-withering *guru*. Her visions and voices are simply her way of putting things to herself. Where or "Whom" those things come from behind the veil, matters little. What does matter is whether they be true or false, good or

bad. She never takes anything for granted merely because she has seen it in vision or heard it asserted by a subliminal voice. She wishes people to be themselves, above all, and true to themselves, and to do good things because they like to do them, not because they are told to by someone whom it flatters them to obey.

No new Society will be created, even (with a new distinctive name and vested interests, ready to drift into sectarianism unawares.) What is wanted is a linking up, in mutual free acquaintance and friendship, of lovers of Mankind the whole world over, a deliberate opening up of channels to efficient people able and ready to work, a fuller and more systematic spread of information and inspiration through the public press in general, and the drawing together and gradual training up of a great many more workers in good time.

MYLAPORE, MADRAS. F. T. BROOKS.
19*th April* 1914.

Concluding Note :—When I speak—on p. lxxxv, above,—of Mrs. Gysi's findings (and those of several other seers known to my friend Gysi) being "amazingly similar" to my own, I do not refer to the special topic of the ring (para. 1, above), nor to the forecast with which para. 2 ends, nor to the war prophecies of para. 7. Of these I know nothing personally. I refer to my clear impression of Mrs. B. and Mr. L. being under wrong psychic guidance, glamoured by false Masters (paras. 3 & 4), of young Krishnamurti being their victim for the time, but capable of much good once freed from the specific glamour in which his present tutors have enmeshed him (para. 2). Above all do I refer to the forecast of para. 6, with which I am entirely in accord. The reader may refer to my footnote on pp. 46-47 of *Sannyása*, written in 1910, nearly two years before my withdrawal from the E. S. T. The Organisation of God's "Mysteries" on the material plane belongs to the past. Their present and future Organisation is otherwise managed and safe from the grabbing hand of priesthood, whether orthodox or heterodox.

F. T. B.

AFTERWORD.

I have appended a few articles on "*Some Recent Developments*" to make this book more of a whole. These "*Recent Developments*" will be systematically treated in Part II, dealing with the years 1906-1914. It will be published as soon as circumstances permit.

5th May 1914. F. T. Brooks.

ERRATA AND ADDENDA.

Page.	Line.	For.	Read.
3	13	become	became
16	20	state	stake
18	last	[Add : "See Appendix 1."]	
20	last	timulated	stimulated
23	15	occulist	occultist
42	last	[Add : " See Appendix II and Part II."]	
43	22	thundred	thundered
49	1	four	five
51	footnote, lines 7-9	[hyphen and two "1"s dropped.]	
52	footnote, last line	[Add "2" before "annas"]	
57	22	page 6	pp. 7-8
67	5	then	than
97	1	general,	general)
115	18	irradiates.	irradiates
129	6	intened	intend
138	19	have one	have had one
168	last	*nam*	*jñânam*

Page.	Line.	For.	Read.

Appendix :—

Page.	Line.	For.	Read.
xii	footnote 2	saw	took formal notice of

[Add : The " second time " mentioned here was the occasion on which he began to see J. K.'s past lives. But the boys had been formally associating with him for some months before that—since February or March according to Mr. L.'s own evidence in Court.]

Page.	Line.	For.	Read.
xii	footnote 3	a year or two younger	three years younger (but a year ahead in point of studies)
xxxi	22	spirtually	spiritually
xxxviii	23	[and so it might]—	[and so it might])—
xlii	18	Bseant	Besant
xlviii	12	tone his	tone of his
l	16	or	of

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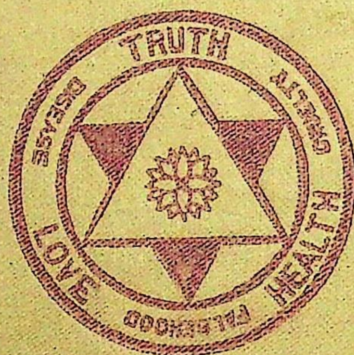
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